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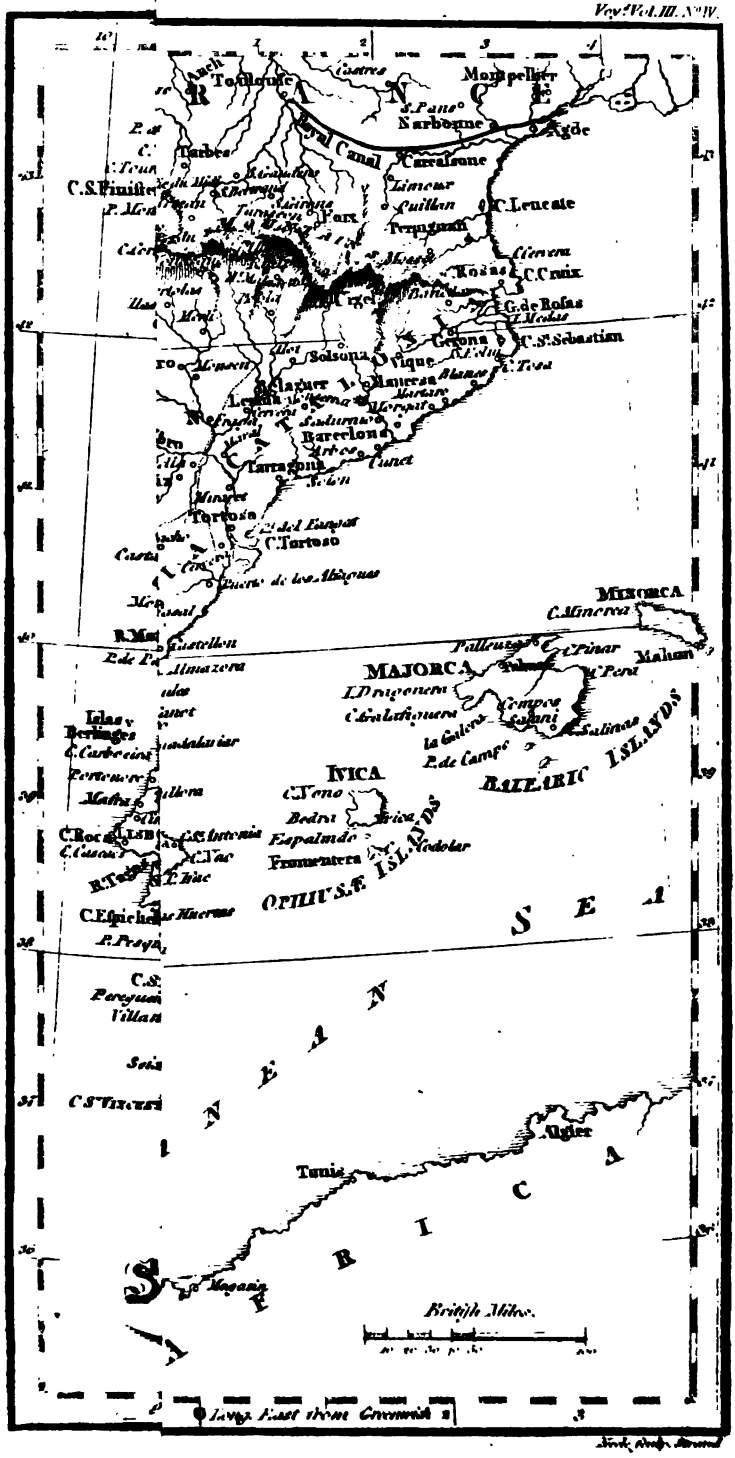
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TRAVELS

THROUGH

PORTUGAL AND SPAIN,

DURING THE

PENINSULAR WAR.

By WILLIAM GRAHAM, Esq.

WITH ENGRAVINGS.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR SIR RICHARD PHILLIPS AND CO.
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ADVERTISEMENT.

After a slumber of ages, and an abject submission to a yoke of priestcraft which degraded the Spanish name below the standard of the human character, Spain has assumed an imposing attitude, which renders every fact connected with that country deeply interesting to the whole civilized world.

The Editor of this Journal has therefore great satisfaction in submitting to his readers two original works on Spain—one performed by a gentleman connected with the Commissariat attached to the British army in the late war, and the other a Sketch of the state of Spain on certain interesting points, but valuable as the result of recent observation.

Neither of them were written for the public eye, but on that account they will be deemed more valuable; because it too often happens that Travels written for publication, are accommodated to public prejudices, and assume a formality of style and manner incompatible with the pleasure afforded by this species of composition, when it results from the unsophisticated feelings of the writer, derived from local circumstances.

These works being preferred on account of their temporary interest, PERTUSIER'S TRAVELS round Constantinople, and some other important works in preparation, are deferred for another month.

Arrangements are making to introduce some of the late Travels in Egypt, which have led to so many very interesting discoveries in the antiquities of that country; and the Editor hopes to be able, within three or four months, to lay before his readers the result of the pending Voyage in the region of Baffin's Bay.

London, June 10, 1820.

TRAVELS

IN

PORTUGAL, SPAIN, FRANCE,

&c. &c.

In the month of October, 1812, I bid adieu to my father and old friends, and stepped into the mail coach, in College Green, Dublin, for Cork. Here I fell asleep with regretful ruminations, it being the first time in my life that I had ever travelled.

I was supported in the trial of this separation, by the prospect of gratifying my curiosity in seeing foreign countries, and acting my part under Lord Wellington. I considered myself as now beginning the world on my own account, and I indulged in the hopes of becoming a more useful member of society, and eventually of relating my adventures, on my return home, to all my friends, around the Vicar of Wakefield's fire-side.

We arrived in the morning, about eight o'clock, at Kilkenny, where we were much enlivened by a good cheerful fire and breakfast. I travelled inside, yet found it very cold, and one of the outside passengers was nearly frozen to death during the night. Kilkenny coal emits no smoke, and, when lighted, which takes more trouble than the common coal, it produces a very strong heat, and leaves no ashes. After breakfast, we again went into the coach, and I was not a little amused at observing the delightful country we passed through. There were many passengers who came and went during the day, but they were all silent, except one man, who talked like a parrot, for his tongue never ceased from the time he came into the coach until he left it. He dwelt much on the mail being robbed, and assured us it was likely to be our case. This he seemed to enjoy, so that one would have thought he wished it. "As soon as night fell, perhaps some troop of banditti would start out from the road side and attack us." In consequence, I kept a good look out for every clump of trees that grew near the road side (as Ireland had been much disturbed of late) and my fancy would sometimes picture their hats moving among the trees.

A story which he told us seemed to alarm the other passengers, particularly as we were hastening to the very place where the robbery happened. The coach carrying the mail, about two years ago, accompanied by twenty dragoons, had gone on very well, until the dragoons, who were first, were suddenly dismounted, by the horses tumbling over a rope tied across the road. The dragoons, little accustomed to be unhorsed in this secret way, were alarmed, and a shot being fired in amongst them, they took to their heels, leaving their horses behind, together with their commanding officer, who fainted away with fright. The guard being next shot at, was wounded, and contrived to limp away with the coachman, who, in his account of the enemy, magnified them to four hundred men, completely equipped, with hats towering like a church steeple. Now our informer, to prove the genius of his countrymen, reported that it had all been contrived by a single man, with fifteen or twenty hats placed on a wall; he had three or four pistols, which he fired alternately from behind the hats, as if a body of men were really firing. The coachman seeing this, concluded that a party of the rebels were there concealed, and reported accordingly. The robber, of course, had sufficient time to plunder every thing; but what became of the passengers we were not told. We kept a good look-out for the wall, which we safely passed, and I thought it might have been a well-chosen place to make such an attempt, as the wall was twelve or thirteen feet above the road, and the ground inside not more than four or five feet from the top of the wall: however, we arrived, at seven o'clock, safe at Clonmell.

At the second stage from Clonmell, we came to Fermoy, one of the handsomest towns, perhaps, in Europe. It was principally laid out and built by a Mr. Anderson, Banker and Architect, and who, I am since informed, has much improved it. About ten o'clock at night, we arrived at Cork, winding delightfully along the river Lee for some miles. Cork is 120 Irish miles from Dublin, and we were twenty-six hours on the road: the roads were very good the whole distance, but the times for breakfast and dinner were badly regulated; for, though we breakfasted at eight in the morning, we did not dine, or halt any where to refresh, until seven in the evening.

At Fermoy I had met my friend, Mr. David Gordon, one of the assistant surgeons of the regiment I was going to join. We afterwards kept company all the way, until our arrival on board the Alfred. Next morning, I went out to see the captain, and find out an old friend, Mr. T., with whom I went to change my money for Spanish dollars. This I did at 6*s.* 3*d.* each, by which I lost 1*s.* 9*d.* in every dollar. Here I must observe, to the disgrace of our moralization, that those are most imposed upon

who have the least protection. It is a blemish in the character of Cork and other sea-port towns, that we must submit to the money-changers, who will give for dollars five shillings apiece, and sell them again at a most enormous profit. This is a particular hardship on the soldier, who must take money with him wherever he is going, where another person can take goods. To a mercantile man it will often be a gain, instead of a loss. In fact, where men have been fighting hard, or in danger of their lives at every step, their comforts should be made more on an equality with the rest of the community; but the very reverse is the case.

In the afternoon, Gordon and I went down to Cove, eight or nine miles from Cork; it is situated on an island, and is the general rendezvous for ships of war. We arrived at seven o'clock in the evening, having walked through a country, the scenery of which is beautiful. Here we found at an hotel several officers of the 20th. Colonel Ross was to command the land forces, which were composed of the sixth and twentieth regiments. Having arrived on board the Alfred, a seventy-four gun ship, armed en flute, we sent word to Colonel Ross, then at supper. He appointed us to the Dover, of twenty-four guns. Here, for want of room, I was obliged to have my bed in Captain Russell's cabin: he was very friendly to me, as were all the other officers. I slept but little, not being accustomed to the rolling of a ship, and my thoughts occupied with the immense size of the Alfred and the Regulus, a sixty-four, with their large guns run out at the port-holes.

Next morning early I mounted up to the quarter-deck to look round me, and seeing a gentleman in a blue coat, I took him for a midshipman, and entered freely into conversation with him, and he with me. I asked him several questions relative to the navy, all of which he answered with great good humour. After breakfast, I again went on deck, when I saw this supposed midshipman come out of his cabin in full navy uniform, two epaulettes, and a cross on his breast. I was, of course, surprised to find him the captain of our vessel. He then gave his orders to clear the pennants, which was done in a moment, like clock-work. This was for making signals. Then he ordered two sailors before, for having struck each other. This was preparatory to some hard duty. He also gave notice, before all the crew, that if men fell out amongst each other, or had any cause of complaint, they should report it, and not revenge their own wrongs, so as to be both judges and executioners. In short, if he ever again found any man to strike another, he would order him to be soundly flogged; but in this instance he was lenient, from its being the first offence. The captain concluded by adding, that

any complaint should be properly investigated, and the injured party indemnified as far as possible. The whole crew seemed perfectly contented at the justness of this proceeding.

It was evident that his men were fond of him: one of the sailors told me afterwards that he had sailed nineteen years under him, and never knew him to punish a man without the crew being convinced of the justice of it, nor did he ever punish cruelly. He was, however, when necessity compelled, very strict, and then he punished with severity. This kind of management made him respected and beloved, both by those who were under his command, and those who were merely lookers on. His orders were obeyed with alacrity, more from esteem for his character than from fear. Many of our navy officers, I am sorry to say, tyrannize over their men, so that they tremble at an order, and fear actually prevents, in some degree, the punctual execution of it; whereas, on board this ship, every command was obeyed with ease, and the duty of the ship moved forward without noise or confusion, just as if no order had been given.

My baggage not having arrived, I was obliged to go on shore, and during my absence the fleet sailed, which put me to a serious inconvenience. I was in a lonely situation, without one single individual that I knew, and having changed my dollars at Cork for 6*s.* 3*d.* apiece, I was obliged to pay them away here at 5*s.* each. I met here, however, a friendly man, formerly a chief magistrate in Jamaica: he had been a planter, and, although nearly sixty years of age, he had come to Ireland, to marry a sister of Lord N. He was now on his return to Jamaica, to dispose of his property, meaning to live in Ireland with his young wife. He was very rich, and paid eighty guineas for his passage. I often dined on board his ship, with the captain, who invited me. Here I also met with an officer named Wrixon, and his family, who was going to Quebec to join his regiment, the 98th foot. Lieutenant W. went every day to Cork, and I was frequently invited to dinner with him. They were, indeed, a happy and virtuous family.

Cove is pleasantly situated on an island, facing the entrance of the harbour, which is defended by Camden and Carlisle forts, one on each side. Spike island, almost in the mouth of the entrance, would blow any enemy's ship out of the water, as it is well defended with four hundred great guns, and others were adding to it when I left it. This harbour, which is the general rendezvous for all ships and fleets bound westward, is sufficient to contain more than a thousand sail, with depth of water for any size. I met here an old school-fellow, going out as a volunteer after the 6th foot. His name was M. His brother Ralph was then a lieutenant in it.

Having been delayed near a fortnight, Cox and I were ordered on board a transport bound for Lisbon. She was a large ship of four hundred tons, and commanded by a tyrant of a captain, who ever flogged his men unmercifully, but particularly his cabin boy. Here we laid in a stock for ourselves, of biscuit, coffee, sugar, butter, &c. but took no meat, as our rations were thought sufficient, all of us liking salt meat, and expecting to make the run to Lisbon in seven days.

Being now on board a large and roomy ship, I proceeded to take a view of my companions. There was Lieutenant Cox, of the Rifle Corps, returning to join his regiment in Spain, having just recovered from a severe wound in his arm; R. a volunteer for any regiment that would take him: he was a rough Irish lad, of good family, with some money, and a letter of recommendation from the Marquis of Waterford to Marshal Beresford. Also Mrs. H., Miss H., and two children. Mrs. H. was the wife of a quarter-master in the Fusileers, but though he did not wish her to run the dangerous chances of war, natural affection led her to make this voyage to join him.

1812. *Nov.* 5.—We sailed out of Cove Harbour at one o'clock, under a grand salute of twenty-one guns from every fort and ship of war in the harbour. The compliment was not in honour of us, but from its being the anniversary of the gunpowder plot. Towards night we lost sight of land, and I was highly amused at surveying the rocky coast of Ireland. It seemed curious to me, that shipping could find out the entrance of Cove Harbour. I could see no mark to steer by, the mouth or entrance being only a mile wide. As night advanced, I viewed the receding shore with a degree of regret no pen can describe. A melancholy gloom had likewise spread over all the soldiers, except those who had been abroad before. The inhabitants of Spitzbergen prefer their horrid country and half-starved condition, to any other in the world. Custom, however, wears away the regret of leaving it, and life is supported by a power, Hope, without which, man would sink, as it were, to a nonentity.

As the night fell, our spirits gradually lowered, and all was silence, except the whistling of the wind in the shrouds, and the cursing of the Captain. Such delights altogether prevented us from sleeping this night.

Nov. 6.---This morning the weather was fair, and I had leisure to count the number of ships in the fleet. These, amounting to thirty sail, were under the convoy of a frigate of forty-four guns. Mrs. H. went to bed, when she got on board, very ill, and never recovered till we came within view of Belem Castle, near Lisbon. Our principal amusement on board was playing draughts, and every one being sick, except Cox and I, we used to sit at

this game for hours together. I was frequently amused at seeing the porpoises tumbling and rolling about; but could never penetrate one of them with a musket ball, though I hit several.

We now lived principally on biscuits buttered, and coffee; but the greatest relish was a dish of potatoes; these we purchased from the carpenter daily, who had laid in an ample provision. Poor R. was taken very ill, and we had but little mirth or wit, as all were sick about us. On the seventh of November, the wind changed directly in our teeth, and now our real troubles were to begin.

On the night of the seventh of November, the wind rose to a perfect hurricane, so as effectually to drown the noise of our cursing captain, who, however, gave the men two or three drams a piece. From this time, sleep and I parted, till our arrival on shore. The dismal noise in the rigging reverberated as if against a forest, in one continued roar. The waves came rolling towards us, in mountains piled on each other; the sea appeared white as snow, and we could hardly see the illumination of the ship cutting the water, unless by the brightness from the white foam, which gave a partial lustre to the scene. When the lightning ceased, the tremendous thunder which accompanied it, stunned our ears, till the sounds seemed to roll, at last, to some other world. One of the flashes struck the water, close by us, and disappeared, leaving, in appearance, a thick vapour after it. We could do nothing but look on, and hold firm to the ship's sides; this was preferable to lying in bed, where one could have no comfort. The straining of the ship's timbers, continually creaking, as she rolled from side to side, we all preferred the deck to the cabin. The rain came down in torrents, and the lightning, when taking leave of us, seemed to set the whole atmosphere in a blaze, so that we could distinctly see as in the day time.

I now found what an excellent seaman our captain was; he certainly kept the ship steady, when he directed the helm, and he, with the mate, who, by the bye, would joke with him now and then on his temper, kept watch about. In such a time, the wrong direction of the helm would have sunk the vessel, and now it required quick work to alter the windlass, on such a dark and tempestuous night, where hardly the oldest sailor could keep his feet.

On the morning of the eighth, the captain told us we were in the Atlantic, approaching the Bay of Biscay. While he was speaking, the ship made a heel, and going almost on her side, I lost my hold, and was driven with amazing force against the capstern, and from thence to the other side of the ship against one of the main beams. It proved my protection from the sea,

for had I been driven against the boarding only, it must have given way, and I should have been plunged into the abyss, without the most distant probability of succour. The captain was quite surprised when he found I was not dead; my head and shoulder were severely cut, and bled profusely; but they did not occasion any pain, after being dressed, and I was well in a few days.

Next day, the weather cleared a little, but our captain was nearly put beside himself, when he saw Cox and I sit down to draughts. He insisted we should throw them overboard; we demurred; he begged, intreated, and would have used violence, if he durst; but, seeing his agitation, we complied, highly amused to think, that the greatest brutes and tyrants are often the most pusillanimous. We continued our course, as well as constantly tacking could do it, until the tenth, when we were able to take an observation, the sun appearing at intervals.

We determined to make much of this day, having been nearly starved for want of our dinners, every day, which, however, it was impossible for any one to get ready. So to work we fell, to assist the cook; but, when dinner was brought in, we found ourselves unable to keep the things on the table, and, at one swing of the vessel, our soup, that had cost us so much pains, was thrown off the table. We contrived to save the meat, and sat on the chairs which were lashed to the cabin floor: we held by them for fear of being upset, but R.'s chair suddenly giving way, hit the table so hard, that it knocked all the things off, so that plates, glasses, and tureens, all went smash in one universal wreck. The captain cursed us for our awkwardness, but, having his own plate between his knees, while endeavouring to save a decanter of brandy, he suddenly lost his hold, and all his service went in the same way. We had now fairly the laugh at him;—however, to make up matters, he treated us with a bottle of excellent Malaga wine, and so we parted for that time.

On the morning of the twelfth, we observed the frigate of which we were in charge, crowding all sail. We concluded she was going to leave us, but our captain cleared up this point. She had made signals to keep close together, which imported that an enemy was in view. In about an hour she was out of sight; though not half the sails were set that any of our fleet had, at twelve o'clock we came up with her and another ship; they were lying to; the stranger proved to be a friend. I was not a little astonished at the distance sailors can see at sea, for they had made the discovery a full hour before we could espy them, even with glasses. When we joined them, the stranger went his own course, and we continued ours.

On the morning of the fifteenth, we had a glimpse of the

coast of Spain, and, in the afternoon, could see the entrance to Corunna. At first, the coast appeared as a mist on the edge of the horizon; afterwards, it assumed a blueish hue, and seemed to be rising, as we approached nearer. We could distinguish the broken mountains, and at last the trees, houses, &c. And now the wind having, to our great joy, shifted to the north-east, we ran before it, till the morning of the 17th, when we came within view of the Rock of Lisbon, which at first seemed to be only a blue speck. We had lost sight of the fleet, some days before, but now fell in with numbers of shipping crowding in and out of the Tagus. As we approached the shore, we found it adorned with villages that looked delightful; the convents appeared beautiful beyond any thing I could have imagined, and we might indistinctly mark the oranges on the trees. To add to all this, the day was fine and the weather inviting. We had asked the captain, on coming in view of the rock, whether we should be able to breakfast on shore; he thought we might; we were, however, so long in turning round the rock, that we gave up the idea, but determined to dine on shore, if possible.

And now I was completely gratified with every thing I beheld; we took up a pilot, as usual, and the boat that he came in was the first thing that rivetted our observation. It was very large and shaped like a canoe, sharp at both ends; it rose eight or ten feet out of the water, being turned in like the head of a fiddle, and the cut-water dotted with large inch-headed nails which stuck out above an inch and a half. This cut-water went up to the top of both fiddle-heads. The boat might contain about thirty men; it was painted with many gay colours, and sailed with a rapidity I had not witnessed before. One of these pilot-boats was in danger of being lost, very near us, among the breakers, but they hauled down their sail just in time, when not more than five or six yards from them. When they saw themselves running among the breakers, the boatmen set up the most frightful cries.

This sand-bank lies opposite to the mouth of the river, and is, probably, formed by the mud which is brought down, as is usual, coming in contact with the ocean. When we passed it, we came round by Fort St. Julian and Bougie; the last situated on a sand-bank in the river. It is shaped much like one of our Martello towers. Fort St. Julian can boast of a very strong battery, but it appears to be the only defence of the harbour. The city of Lisbon was about eight miles up the river, with Belam Castle projecting into the river. Buenos Ayres, the highest part of Lisbon, now appeared a sort of magnificent crest, and the landscape from this place was enchanting. Lisbon rose like an amphitheatre, from the side of the river.

Here and there, the eye would single out their convents, particularly one or two on the banks of the river.

At length, having turned to go up the river, we lost the advantage of the wind, which now blew directly in our teeth, and we were obliged to tack all the way, till we dropped anchor about three in the afternoon, before Belem Castle. In our tacking, we had the misfortune to be run foul of by another ship, which, indeed, had nearly sunk us; but we were not unrevenged, for the other ship's bowsprit was broken in the slings, and all her guns at that side that hit us were broken from their lashings. We could see them rolling about, to the no small vexation and danger of the crew.

Having now ordered a boat alongside, we went into her, with our baggage, and rowed down to Lisbon, a distance of about two miles. I was surprised at seeing such a number of windmills on the right bank; I think I might say, without exaggeration, there were three hundred. It was a truly pleasant evening, the sun shining, and the temperature as warm as it is in England, in August. The wind had ceased, and the sun-beams reflected on the small waves, quivered in consonance with their undulations. It proved to be Sunday, and all the Portuguese were apparelled in their best costume. Our boat rode close along shore; every fresh object was amusing; but among all the people, we could see no one waiting to receive us, as we were strangers, and we were obliged to shift for ourselves as well as we could.

We arrived at last in Lisbon, and comfortable it was to get from the ship on dry land again. When we came to take our luggage out of the boat, not fewer than one hundred hungry Portuguese came and actually tore it out of our hands to carry it. We were obliged to put up with this rough demeanor: those wretches put me in mind of the Lazzaroni of Naples; their cut-throat looks were sure to make us civil. When they had deposited every thing in a safe place, we gladly paid them a Crusado Novo, (two shillings and sixpence,) to get rid of them. We next repaired to a hotel kept by one Joze, in Rua das Flores, No. 33, where Cox had been before. The ladies could not be admitted, and were accommodated in another hotel, which we were glad of, and took our leave accordingly, as they had been but indifferent company, and shewed few tokens of polite conversation or education. Miss K—— was the best behaved. Mrs. K. had only got out of bed this day, having never quitted her birth, (a small closet out of the main cabin) since we left Ireland. Miss K. often joined our coffee parties on deck, when the weather was agreeable. She was a little lump of fat, and would have liked Cox, but he did not seem to relish her endear-

ments, so that we parted without reluctance, and we neither saw nor heard of them after.

On my arrival in the streets of the capital, I found myself much disappointed: nothing to be seen but narrow, dirty, crooked streets, with no sideways for foot passengers. As the city is built on a hill, many of the streets are steep, and some have steps up them. The houses are seven or eight stories high, and the finest apartments are generally at the top; the ground floors in most of the houses being stables or shops, &c. In the streets, the sensations are perfectly disgusted, on account of the dirt and filth being emptied out of the windows at night. I have frequently run the risk of some disagreeable rencounters, only escaping by exertion and forecast, as my billet lay two miles from our mess, in Largo das des Olarias. On my returning at night, I used frequently to hear the windows opened, and the cries "Agoa Via," a signal to those below to take care of their heads from the rain, &c. above. This filthy custom is kept up, I am told, in Edinburgh; but it makes the streets intolerably offensive, and more especially in a warm climate. There are few, if any, employed to remove this filth; the heavy rains, which are frequent here, as in all warm climates, being looked for to do the duty.

The water is carried about on men's heads, and sold, a quarter cask, or nine gallons, for a vintin, or 1½d. The Portuguese are remarkably dirty; few of the rooms have any fire place, the climate being hot enough without them. Charcoal is in general use for cooking, and this gives the air a peculiar and sulphureous smell. In their eating-houses, for the lower classes, their fish are fried on a moveable fire-place outside the door: their fish are Sardinias, not half as big as our herrings: and, with some wine and Agoa dente, they constitute a cook-shop, and are the general diet of the lower orders, throughout Portugal. In the country parts, it is varied with vegetables.

The Portuguese have, almost all, black hair and black eyes; their dress is much in the English fashion; but the women wear no bonnets, in lieu of which, a fine veil is thrown over the head. The men, to make up for this deficiency, wear enormous cocked hats, like what we call opera hats.

There are many capital buildings in Lisbon, and the statue of Joseph II. in Black-Horse Square, is reckoned, by good judges, to vie with any in Europe. The offices of the inquisition still remain in Russia Square, and I am credibly informed that all the horrid instruments are still there, for applying the question, torture, &c. The different sorts of torture outstrip the inventions of the savages in America, and the scenes acted here have been as infernal as any we read of. Thank God, our power

is, at present, predominant here, and I hope will continue so, while I remain here.

Lisbon is surrounded with a number of fine gardens, well stocked with orange, lime, lemon, and fig-trees. These gardens are totally different from an English one, being laid out with large walks, and embroidered with beautiful flowers, though thinly scattered. The orange blossoms emit a delightful scent, in the season. The queen's gardens appear to be the best, and superb beyond any thing I could expect. There are few vegetable gardens any where.

About Buenos Ayres, all persons of condition reside: it is several hundred feet above the river, of which it comprehends a grand view. You can also see St. Ubes, on the opposite side, where the fine Lisbon salt is made. On that side is a sand-bank not so high as Buenos Ayres; some part is cultivated, but not much. The bank coming so close to the river prevents it from expanding into that picturesque scenery which generally enlivens the banks.—On the top of this bank are a number of mills, as I have already stated. Belem Castle is handsomely situated, projecting into the river; but it is not considered of any strength: there are no cannon on it actually serviceable. The Moorish convent at Belem, St. Francisco, is one of the most beautiful moresque, or Gothic pieces of architecture, I ever beheld. The stone of which it is composed, is yellow—and the ornaments about the grand entrance, which reaches to the top of the building, surpass my powers of description; the door is in perspective. We have made an hospital of part of it, for our sick and wounded, and the monks give their assistance, as, indeed, the vast number of them can be of little use in any other way. The castle of Lisbon appears to be strong; it overlooks the town, but could be of little defence to it, as it stands too much in the centre. It might, indeed, annoy any shipping in the river, but it would overwhelm the houses in the town with the concussion.

The river is about a mile over at Lisbon; but after it passes the city, it widens to four or five miles; where, on a sudden, it separates into many small divisions, one of which runs as far as Madrid, the capital of Spain.

Most of the houses have gilt balconies, from the second story upwards, according to the wealth of the possessors. The common staircases are mostly in a very filthy condition, as one family occupy each floor, with a separate hall to themselves. It confirms an old proverb, that every body's business is nobody's, for they should agree to keep the staircase clean among them, but none of them do it.

There is a fine Roman aqueduct near the city, which is still

in use; it was formerly of much greater length, but the various changes of nature have swept part of it away, as Lisbon has frequently experienced, one of the most awful of human calamities, earthquakes. The last was in 1755, on the 13th of November, when most of the buildings were thrown down, and curious to say, the only one untouched was the Inquisition.

Lisbon stood on the south side of the river, in the time of the Romans; after which, it was removed to where the bed of the river now is. The last overthrow left it as it is at present situated. No appearances of any of these destructions remain, although ships now ride at anchor where this city once stood.

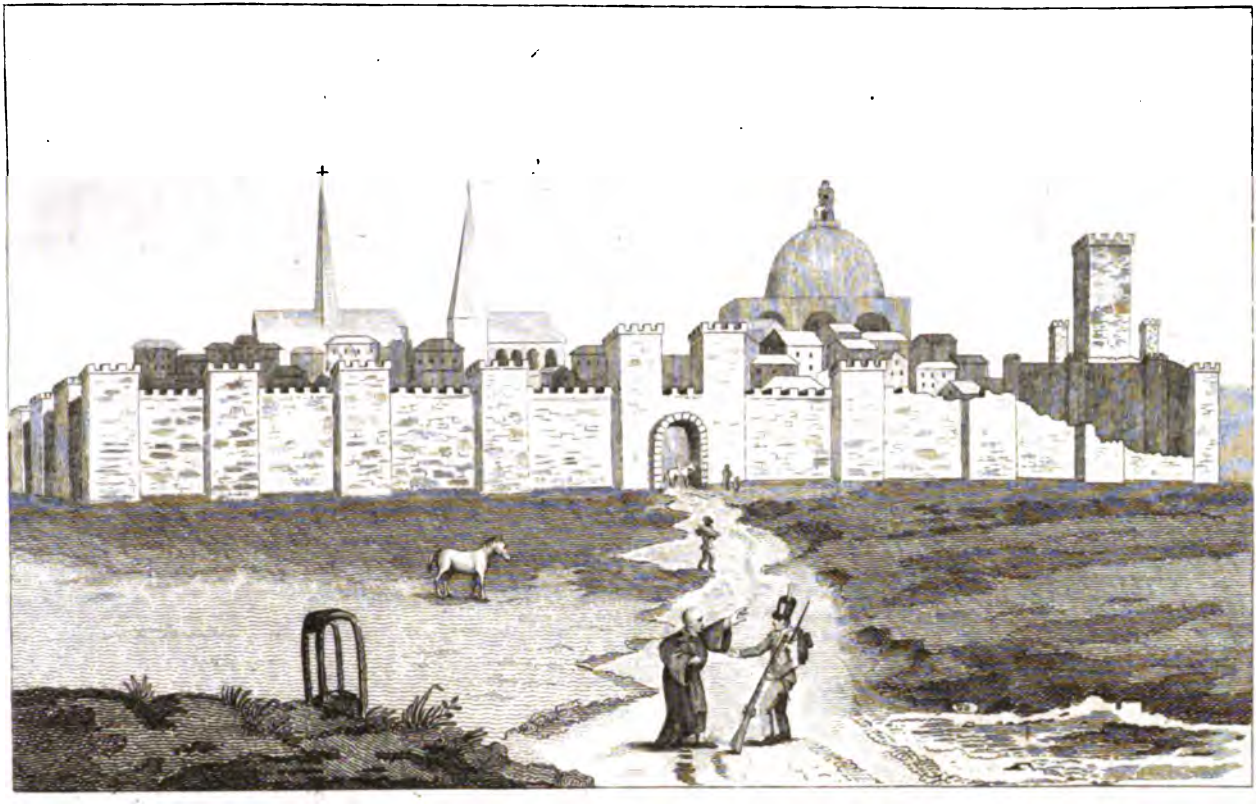
I now had orders to join my regiment, and to my great joy, found the 20th regiment had arrived, two days before me, from Corunna, having been thirty-three days at sea. They intended to have disembarked at Corunna; but in consequence of Lord Wellington's retreat from Burgos, they concluded it would be unsafe, and embarked again for Lisbon. Here I met my old friend, Gordon, and as we did not seem willing to part, we agreed to mess together. I next began drawing rations for myself and servant, one ration being one pound and a half of bread, one pound of meat; one pint of wine; two ounces of rice, for soup; one candle, and fifteen pounds of wood per day.

On the third of December, general Peacock, commanding officer in Lisbon, sent me orders to join the 48th regiment, and to move forward with a detachment of it to join the army. Here I took leave of Gordon, with whom I left my extract book, in my own hand-writing, as a keepsake, and he gave me, in return, a dictionary of foreign words, as a remembrance. Marshal Beresford refused to do any thing for Read, and the poor fellow was obliged to return to Ireland.

Having too much baggage, I was forced to buy a small trunk, and leave a number of things behind me. I should have sold them, but an assistant-surgeon of one of the regiments advised me to leave them, and I have never seen any thing of them since.

I had many billets in Lisbon, but could not well investigate their manners in so short a time. At my last billet, the people were very civil, and often asked me to sup with them; but I declined doing so, as their language was unknown to me. The gentleman of the house would address me in French, of which I understood a little, and when he was absent, signs were resorted to as the mode of converse. This method being unpleasant, I kept clear of it as much as possible, although their good nature often prevented me.

The convents in Lisbon are very spacious, and frequently on



Francese with its Roman Walls.

a wet day, a regiment or two was reviewed in one of the aisles, which was sufficiently large for doing so.

I found the Portuguese very fond of church music, as our ears were incessantly bored with their bells. In some places where they have bells, no steeples appear; but we find places built no higher than houses, with merely two walls and a roof to support the bells. When they pull the clappers, they do not move the bells, which are in general very large. This is a regale to the people of Lisbon, and the bells are jingled as fast as the players can make a tintamat from morning till night. We found fruit very dear here, but, in general, all commodities were much on a par, in point of price, with England.

December 4.—Having, the evening before, acquainted the people where I was billeted that I was to leave Lisbon next morning, they wished me good night, and left the doors so as I could shut them after me. Next morning (4th) I arose as I thought about five, and quitted the house for Belem, but in passing by the church of St. Roche, I heard it strike four: here I found a coffee-house, hard by, open; I broke my fast, and found it of service to me afterwards.

On my arrival at Belem, I found the troops occupying the flat-bottomed boats, and as I was about to step in, one of the soldiers, but who I could never learn, asked me and another, if we had not blankets with us. As we did not immediately comprehend this, he started off, and brought us from the stores, a pair each, of beautiful ones, which proved to be of material benefit, and we should have been much at a loss without them.

Our detachment consisted of Captain Bricknell, 24th; Captain Parsonage, 53d; Lieutenants Hunter, De Lacy, and Clarke, 48th; Ensigns Crow, Hambley, and Parsons, 48th; and about two hundred men, 48th; Oliver for the 88th, and myself, with my own detachment, 48th. We were in five boats; set sail about eight o'clock, and bid adieu to Lisbon.

In this day's voyage up the river, we had a glorious feast for our eyes, as the scenery, after passing Lisbon, enlarges, and there are no considerable hills to intercept the view. The shore is agreeably interspersed with groves of orange-trees, limes, and olives, and the river widens to four or five miles; but the channel is consequently shallower, and we often ran aground, our boats being deep in the water, as they were full of men. The day was rather dull, from no sun appearing, and the cold off the water made us all very chilly, except the rowers. We were obliged to sit still, hemmed in as we were for want of room. This day we passed the end of the lines made by Lord Wellington; they extended many miles, as far as Cintra, on the sea-shore, so as completely to shut up Lisbon. We saw them

stretching along the top of a range of hills; they certainly were the strongest field-works I ever beheld. There was not only a very deep ditch, but in many places two or three, according to the strength of the approach: the inner intrenchment was defended, at intervals, by strong batteries, and a string of embrasures ran along the whole line. This answered the purpose of changing the cannon, when circumstances required it; and when not wanted for cannon, the infantry made use of them for a surer mark. These approaches were well staked with sharpened poles, pointing outwards, and the glacis for musquet-shot distance was perfectly level, and no hills commanded the post from without. Such were the lines of Cintra.

We arrived about four o'clock at Villa Franca, twenty-two miles by water, and thirty by land. We had often run aground, as we kept near shore, and the tide was out. Our boats were so heavy, that when once aground, it required great ingenuity and trouble to get them clear again: at one time we were all stuck in the mud together. From the river our gun-boats annoyed the French left wing very much, when Lord Wellington defended himself behind his works. We were, of course, masters of the river at all times, and this was of material prejudice to the French, and proved a defence to the wing of our own line.

On our arrival at Villa Franca, we were nettled to find it such a wretched place. The houses had no glass in the windows, and the frames or shutters were often wanting. None of the doors were painted, and we went to bed, heartily tired, and slept, in hopes of discovering something to-morrow more agreeable. We dined on sorry beaf-steaks and bad bread, with sour wine, and slept on flock beds.

Dec. 5.—This morning, when our detachment had assembled, we were about beginning our march, when a difficulty arose how we were to get our baggage transported. The case was simply this: if we could not purchase mules or asses, we must even carry bag and baggage ourselves. There was no great store of money between us all: however, after running about for an hour, Parsonage, Oliver, Bricknell, and I, contrived to buy an ass to carry our baggage. The rest clubbed in the same way. At last we moved forward, having picked out a servant named Bell. We were that night to halt at a little village called Azambuja, distant sixteen miles. The road to this place was very bad. We passed a poor desolate village, named Villa Nova, or the New Village; but to me it seemed an old one, as few of the houses were standing. The country did not appear very mountainous; the land seemed to contain a good soil, but the Portuguese cultivate it but very little. From the heat of the climate it has taken a reddish hue. There is no want of wood, which contributes to

diversify the scenery. The trees are in clusters, but without any regularity. On our march to Azambuja, we stopped to drink our king's health in a well of fine water, of which there are many on the roads, a blessing highly prized in a warm climate.

On our approach to the town, which is nearly in ruins, we were surprised at seeing a few fields (the only ones we saw) completely overrun with mushrooms. Of these we collected great numbers, but on shewing them to the people where we were billeted, they begged us not to eat them, as they were poisonous. I was willing to comply, but our mess determined to have them stewed in their soup, and they made as excellent a dish as ever I tasted, to the surprise of the inhabitants, who had never known that they were eatable. Perhaps from this circumstance they may become great mushroom eaters. There is no where a greater plenty of them. After dinner we were regaled with plenty of lime-juice punch, a very agreeable beverage. We had good beds, and slept soundly, but with our feet blistered, not being used to walk so much, and from having been so long cooped up on board ship.

Dec. 6.—To Santarem the distance is about fourteen miles. The road to-day is much better than yesterday's, and we had abundance of water on the road. We passed a small village on the Tagus, Cartaxo, which had been Lord Wellington's head-quarters twice. The church was nearly in ruins, as indeed were almost all the small towns about here, before we came. The landscapes are magnificent, varying and winding along the banks of the river. The opposite sides are covered with trees, with here and there a rude rock projecting, and forming a pretty rural scene. Oranges were cheap here, in comparison to Lisbon, and now the price of every thing began to be reasonable.

Santarem is a fine large town, divided into the upper and lower. There are many convents in this place, occupying about half the town. Many of these we had converted into hospitals for our sick and wounded. One of the convents in the Upper Town was of an immense size and height; on the top was a telegraph to communicate with Villa Franca and Abrantes, both which places were visible from it. This was the medium whereby Lisbon knew every transaction relating to the army, before any dispatches could arrive. This place is as bad as Lisbon for bells; the inhabitants boast of 22 different sets, which at times were all going; a blessed retirement and solace for our sick men.

Outside this place are the remains of some Roman walls, at least worth seeing, were it only for their antiquity. The town is surrounded with orange groves, which are very pleasing: the streets abominably dirty. Having beckoned to Parsons to join

company, he made one dash forward across the street, when he sunk up to the knees in mud. Major Royal, who commanded here, very politely invited us to dinner on the 7th, the day we halted. The view was extensive from the telegraph, but the day was gloomy.

On the 8th we proceeded to Gallagao, fourteen miles, and on the 9th to Punhete, twelve miles. The road to this place was excellent; we passed many fine groves of olives, and about half way descended into a large glen, where the thick foliage of the trees almost shut out the day. We were obliged to ascend again, and after some difficulty scaled the top, which was very rugged. Having gone on about a hundred yards, we came to a turning in the road, where a view opened transcendantly beautiful. Having turned the angle, we came to a small bridge over a stream flowing into the Tagus. In front of us was the Tagus, which here expanded into a large lake. In the centre was a green island, strewed with the venerable ruins of a Moorish palace, of which we could distinguish the towers in several places remaining. It extended over a very large space. On the whole we were much entertained with our walk. The road wound round the lake to the opposite side, about two miles, and was as smooth as fine sand could make it. On all sides appeared a diversity of woods projecting here and there, and to close and enliven the back scene, a beautiful village, most of the people of which were fishermen. This afforded the handsomest scene we had witnessed since we left Lisbon. Punhete is a very dirty town, the houses very poor, the inhabitants miserably so; but the town itself is romantically situated at the foot of two long hills by the side of a river. The buildings rise to the top of the hill, on which there is a chapel, where our troops were quartered. The streets are very steep, and most of them have steps to them. The houses in general of the towns hereabouts are without paint or glass, the shutters being open in the day-time.

Dec. 10.—To Abrantes, the distance is ten miles. A tolerably good road, but the last mile up to the town dreadfully fatiguing. There are two roads leading to it, one winding along the Tagus, and the other through the valleys and woods, both about the same distance. The town is situated at the top of the highest mountain in this part of the country; it is defended with a very strong castle and outworks. The castle is furnished, as well as the outworks, with many pieces of heavy cannon and mortars. It presents a panorama of all the country round, in every direction, to the edge of the horizon. It also defends the town, which it overlooks, and we were of opinion that a few soldiers might defend it against an army. They have cut away a great part of the rock inside the castle, to level it, leaving, however, the highest

Scene on the Tagus near Thomar.

part in a square, for a telegraph, which communicates between Castel Branco and Santarem. The fortifications are irregular; there seemed to have been formerly three bastions projecting at the town side of the castle, but they are now in disuse. The town is both dirty and ugly, in every respect. There are a few good houses in it, but they only serve to ridicule the rest, which are mere pig-styes, swarming with vermin, and loaded with all kinds of filth. We drew rations here, and halted till the 13th, when we had orders to march back to Punhete, and thence to take another route northwards.

14th.—Punhete already described. 15th.—To Thomar, 12 miles, up and down mountains almost all the way. The road very bad, so that artillery could never scale the heights. Indeed, I cannot but wonder how any four, or even two-wheeled carriages can move along many of the Portuguese roads. As mules and asses are the general mode of conveyance in the country, their roads, as it may be expected, are extremely wretched. The scenery was very woody, principally fir, but the road so intricate as to render guides necessary.

As we approached Thomar it appeared a delightful place, pleasantly situated in a plain, at the foot of a hill. It is not very large, but the streets are wide and clean, and the houses well built and neat, with gilt balconies to most of them, as in Lisbon. Here is a manufactory for webs, stockings, &c. which, luckily for the owners, the French never injured, having levied a contribution on it to the amount of fifty thousand new crowns (two shillings and sixpence each.) This manufactory is at one side of a very old bridge, reported, by common fame, to have been built by Hannibal, originally. There is an excellent market-house here; all the houses are built of stone, and roofed with tile, which is the general mode of building throughout Portugal. They commonly use brick in turning arches. They will frequently dash the outside of their houses with plaster, but in general the door and window cases are of cut stone. None of the streets are paved, and this renders walking unpleasant.

On the top of the hill, over the town, is a remarkably fine convent, of prodigious extent; there is only one road up to it, winding round the rocks. In this convent we billeted our men, and were assured by the people that the French had 60,000 infantry, 80 pieces of cannon, and 9000 cavalry, all accommodated at once in it, including even horses and baggage. You enter from the only portal or gateway it has, at the east end of it. When you are in the court-yard, round which are store-houses, stabling, &c. from the four corners, you may ascend as many flights of stairs. I should, however, have mentioned, that round the first court it is all piazza, which, in wet weather, affords a protection

from the rain. On ascending the stairs, at the corners, you mount to another court-yard, piazza'd all round with handsome pillars, with orange-trees and flowers in the centre, like a little garden. Round these gardens are the apartments occupied by the monks, but which were given up to the soldiers, not only this square, but above fifty others. At every landing, is one of these gardens from each of the four corners.

At the top of the building is a chapel, and the abbot's apartments filling up one of those squares. All the monks who had not deserted the convent, had their apartments at the top. We were obliged to place a centinel at one of the avenues, by desire of the abbot, to prevent intrusion. One of the monks conducted me through every part of it. The chapel is beautifully painted, although the French had taken some of their best pictures away. We could see the places which they had occupied. The chapel was shaped in an octagonal form, each octagon being a little chapel dedicated to some saint. It was pleasantly carpeted, and very warm. I saw also different apartments, wherein they had secret doors to convey any thing in or out of a room, without seeing or being seen. The chapel was for the monks only, but the common one for the villagers had been converted into a stable by the French, and an immense capability for the purpose it certainly exhibited. The apartments occupied by the monks were very neat and clean, but the length and number of the galleries surprised me beyond measure.

The French had carried away every thing worth taking; but the remains of many places might well tempt an epicure to turn monk, to enjoy such luxuries as had been there, and doubtless were there still, though concealed. The Portuguese had, by this time, lost enough, from their vanity of exposing to the French the riches of their country. Of this wealth they had been often deprived; and here I might ask, why should so many thousands live on the fat of the land, and so idly? Some of the galleries extended to the length of three hundred paces, and a great many to two hundred. There were so many windings in this labyrinth, this convent of romance, that had I not been assisted by a guide, I should have lost myself.

Thomar is the handsomest place I have seen in Portugal. Captain Bricknel, who commanded the detachment, was bent on having a grand house to be billeted in, and he pointed out one himself to the mayor, adorned with gilt balconies, and to all appearance a noble mansion. The mayor was obliged to comply, and B. went to the house, but it had never been finished, and none of the floors were laid. This afforded us much merriment for some time after, as B. was one of the most good-humoured characters I was ever acquainted with.

On the 16th, we moved forward to Farreira, distant about twelve miles; but our guide, by mistake, led us to another small town, which made a distance of four or five miles extra. This day's march fatigued us very much, as, in recovering our way, we were obliged to leave the road, and scale some lofty hills, covered with fern and wild thyme. After leaving Punhete, we had to traverse a mountainous district, though in a few places there were some cultivated plots of ground between the hills. The olive-trees are torn up, and Indian corn sown in lieu of them. Some places show wheat, but most of the Portuguese live on what they call "Milho Pao," which means flour bread, but is, in fact, Indian corn ground fine. It is as yellow as saffron, and when made into bread, they must be very careful in baking it, as no water will make it stick well together, it is of such a dry nature. If eaten when fresh, you must break it off short, or it will crumble to pieces. It is uncommonly sweet, but not disagreeable; eating more like a saffron cake than any thing I can compare it to.

Farreira is a poor place, but there was a capital nobleman's seat here, in which we were billeted. On going into one of the rooms, we observed a bier, and on questioning the person who kept the chateau, or quinta, she said a person had died there, but was buried the day before. We afterwards found the body, which had not been buried, but lay hid in a closet, and the *waking* was postponed till after our departure. We thought we smelt the body, when told that it had been in the house, and one of the servants had seen it. Here was room for exploring what could be the reason of concealing it from us, who would have done them no injury. The fact is this: had we seen it, and any of us touched it, the dead person must have gone to purgatory, in consequence of being defiled by the touch of a heretic. So much for the pious delusions of Catholic superstition!

We found this house beautifully fitted up; it was tolerably large, and had every convenience attached to it. A most excellent library was still remaining, little injured from the accidents of war. Some few valuable books only were missing, as every one took what they liked. We found in one of the rooms, which seemed to have been a store-room, several barrels of dried fruits, apples, peaches, grapes, and prunes, of which last we ate a great quantity, being better preserved than any of the others. It proved as potent as a dose of jalap, in opening our bowels, for several days after. The men, too, had plenty of them from our servants. We were total strangers to the effects of such fruit. The gardens were beautifully laid out, but overrun with weeds. There were some bee-hives in the garden, one of which one of our soldiers plundered, for which he was punished, as the person

who had charge of the house permitted us every liberty, but wished us not to injure the hives, which seemed to be the only thing they took any care of. The window shutters of this house were stuck full of musquet balls, a party of the French having been in it, but driven out by our troops. The floors were all stained with blood, which could not be got out by any means.

Dec. 17.—To Cabecoa 12 miles; 18th. To Chou de Cocae 10 miles—the people wretched, dirty, and half-starved; the roads bad, and the streets preferable to the houses to sleep in. 19. To Espanheil, a handsome looking town, but dirty. The Portuguese in general are poor and dirty: the Irish are clean in comparison. We drew six days' rations here. The church is well adapted for a Portuguese congregation, as it is filthy enough. 20th. Halted, much fatigued both in body and mind. 21st. To Miranda de Corvo, a very fine road, the scenery rural, and the country well cultivated. The peasants were pruning their vines, and I heartily wished the vintage in. The grape-tree, or vine, grows like a gooseberry or currant bush, two or three feet high, and about three yards asunder; they are planted in rows. The peasants, in pruning them, cut off all the branches, leaving only the stump, with the remains of the branch, about half an inch in length. These shoot out again, and in the vintage, will be ten or twelve feet long; the best grapes grow about the stump, which you cannot see for fruit. The people here were very civil, and gave us freely a share of what they had. From this town we had a grand, distinct view of some very lofty mountains, at an immense distance.

The country was very mountainous in our approaches to Miranda, which is pleasantly situated on a large river. There are two churches; one of them was converted into temporary barracks. As we strolled round this place, we observed a funeral of a child, and followed it to the church. When brought in, it was gently laid on the floor. The corpse was superbly decorated with ribbons. We observed that the four old women that brought it, kneeled down. The priest who attended did not kneel, nor his attendants; one of them held the holy water, another the crucifix, and the third a lighted wax candle; although it was three in the day, and the sun almost vertical. The priest said a few prayers standing, then sprinkled the child with the holy water, without any apparent concern. This mummery lasted about three minutes, and then the priest retired with his attendants. Another man, the sexton, I presume, pulled up a board of the floor in the chapel, and presently dug a hole, perhaps eighteen inches deep, but not more than two feet, and then put the child in, without a coffin. While he was digging the grave, the women were busily employed in stripping the child of its finery, which

they took away with them, leaving the body with only a loose wrapper on. When it was put in, the man threw the earth in, walking on it to press it down, and alternately beating it to make the board fit, as it did before the body was placed there. After all, the grave-digger could not manage the point, with all his skill, and was obliged to carry out some of the mould to the outside, to his no small vexation. The trouble which it cost him to carry a shovel full or two, about twenty yards, disgusted us, though we were almost inclined to laugh at his laziness.

Dec. 22.—To St. Miguel de Poyares ten miles; the road very intricate, winding through a vast variety of high hills, well wooded with fir. From some places we had a distant view of the heights of Busaco, from which Lord Wellington had been forced to retreat, by the French outflanking our line last year. The position was very strong, and the scenery romantic. The heights were lofty, and superbly grand, as they rose bold and abrupt. The country hereabouts is slightly cultivated, but the village is poor. The church seemed to be very respectable.

Dec. 23.—To Sobrina and St. Martini, two petty villages, twelve miles. Our detachment was hard put to it to get lodgings in the two. Sobrina is the best, but St. Martini has a church. The road to this place is tolerably good, winding near the heights of Busaco, which rise towering above our heads. We crossed the Alva, (a river often dyed with blood in the course of this war) by a small bridge which had been blown up, but since repaired with wood, as well as ever. All the bridges I have seen in Portugal appear to have been injured in the same way.

Dec. 24.—To Villa da Valha twelve miles; a miserable place, so much so, that we were forced to go forward to another village, called Esparis, two miles further. Our feet by this time were much cut up, by walking continually in a warm climate, over a soil which is worse than hard rocks, as the sand gets into your shoes, and grinds your feet to pieces. However, we limped to it, and found better accommodation here than at Villa Valha. I had a most excellent billet, as the people shared every thing with us. Fine wine and oranges were in the greatest perfection, and we rested ourselves, to our satisfaction, after a hard day's march.

We had met on the road, which is tolerably good, the skeleton of a man whom we supposed to have belonged to the 27th regiment. He appeared to have been murdered, for some of his clothing lay scattered about, and the dogs and birds had picked off the flesh of all parts, except the legs, which were only half gone. The arms were gone entirely. The teeth were perfect, and those of a young man. Why the country people would not take the trouble of burying him gave us some concern, as there

was a village at a hundred yards distance. I lamented his fate, as we all did: perhaps he had affectionate friends in England, a wife, a sister, or a mother, anxiously waiting to hear of his welfare. We buried him, however, and it was the general belief that he had been some sick soldier on his way to a depôt, who had fallen into chat with some of the Portuguese, who seeing him defenceless, set on him, and murdered him, on the score of religion. The like had often happened to some of our men. This village was a tolerably good one, with some decent mud-houses in it, which, bad as they were, proved to be more than usually convenient.

Dec. 25.—To Galizes, ten miles, Christmas day, a delightful road, but from its raining incessantly, we were as cold as I ever felt a December month in Ireland. The road is one of the best in Portugal; on the sides are woods of fir, abounding with wolves. We saw some examples of these destroying whatever was eatable that came in their way. Many of the woods we found deeply cut into by the different armies which had encamped on the road side. The first thing the men do is to cut down the trees about four feet from the root, for firing, and stretching their blankets, at night, on the tops of these, the soldiers lie tolerably free from the heavy dews, which often fall among the woods. The scenery of this day's march I must reserve for a future delineation, as I could not see a hundred yards before me, we were so enveloped with the heavy fogs. No accommodation was to be had in Galizes, so we were ordered forward to Villa Poco, where we were accommodated, partly in a village, and partly in a large convent. Here we spent Christmas day, amidst a groupe of forests, convents, mountains, rivers, wolves, &c. The cold here was intense, with a troublesome drizzling rain, more penetrating than a heavy shower. We dined on wretched soup, made of beef as tough as leather, nor would any boiling make it tenderer. We procured, however, a small allowance of rum, which partly served to keep the cold out.

Dec. 26.—We now set off for Torrasillas, a delightful road, distance fourteen miles. Here we fell in with a cluster of mountains, called Sierra de Estrella, which are reported to stretch as far as to the Pyrenean mountains. To comprehend our road, imagine three long hills, or rather the middle one a hill, and those at the sides tremendous mountains between us and them: let fancy mark deep vallies, well cultivated, the tops of the mountains all level, and on the top of the middle or lowest mountain, our road, winding over a level. The mountains on each side were at least ten miles from us, but their amazing height, particularly to the right, made them appear within a stone's throw. Those to the right were twice as high as those on the

left; and in the highest part of this right hand range, which accompanied us, as it were, many days, there was an immense cavity in the side, not unlike a shelf, on which we saw a very large village about half way up the mountain. The road up to it seemed to us almost perpendicular. We had not sufficient time, or we should have visited it, if possible, although our feet had suffered so much from fatigue, that we all longed for a day's halt, to rest.

In these valleys appear not a few villages, but all black and dirty, which, with the dark green forests, rocky mountains, now entirely capped with snow, and raising their awful forms to such a stupendous height, impressed a picture on my fancy which will not easily be erased

As we approached Torrasillas, the country began to look greener, because better cultivated. It was full of military parties. We put our men into an old chapel, and went ourselves to a small village, called Villa Doce, which was much cleaner than Torrasillas. Here we had good billets and beds, and the people were very civil.

Dec. 27th.—To Cea, the day freezing cold, nine miles. We could not get billets here; the town was full of our men, it being the head-quarters of the 6th division. We were obliged to go forward to Penhances, a small village about two miles further. Cea is a considerable town, and may easily be distinguished by a large convent, which is higher on the hill than the town, and first attracts the eye. This convent is nearly in ruins; only a part being inhabited by a few old nuns—certainly no great objects of admiration. These were the first nuns I had, as yet, seen in Portugal.

Our road this day wound along the side of the Sierra de Estrella, which probably might occasion the intense cold. The scenery was much the same as the last day's route, except our meeting with a vast number of dead bullocks lying by the road side, a sure indication of our drawing near to the army. When we left Cea, we had to decend, for some time, till we came to a river, over which we passed by a small bridge; then we again mounted up a large hill from the bridge. The mountain at one side came very bold forwards, with projecting masses of rock, which seemed as if they were about leaving their hold, to come rolling down the mountain. Penhances is a place not worth description, lying amongst enormous rocks.

In this day's march, we lost our way, but having, at last, obtained a guide, we moved forward and came to a river, over which there was no bridge, as it was only knee deep. At one place, those who could jump well, might cross. Most of the detachment got over here. Some not acquitting themselves with ac-

tivity, were repaid by falling in, and as the place was narrow, the water was deeper, and they had a sound ducking. While all was anxiety, Captain Bricknell seated himself on a stone near where the water was broadest, and not deep; he then pulled out a luncheon of bread and an onion, and began eating. After this he began singing—

> " I am not such a fool
> That I need go to school;
> But I know a sheep's head from a carrot, a carrot;"

which he repeated several times, to our infinite merriment; and when we were all over, he pulled off his shoes and stockings, raised his trowsers, and walked through to us. He then wiped and redressed his feet: we laughed, but he told us we were on the wrong side of the joke, for this bathing would refresh and cure his feet from blisters, which it certainly did, while ours were dreadfully lacerated and burnt.

We thought this day's march would never end, although a small one. On asking a Portuguese how many leagues it was to Cea, he would reply, two very big leagues "*deux legues grandes;*" the next, after walking a mile or two, would say, two leagues, not very big; the third, two leagues (piquenos) or little; the next, two leagues, and so on. And, verily, we thought the Legues piquenos and grandes, would never end—they are so large. Our patience having often been, in a manner, exhausted, when we were much tired in this way, some of us would swear at the poor Portuguese, who answered us according to truth, with politeness. They would then turn with a shrug or a sneer from us. I saw, at Cea, the 42d Highland regiment, in their kilts, and was at a loss to think how they could bear the cold as they did; but they did not seem to mind it.

Dec. 28th.—To Villa de Cortez, nine miles. Here again, we met a vast number of dead bullocks on the road. This town is still on the side of the Sierra de Estrella, which is nearly even all along, and the same at the top, but of an astonishing height. The village is poor, but governed, as all the smallest or larger ones are, by a Juis de Fora, or a magistrate, answering the same purpose as ours. The larger towns have generally a Capitan Mayor, who commands a district, and holds correspondence with the government.

We are now about the centre of the army, having passed some of the cavalry at Esparis. The country looks barren, nothing hardly to be seen but rocky cliffs lifting their sublime crests even above the clouds. Only here and there a few trees or woods appear; but we must remember that it is now winter. The valleys seem to be well cultivated in the summer time, when it

A Days March in the Mountains Sierra di Estrella

must be a charming country. There are a few villages scattered about, thinly, just enough to give some idea of habitations, and the haunts of men.

Dec. 29th.—To Celerico, nine miles, the roads still the same, perfectly even, and along the Sierra. On our arrival at Celerico, we found it an hospital for our sick, among whom the mortality was dreadful, sixteen or seventeen dying in a day: there were six hundred sick here at this time. This place stands on a hill, separate from any other—it had been formerly a handsome town, and now has many good houses in it. The highest part is surmounted by the remains of one of those ancient Moorish castles, still visible, but of this there is little left. It stood on a pile of rocks hanging over the town, and was originally built in an hexagonal form, but only three sides now remain. In the centre of it is a very large tower, which probably was the citadel; it is very high, and commands the town. The whole is in ruins, except the shell; the walls are about ten feet thick, but without embrazures. The top of the wall is perfectly flat, with steps up to it, the same as what I have often observed in our modern fortifications. When on the top, you may walk entirely round on the wall. At present, we cannot exactly say what its former strength might have been, but it was evidently situated on an almost inaccessible point of rocks. Not being accommodated at Celerico, we moved forward to a small village, Espanhaia, two miles further on, among the cliffs and rocks. In our march to this place, we had to cross a bridge which had been very much battered by our cannon, as we were informed.

January 1st.—To Faaens, about eight miles, over the Sierra de Estrella, but away from the main road. This day's route would be only passable for infantry; it is on the top of a mountain full of rocks, and, on the left hand, a tremendous precipice frightful even to look down. The mountains, this day, were beginning to be stored with different sweet herbs, wild thyme, rosemary, lemontine, and the wild rose, all which diffused a fragrant odour. The day was foggy, or we should have had some delightful views. The man on whom I was billeted was surly, and the people of this town seemed to have a dislike to us all: I will not pretend to account for this. The town was tolerably clean and neat.

January 2d.---To Moreira, eight miles, a very fair road. We here begin to leave the Sierra de Estrella, and lose sight of snowy cliffs. The road to this place passes over a very high mountain, from which the prospect is unbounded over the whole country. Here we appeared so elevated above the world below, that we were, in a manner, lost to it. Here and there some bold mountains would penetrate the mass of clouds at our feet, and raise

their aspiring heads above us. The morning dew and mists of the valley had not yet disappeared, and lay rolling in volumes, like the sea, below us. The sun shining bright gave it a novel appearance, till we became familiarized to it. These clouds were several hundred feet below us, and we had again another tier of lighter clouds above us, not thick or gross, but such as there are on a very fine day. The mountains which penetrated through these lower tiers, were like so many islands which they resembled, in a sort of sea-scene, being only more abrupt. About four miles on our road, we came to a fine town, Trancoso, once fortified, but now, with many parts of the walls, in ruins. This place appears to have been defended in the Roman manner, or, at least, of very ancient date. It has many square towers, and a wall going round the town, with a successive communication between the towers. The wall is about sixteen feet high, and the towers overtop the walls about eight feet, except at the gateway or entrance, where that tower is double, and as high again as the wall. The whole fortification forms an exact square. On the east side is the citadel adjoining the wall: it is a curious specimen of the ancient mode of fortification. The town must have been very handsome, in its pristine glory, but now 'tis dreadfully dirty. On your entrance into it, you come into a street which has the front of all the houses projecting in a continued piazza, under which you walk. It is full of shops, not unlike our Haymarket theatre arcade, but far inferior to it in point of beauty. It is, however, of the same form and manner, and possesses the advantage of being real cut stone. There are many fine churches in the town; but we had no time to stop and examine their interior.

Moreira, like other towns here, is situated on the top of a very high mountain, from which the prospect reaches to Almeida, to Pinhel, to the frontiers of Spain and Portugal, Ciudad Rodrigo, &c. It is a very neat town, beautifully situated, and we found the people very civil. My host presented me with a great quantity of fine grapes, as fresh as just pulled; these he had preserved since the vintage. I took them, and went out to a large rock, where I sat down to indulge my genius in the treat. I had a glass in my hand to view the country, which exhibited an immense panorama. The sun shone bright; it was warm, and not a breath of air stirring, or the least noise. Every thing was hushed and tranquil, as if I were the only inhabitant on the globe. At my feet lay the dwellings of once busy men, whose toils now seemed over. This was a pleasure at once intellectual and sensitive; my mind returned to my friends, and memory, that sometimes sleeps, awakes at such moments of gay

recreation, to recall past scenes. No words can adequately express my feelings while brooding over this expanse.

Moreira has two churches; at the outside of one of them, they have hollows cut in the level rocks, exactly the shape of the human body, to correspond with coffins. Those that are occupied, are filled with sods for a lid, but most of them are empty. The singularity of the matter excited our curiosity very much; perhaps it may explain to naturalists, the petrefaction of bodies found in stone, as, in a long lapse of years, the stone may grow over the body. One thing seemed curious to us, that there was not a loose body or bone to be found about the churchyard.

Moreira is built entirely among rocks. One of these is 57 feet round, and 20 feet high; the bottom flat and only resting on two feet of rock, like a mushroom. We had passed hundreds of these rocks, within the last few days, sticking on a single point, and very few on more. These rocks will incline with the ground, and we have frequently pushed against one, on the side of a mountain, thinking to shove it down a precipice, but all our labour was in vain. Many of them would, I imagine, weigh one hundred tons. The mountains, for the last few days, resemble very much the fabulous accounts of Ossa and Pelion, where the giants fought with the gods: for the rocks seem as if they had been hurled to and fro, in their many curious situations, effected, probably, by some dreadful convulsion of nature. As we leave the mountains, the country, in general, becomes better cultivated.

Outside of Moreira are the remains of a small Moorish tower. It is built on the top of several rocks, piled one on the other. The situation might have been good in ancient warfare, but now that artillery is in use, it can hardly be called a fortress. Indeed, an enemy at the foot could never take it; but it is commanded by three or four hills, at 100 yards distance. The walls are ten feet thick, and the view I have taken presents the only remains of it, the inside being a ruinous aggregate of pieces of massy walls and columns.

January 3*d*.---To Villosa, eight miles, a very pleasant walk. The town is a good one, but poor. The house where I was billetted was respectable, and the inhabitants rich. When I found the house, the patron, as the master is always termed in Portugal, kept me a long time at the door, previous to being admitted. I could hear the people inside removing their furniture to a cellar underneath, to secrete it from us, as if we were a gang of thieves. At last, being let in, I found the house almost empty, and seeing a basket of grapes, I made free to take some,

after due permission, as they are not counted of much value here; but to me they were an excellent repast.

January 4th.---To Meda, where we joined the 48th regiment, and ended our long march of one month's duration, with some few days of rest. We were on foot all the way, no allowance being made for horses; and not being much accustomed to walking, I, at first, suffered severely; but after a week's continued route, was much better able to bear it. The weather had been variable, in an extraordinary degree---some days being as cold and wet as a severe winter's day in Ireland; and others as fine and warm as we must expect in a hot climate. The fact is, that one part of our march lay among tremendous mountains, which are sure to attract any damp cloud that comes near them, and keep it there, until it falls from continued accumulation.

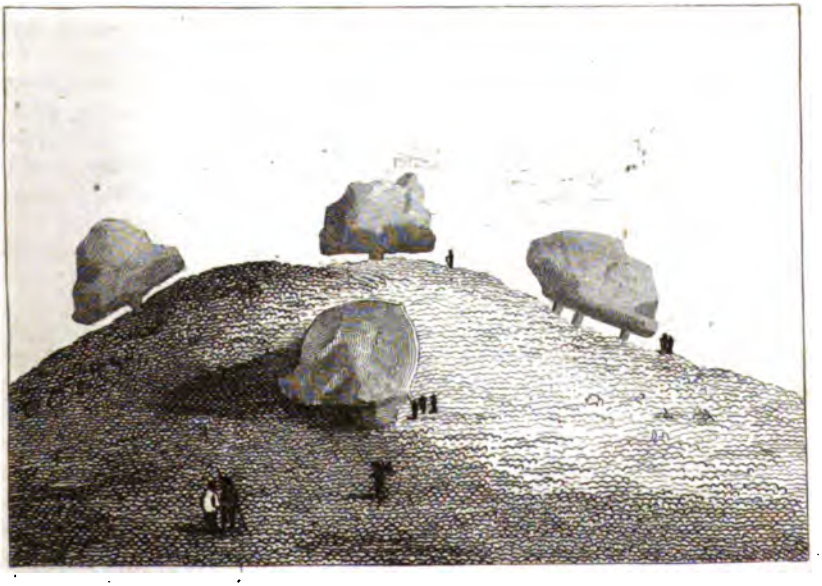
The country was, in several places, well cultivated; but a general indolence seemed to pervade every class of the lower orders. The soil was not half cultivated, and the woods were very thick all over the country, serving as a receptacle for wolves, of which we could see many, during the hard weather, prowling about the dead bullocks in the road. For such a short period as we stopped in each village, I had little opportunity of examining particulars minutely; and our continued fatigue helped to damp our curiosity, as rest was requisite to prepare for another day's march.

At Celerico, we parted with Brickell, Hunter, Parsonage, and Oliver. The ass that carried our baggage was to separate from some of us here; the case was rather an awkward one, as none of us had a penny to spare, nor would either lose his part of the property. However, Parsonage met a brother officer at Celerico, who lent him some money to repay us, and Delacey allowed me room on his mule to carry my baggage.

Meda is a large town with many fine houses. At one end of it, there is a curious accumulation of rocks which rise about a hundred feet, piled one on the other. On this, there was usually planted a centinel as a look out. The day I joined the regiment, I was invited to dine with our major, White, (now lieutenant-colonel) and so on in regular rotation, round the whole party of officers on one side of the town. Here we observed some cork-trees, not less than thirty feet round; they don't grow very high, but are of an immense bulk. On the branches grows a species of moss, which is generally used as tinder, after being dried in the sun.

I went to two balls here, given by colonel Wilson and major White; there was nothing but dancing and cold sweetmeats, without any supper; this is the usual mode in Portugal. The Portuguese dance uncommonly slow, but the figure is curious, as

Ruins of a Moorish Castle near Moreira.



Natural Rocks near Francoso.

the arms and bodies twine round each other, in an intricate manner, and not easily to be caught at first.

Our regiment being distributed into three villages, we were invited by the mess of Posto de Cantes, to go over to dinner there one day; copious libations to Bacchus. I went to see Captain Thwaites home, and De Lacy. When I left them, I walked about a little, it being a fine moonlight night. On coming to the church, who should I see but De Lacy, walking with a cool composure! The night was frosty; he had only his trowsers and shoes on, his coat under his arm, and to all appearance he seemed perfectly comfortable. I inquired what made him leave his bed? He could not stop in it, it seems, for the cold. I got him home, and found he had started, in despite of his servant, to go and warm himself where we all used to walk in the day-time, it being a fine promenade. The Portuguese wines made him mistake the moon for the sun. Next morning, as I was on my return, my horse had to mount a steep hill, and the girths not being properly secured, the saddle slipped over the tail, and down I came, nor stopped till I had rolled to the bottom. To my companions it was mirth enough. This frolick, however, produced three duels next day, through quarrelling.

Feb. 10.---We moved forward to a large town called Freisco, which proved inferior in accommodation to the last. Here Hambly brought the soldier to a court-martial, and had him flogged for plundering the bee-hives at Fereira. Most of us thought this punishment rather severe. Hambly was now ordered home to England, and I obtained leave to accompany him on a visit to the 9th regiment, near Lamego. He was going home by Oporto, which lay in his way, and we set out accordingly.

Feb. 13.—To Meda, where we spent a pleasant day with Buckley, the Surgeon of our regiment, and formerly assistant-surgeon in the 9th; he gave us several recommendations to the officers of that regiment.

14.—To Cushero eight miles, a dreadful road among frightful rocks and precipices. A poor village. We passed Pennadona, where we saw an old Moorish castle, now used as a gaol.

15.---To Baldos nine miles. We passed a fine village called Rhuadades. On the 16th to Salzedas, where we found the 9th. We stopped and slept with Thornhill, the adjutant, and dined or breakfasted severally, with Captains Percival and Purcell. On the 18th we had a card party, at Lieutenant Harrison's, and I won six dollars. I went to see Lamego, and to get a treat of some bottles of porter, but we were disappointed, as we could find none. This is a large and pretty well built place, but dirty. As usual, there is an old Moorish castle in it in ruins. I saw

every fine building here, but had no time to ask what it was. The architecture was elegant and beautiful.

After spending from the 16th to the 19th with the 9th, I left them, with sincere regret. It was the pleasantest portion of time I had spent since I left home. I must report the obliging conduct of Colonel Cameron in terms of gratitude. The union that cemented the officers of this regiment made them like brothers. And I have never witnessed so much of mutual friendship in any regiment as in the 9th. On the 19th, I reached Baldos again, and Hambly having gone on to Oporto, his servant came under my directions, so that I was not altogether alone. The old man of the house where I was billeted, was a priest, and I found him a very pleasant companion. We had stopped before in his house, but then he was not over polite. I now found him different, even previous to an accident which placed me in his favor in a supreme degree. Since this time, I have made it a rule, when returning to a town where I had been before, to go to my old lodgings, without applying for a billet, and I have always found a kind welcome, and a becoming share of what the table afforded. The reason of my old host being partial to me was simply this. He was one day shewing me all his valuables, old gilt rosaries, gilt crosses, &c. &c. when, at last, he pulled out an old silver watch, which he said had been out of repair two and twenty years. It was very clean, and his keeping it in a case preserved the works from rusting. On my looking at it, I found it did not go, and, though I know as little of a watch as any other individual, I took off the cap of the verge, and discovered, by a shake, that the verge did not lie in the right place. I reinstated it, and so replaced the cap, as the works were perfectly sound. In short, I wound it up, and it went as well as ever. But who can express the raptures of the poor priest? He danced for joy, and protested, in the fulness of his heart, that he never could spare money enough to have it mended, for he was not, I fancy, of high rank in the priesthood.

On the 20th, I reached Rhuadades; 21st Cushero; 22d Meda, and stopped with Lieutenant Bulkeley; 23d Freix, where I joined my regiment.

On my arrival, I found letters for me from M———, with fair offers; and, procuring the consent of Major White, I accepted the offers made me of a situation in the commissariat. After bidding adieu to the 48th regiment, first purchasing a poney to carry my baggage, and another to ride on, I set out for Coimbra, with my servant in company, a Portuguese, a distance of 150 miles; it was on the 26th of February, 1813. That day I reached Villosa, sixteen miles distant from where I set out. The weather was quite agreeable, and I went merrily along. The

scenery was very good, though with little of cultivation. On the 27th, I reached Moreira, eight miles; on the 28th Espanharia, sixteen miles. March 1st, Villa Cortez, eleven miles; all these places have been noticed. On this day's march, I was to suffer severely, for my servant having complained of fatigue, I let him ride my poney, when he sprang out of my sight, leaving me with the baggage, and I could never learn any more of him. This was a serious inconvenience, as I could get fifty dollars for the poney, and I was dreadfully mauled with having to lead the baggage myself.

My situation now was truly unpleasant. I could speak very little of the language, and being entirely alone, had any thing disastrous happened, no account could ever have reached my friends. My spirits sunk; I was alone in a foreign country, and God only knew whether I should ever return to see my friends. It is impossible to paint the agony of my mind during the rest of this day's march. At last, to drown care, I took a draught out of a calabash which hung by my side, and smoked a segar along the road. This inspired me with a degree of fortitude; but to define my feelings this day I shall not attempt.

March 2.---I arrived at Penhances, eleven miles. In passing through a wood, driving my poney before me, I saw several dragoons dismounted, and lying under the shade of some trees during the heat of the day. As I passed close to them, I asked if they were going to join their regiments, as they seemed all of different ones. They told me they were; that they had been left sick at Celerico, were now convalescent, and were on their route to Coimbra by easy stages. I inquired if any of them belonged to the 4th dragoons, when one man started up, named Noble, and said he did, and that he was going to join them. I mentioned the circumstance of my servant running away, when, after a hearty curse, he offered his services to me until we joined the regiment, which indeed were very acceptable, and the more so, as I had now one of my own country to talk to. In times like these, very little ceremony is kept up, the officer very frequently faring little better than the soldier. The other men made a similar offer of their services, but I now did not stand in need of them. However, they all wished to stay by me, and, as they gave me their route, I became the commanding officer. One drove my baggage, and as they had their short carbines with them, I borrowed his who was not so well recovered as the rest, and having purchased some powder and shot, amused myself as I went along, shooting at whatever came in the way---the wolves, birds, &c.

On the 3d, we all reached Galizes, a poor place, and here we drew four days' rations. It was so late when we came in, that

we could not procure billets, and so were obliged to go into any house we could. The men foraged, somewhere or other, for themselves, and I went into a house where I heard a number of English voices. Here I found some of the commissariat, who had arrived late, as well as myself. I asked leave to stop with them, and it was readily granted. They were not billeted there, however, any more than myself. There were Mr. Sealy and his lady, Mr. Thompson, now a deputy assistant commissary general, and his lady, a Portuguese, of a horrible temper. Mrs. Sealy behaved very well, and made me a tolerable bed. I went into my room in the dark, and was near falling through a trap-door which opened into the stables among the horses; however, I fortunately caught hold of the side before I dropped through. I soon fell asleep, but when a general stillness prevailed, the rats began running over me by dozens, and all my efforts could not drive them away till day-break. I wounded many, but having no proper weapon, I was unable to kill one. In the morning I breakfasted with Sealy and Thompson, and we agreed, as we we were all going the same way, to keep company in each town. Here we drew rations, and I am obliged to denounce ———, the commissariat officer in charge. His wife made him so jealous, that he, in a manner, neglected his duty to watch her. He was very fond of her, though she was of no great account, if common fame may be credited. Sealy quarrelled with him for not giving him rations for two horses. But he was a very indifferent character, Seely having often assisted him before.

In the morning of the 4th, we set out, but I found some of the men falling off, as they were unable to keep up; and indeed I am apprehensive that we hurt some of them, by making such long marches. Finding they were tired, we halted in a wood, and having lighted a fire, we boiled some eggs, which we had in plenty, and, with some bread and butter, made a comfortable meal. Sealy and his wife joined us, and we shared our luncheon and wine with them. But we were near setting the wood on fire, as the underwood and grass were as dry as tinder. Had it taken place, it must have run over some miles of ground, as all the fir-trees hereabouts are full of rosin. We arrived, about three, at Maita, twelve miles; the scenery was cheerful, with a clear sun. We all dined with Thompson, but his wife was peevish, and would not eat. On the 5th, we reached Ponta de Mercella, ten miles. On its river is a ruinous bridge. The place does not show above a dozen houses; Sealy left us here. On the 6th, we reached Foz de Roce, ten miles; a good village, in a pleasant country. The spring just appearing, has embellished the face of nature with a most luxuriant verdure, but we were not able to stop, making forced marches, and many of my men were now

behind. Thompson left me here, his road turning in a contrary direction.

March 7.—To Coimbra twelve miles. We had a fine view of this place about three miles from it. It is situated on the river Mondago, and rises, with a sort of regular rapidity, on a hill; every house was white-washed. Here are many convents, and an archbishop's palace. Also a college, the most celebrated in Portugal. One half of the town seems to consist in convents. Most of the buildings are on the northern side of the river. There is a very long bridge over the river, which presents a diversified view of the town, and particularly of a large convent on the south bank, white-washed also. This bridge is most curiously raised on two others. The one first built was gradually choked up by the river lodging a quantity of sand against the piers. This increased in time, so as totally to fill up the arches; the river then ran over the bridge. They were, of course, obliged to build another, which, in process of time, became obstructed in like manner. In short, the present bridge is nearly half choked with sand, which increases every year against the arches, and all their endeavours cannot prevent it. There is a Roman aqueduct outside the town, still in good repair, but the stone and cement are quite soft from age. The streets are remarkably steep, the descent of some, dangerous.

The soldier of the 6th dragoons, who had stuck close to me, came to say that the men who were of the party had been clapped into the black hole, as they arrived, and he feared he should be treated in the same way. I had not adverted to their route, which extended no farther than to this place, and I should have reported myself to Colonel Royal, who had commanded in Santarem, as I passed through. I went to him, however, and told him the circumstance of my meeting them in a wood, and their giving me the route, at which he laughed heartily. As the men, by their own account, had arrived from Celerico, and had no route, their story seemed improbable, and he had them taken up as deserters; but on my representation they were liberated. The man was attached to me the rest of the time, till we joined the 4th dragoons. On the 9th, we went to Santa Martini, seven miles, after drawing rations. Mr. Drake was the commissary.

I was, at one time, in Portugal, shewn into the inside of a nunnery, but all the young nuns were invisible. The confessionals are much like our sentry boxes, with a seat inside, where the monk sits. There is a little wicket window at each side, through which the confession is made, the person being on the outside.

March 10.—To Verride eight miles. I passed a village here, but have forgot its name; the head-quarters of the first German

Heavy Dragoons. Having letters of recommendation to Captain Halpin, pay-master, I called on him, and the Captain wished me to stop a day or two with him, but the urgency of the time would not permit. He also gave me letters to General Bock, who commanded all the cavalry, but I had no occasion for them. The river Mondego, from the town or village, divides into two arms, the ground between them being as flat and level as a table. Outside these arms the country is all overspread with hills. The town itself stands on a hill, like a sugar loaf. We set out again, and having proceeded about two miles, forded the arm of the river next us, with an intention of pushing forward to the other arm, distant about two miles. As the village we were going to lay on the other side of these arms, we deemed it advisable to cross, before we met with others to pass over. When about a mile across, we met a Portuguese, whose directions we followed, turning to the right for Montemor, where we arrived about four o'clock. Here we halloed for a long time for a boat, but the people kept us an hour and a half in a state of uneasy suspense. At last I stripped, determined to swim over if I could, expecting, however, to ford most of the way. On reaching the bank, that part on which I stood gave way, and in I plunged, over head and ears. I had never thought myself an expert swimmer, but being now out of my depth, I made a resolve, in about a second, to exert all my strength and fortitude, to extricate myself. The soldier, who had care of my horse and baggage, could not swim, and began to set up a most vehement roar and noise. He loaded his carbine, and fired into the town several times, but the distance, I imagine, was too far. At last, after half an hour's struggling, I reached the other side, and was happy to find myself again on terra firma. I felt more gay and lively after this adventure, than at any other period, perhaps, of my life. Having rested a little, I went to one of the boats, but found it locked by a chain to a tree. This I soon separated, and got into the boat, but there was no oar. At last, I found the withered arm of a tree, and having seized it, ferried myself over as well as I could, being stark naked, towards my man and baggage. But mark, when the mind is ruffled, how common sense and reason escape! The boat was too small to hold the horse and baggage, and there were larger ones that I might have had, if consideration had taken place. I put on my clothes, therefore, and was about to ferry myself over, when a large boat appeared, manned by some Portuguese, who seeing us near over, through our own exertions, made an offer to convey us all at once. This was done, and we arrived safe on the other side. Before we could reach Verride, we had had five more arms to cross, all of which we got over by ferries. Some we paid for, but as our money was

short, we were obliged, in the last two instances, to cross by force, the Portuguese swearing at us for "diables Inglese." The country was much over-run with long flags, but the water was of no depth, excepting the two arms before-mentioned. Most of them were half a mile over.

Having arrived at Verride, I sent the soldier to draw rations, but it was too late. Standidge, the commissary, sent me word to come, and he would furnish a supply of my wants. He was very kind. I was regaled with a bottle of English porter.

March 11th.—I set off for Lavos, passing a very woody country, and one river. We were obliged here to take guides, two of whom, in succession, made their escape, by running into the woods, in turning an angle of the road. The trees stood so thick, that all pursuit was vain; on the third, we kept a very strict look out, and he conducted us to Lavos, eight miles.

Here I met my friend D. A. C. G. Macleod, in charge of the 4th dragoons, under the command of Lord R. E. H. Somerset; they were stationed here. This village lies among sand banks on the sea shore, opposite to Figuero Roads, and the mouth of the Mondego—the houses are scattered about with no sort of order. We were very glad to see each other, and Macleod gave me a bed in his own house: he kept a lady, named Margaret, a very termagant for temper. For some time she behaved very well, but broke out one day at dinner, when Macleod happened to say something that displeased her. She then took hold of the table cloth, and madam sent every thing on the floor, soup spilt, a smash of dishes, glasses, &c. This, to her, was genteel, and in style; and that night she got drunk with brandy, saying, it was the finest comfort in nature. Soon after my arrival, Macleod was obliged to set off for Lisbon, leaving Anthony, a Portuguese, Adeney, and myself. We all procured billets in the same house, that of an old Padras, who, I fear, was a crafty old rogue.

March 25th.—Adeney, Anthony, and I, set off, and crossed the Mondego, at its mouth, which is not more than two hundred yards wide, but enlarges to near a mile when you are in the harbour. The entrance, which is dangerous, is defended by one four pounder that cannot be of use, as the wall is much too high for it. With large guns the place might be defended for a short time, but they have none mounted; nor are the works strong on any side. As you enter the port, you see, on the left, a handsome town, with a fine market-place, and two or three churches. It is a large place, and there are several good houses in it. In the vicinity are very extensive salt works. The salt water is let in by small canals, into square places, banked about four inches high with sand, and about six yards square. The water lies on till dried up by the sun, when the salt is left

behind. It was here Lord Wellington landed, on the 1st of August, 1808, to commence his arduous campaigns.

On the 17th of April, Macleod joined, and gave me my card of entrance into the commissariat from the day I had joined; this was very satisfactory. The same day, our regiment marched to Verride, on our route to Oporto,—eight miles. Being now settled in my new situation, I shall be able to renew my observations. On this day's march, as Adeney was crossing a river, on horseback, his horse lay down in the middle of the stream, to cool himself. We passed this day a dangerous ford that I had been over before in a boat. The day was warm, and being comfortably established, it made my mind easy.

March 18th.—To Perreira, eleven miles, a very neat town, distant from Verride two leagues and a half. But, before I proceed further in my narrative, I must revert to a large convent in Verride. Though a religious building, yet was it a place of pleasure and recreation, for the monks of the order of Santa Cruz, of Coimbra. The monks are conveyed to and from each place by boats, as the Mondego, which runs through Coimbra, washes the walls of this convent. The whole is laid out in the most luxuriant style; and there is every thing for amusement that fancy can devise. Among the rest, I saw a table resembling a billiard table, but with twenty or thirty pockets instead of six. What the game was I forgot to ask. The table was most exquisitely carved and gilt—the gardens too were a great attraction, and, at one end, there was a fine bowling green. The apartments are laid out rather plain, but the situation of the convent is delightfully chosen. There were very few monks present at this time, as they only came in summer; and it being now winter, a few only were left to take care of the place.

One of the monks assured me that, on a fine summer's evening, they can hear the vesper bell of their convent in Coimbra, sound, and float down the river, though a distance of forty or fifty miles, in a direct line, without including the turnings of the river. There were two very valuable paintings here, by Rubens. One was the massacre of the monks of Santa Cruz, by the Moors. The expression of the countenances is inimitable. The sweet serene aspect of the monks, contrasted with the ferocious character impressed on those of the Moors, standing over them, and butchering them in a cruel manner, must ever excite the most poignant feelings. The second piece was a priest in the act of writing a letter—he is in a thoughtful mood; the countenance intimates that he is a little perplexed about his subject. The back-ground of both these pictures is well shaded, the parts retire in distance and at leisure; exempt from that abrupt termination which, too often, is chargeable on more modern artists.

March 19th.—To Cantanheide, fifteen miles. The road to this place is nearly over a heathy common, except where we crossed the river Mondego; and the late rains obliged us to ford seven streams or communications with this river. On the opposite side we landed, as I may call it, at Tentugal, a respectable town, in which the 2d Germans now lie. Here Anthony left us for Lisbon, having quitted the commissariat, and Adeney and I became mess-mates.

March 20.---To Agueda and Sourdao; twenty-six miles; two good villages—Agueda is the best. These villages being much crowded, I went to another about half a mile further, on the same hill. These, with some others, lay embosomed in a valley surrounded with hills of a luxuriant appearance; they seemed, in a manner, shut up from the rest of the world. The plain at the bottom, is about two miles long, and of the same breadth; the river Agueda, running in the centre, supplies the villages with water. On my arrival at the small village, I found it a high festival with the inhabitants; they were all in their gayest apparel, and many had masks. They had, it seems, cut, the day before, an immensely tall tree, quite straight, and lopped off the branches. They then set it on end, in the ground, opposite one of their chapels, having first decorated it with festoons of laurel to the top. Several of the branches were then taken and planted like young trees. A rope was tied to the pole, and running through the arm of a tree opposite, the end of the cord hung down, guided by a young man. The rope being lowered in the centre, a live cock was fastened to it by the legs, and hoisted up again. The players, with swords, were all alert to jump up and kill the cock. At last, one of superior agility, won the cock by killing it. The cock, in the progress of these manœuvres, was frequently lowered to allure the attempts, but instantly hoisted up again. In the next place, they buried a cock all but the head, and a person blindfold advancing from a distance with a sword, endeavoured to cut off the head at a blow; but, though many attempted, it was long before one succeeded: as before, he had the cock for the prize. At each interval between the prizes being won, the bagpipes played, in a wild stream of harmony. Some of the performers behaved with irreverence in the church, which rather surprized me, as the Portuguese, in general, professed religious veneration for holy ground. In the evening there was a general dance on the green, with bagpipe music. The people here seemed truly innocent in their manners, and easily pleased with the character of their rural pastimes. It often made me recollect the pastoral scenes described by Cox, in his tour in Switzerland.

March 21st.—To Oliveria das Ameas, twenty-six miles. The

road commanded an expansive view of the sea and of Oveiro on the coast, a large and fine town with several churches.

March 22d.—To Villa de Feira, five miles. This sequestered place is swallowed up among intricate mountains and woods; the country fertile in a high degree. I had nearly lost myself several times; but, at last, Adeney and I found the way out. The inhabitants of this district seem to be more civilized than any in Portugal. The houses were clean and well furnished; and the people, in general, appeared to have been better educated—a schoolmaster here, to instruct his pupils, sent up, at night, several air-balloons. On a hill over this town, are the remains of a Moorish palace, it has a romantic appearance from the town. This place is about sixteen miles from the sea; we halted here until the 27th, when we marched for

Oporto, sixteen miles, a city far surpassing Lisbon and Coimbra, in point of beauty. The first thing which strikes a traveller, is a general cleanliness,—also the evenness of the houses, and uniformity which reigns in each street. It is situated on the Duoro, a few miles from the sea, and has a bridge of boats which open in the middle, for the passage up to St. Joas de Pisqueri, Lamego, &c. The convents here are superior to any I have yet seen, and, as usual, occupy the greatest part of the town. On the northern side of the river is a part called Villa Nuevo de Oporto, or the New Town, inhabited by coopers and smiths, of whom the number is immense. Oporto is very large, and our English company reside here. They generally purchase the vintage some months before it is pulled; making the wine on the spot, and floating it down to Oporto, where they doctor it for our market. As to their wine, the juice of the grape alone is not so capital as is imagined, being rather insipid. There is one street here called Rua des Ingleses, which may, perhaps, rival any in Europe; the houses, numbers 1, 2, 3, compose the English hotel, and a noble one it is. Oporto very much resembles the towns in England, and one-eighth of the inhabitants are thought to be English—the wine company giving employment to so many; and to this company may be mostly imputed the commercial prosperity of Oporto.

Throughout Portugal, the orders of Santa Cruz and Santa Francisco appear to be the richest. The chapels, in general, are the greatest ornament about them, and the gardens are laid out in a superb style. One convent here is on an immense perpendicular rock, on the south side of the town, and has a truly grotesque appearance; I was billeted just under it. The town lies on the side of a hill, like Lisbon and Coimbra, slanting to the river. The streets are very good, with many fine houses.

There is a great trade, and shipping can come up to the merchant's doors with ease. The streets are lighted with lamps, in the English mode, and the houses do not look so much like prisons as those of Lisbon. The great iron bars to the windows are not much in use. They are built with stone, very high, many being seven stories. There is an excellent fish-market here, and a good landing place, almost all along the northern bank of the river. The inhabitants are less reserved than those of the south, as their intercourse with the English makes them acquainted with our manners and customs, some of which they adopt. It is rather singular that the port wine is very bad here---nor is it like the wine we have in England; the English company monopolize all the best for exportation. Adeney and I refreshed with a bottle on the morning we started; but it was not at all to our taste.

March 28th.---To Santa Tissima, a poor place, nineteen miles from Oporto. There is a large convent here, the monks of which gave a dinner to some of our officers. A fine river is seen meandering through this place, with a bridge over it, which throws open some scenery up the river, extending over the romantic gardens of the convent. Passengers pay a trifle on passing the bridge; but the military are exempt. Our troops, I presume, had not been often in this neighbourhood, as the people seemed overjoyed to see us, which is not the case where our detachments had often frequented. My landlord would insist on giving me my dinner and breakfast, with plenty of wine; he testified some regret at parting with us. The roads to this place were, in some places, up to the bellies of our horses in mud.

April 29th.---To Caldas and St. Antonio de Taipas, a miserable place, about seventeen miles, hardly worth mentioning as a village.

We were now ordered to proceed to Guimaraens instead of Caldas, and accordingly Adeney and I jogged on quietly, till, finding it very warm, we went under shelter of some trees, where we dismounted. As we had purchased a pack of cards at Oporto, having them in our provision bag, we sat to play at Beggar my Neighbour, and continued three hours at this one game, without loss or gain on either side. When we reached Guimaraens, we waited on the Juis de Fora, but learned, to our mortification, that the regiment had moved forward to Caldas, and we had to push briskly for it, to get in time for our dinners. Guimaraens is a very handsome city, almost as large as Oporto. In one square, we saw as fine a range of houses as most in Europe. It also contains the picturesque remains of an old Moorish palace and castle, about eight hundred years old. We wished much to

stop here, but were obliged to be with the regiment, and had no time to make additional remarks.

On our arrival at Caldas, we were again disappointed, as we were billeted at St. Antonio de Taipas, two miles distant, where we arrived at last. Macleod having some company the evening after our arrival, it was near seven o'clock before Adeney and I could get away. The night was extremely dark, but we expected we should know the way; but we soon found our mistake. The houses here were all separated; each had a particular name, and in this straggling way of arranging the village, it was five miles in length. Not a house but what had a distinct farm belonging to it. We had not gone far before the rain began to fall, and now we were compelled to grope as well as we could with our hands. At last we came tumbling down a small precipice together. After shaking our ears, we started again, but stumbled into a ditch of water. After three hours' upsetting, we came to a miserable hut, the people of which would have conducted us home, had we recollected the name of our house or people; but, comfortably biletted, we seldom enquired who were our hosts. Now we paid for our inadvertence, for the people not knowing where we lived, nor we ourselves, circumstances obliged us to put up this night on a bundle or two of Indian corn straw, and rest, as we could, in our wet clothes; but this did not prevent us from enjoying a sound sleep. Next morning we found our way easily; our servants had been at Macleod's in search for us; but when they heard all the particulars, I could see them trying to suppress a laugh at our blundering. Indeed, the country was full of hills, all nearly of the same shape, and we even had gone wrong in the day-time, the road or path being so intricate. Caldas is celebrated for its mineral waters, both hot and cold, arising out of the earth from the hot baths. You see a vapour ascend from the water, which tastes like rotten eggs. The cold bath will turn stones white, and sparkles on coming out, like cider. A fine beautiful sand also oozes out of the rock, which sparkles like silver, and we used it to dry our writing.

While we remained here, we made an excursion to see Braga, another town, as large or larger than Guimaraens. It has a fine market-place, and contains many capital buildings. The road to this place from Caldas may be considered as truly romantic. There is an immensely high mountain, over which the road goes. On the top is a chapel, by the road-side, from which you can see as far as the eye can reach. Under you, at one side, lies Guimaraens, and appears at the foot of the mountain, though many miles distant. On the other side appears Braga, really at the foot of the mountain, but seems so near, that you would imagine you could almost jump into it, though two miles down the moun-

tain. The pinnacle you stand on runs off before and behind, in one long line, until lost in more gigantic hills. In distance, in the back ground, lay rugged tops of mountains, some of them soaring far above the clouds. While we remained here, we were appointed to seize all the live cattle we could find; and being frequently out, the commissary of the 5th dragoon guards came, by accident, to my billet, and seized five cows, for which we always paid. The host told him there was an officer billeted on him; but it did not signify, and he was ordered to come for payment next day. When I came home the family came thronging about me in tears, begging me to intercede for their cows, or they should be ruined. I learned from his receipts that it was my old friend Standidge who had taken them, and I presently gave them a note to him, when he returned them all. What joy did this occasion in the poor distressed family! The children kissed me in their transport, one of whom was a fine young girl of 17. The poor father cried with joy. After this every thing their house and garden afforded was most cheerfully given to us; confectionary of every kind was purchased for us, which we distributed among the children, and as eggs were in plenty, and fruit, these we accepted, for I was immoderately fond of eggs. To buy them we might have had fifty for a shilling, so that I was recompensed, but not bribed, for serving them. There is a kind of etiquette observed among the gentlemen of the commissariat, not to interfere with each others' cantonments, and this was a reason why the cows were so easily returned. We remained here until the 13th of May, when we moved forward to Fafe, 14 miles, over the most awful mountains I had ever yet seen. We were, at one time, literally above the clouds, at another almost immerged in the vallies. One-third of our horses dropped their shoes, the roads were so bad. We were often going up and down such steep declivities, that we shuddered to look after or before us, for fear of getting dizzy from the horrors of the immense gulphs below, and the overhanging crags above. Fafe is a tolerably good place, selling all the necessaries, without sharing in the luxuries of life.

May 14.---To Guanderalle, 12 miles; a poor place. 15. To Ribera de Pena, 16 miles; passed two rivers: the roads dreadfully bad the last two days, lying all the way over mountains, which horribly fatigued us. But we are now beginning to descend a huge chain of mountains. 16. To Villa Pouca, a good town, 22 miles. A fine prospect here, overlooking an immense extent of country. 17. Halted. 18. Argerise. 19, 20, 21. In camp, each day in the woods, forty miles. 22. Braganza. A family here, and the town, have given a race of kings to Portugal; 17 miles. A handsome place, but small, and not much worth seeing.

It has, as usual in all Portuguese towns, some old Moorish ruins, and a market place. 23, 24. Halted. 25. Camp. 26. Ceifas Camp. This day we cleared the boundaries between Spain and Portugal, and left behind us all the bad roads.

As we entered Spain, it was curious to see the difference of the roads. From scaling the most frightful cliffs we now fell into as level a country as any. The roads were finely sanded, and as even as a bowling green; but there was hardly a tree to be seen; the whole country, for a tract of forty or fifty miles, shewing one continued field of barley, rye, wheat, &c. Here and there you may chance to espy the spire of a church raising its head above the plain, and over the waving corn, now nearly ripe. The spire is a sure indication of a village, and about the church a tree or two has been planted, otherwise not one to be seen in any direction. All over the country we could not trace even a bush or a hedge; but one continued field of corn, of various kinds, met the eye, with nothing else to interrupt the view. What a desolate scene in the winter! The people seemed to resemble the Portuguese in their manners, but were much cleaner. Their houses are many of them as bad as the Portuguese, that is to say, built of mud, and covered with bad earthen tiles. The Spaniards are in a manner rude to strangers or foreigners: they seem very selfish, and have not the way of hiding it like the Portuguese. When I had to pay them (we were generally seven or eight together) and we paid them in different coins, they would stand to argue with each other about the counting. Not so the Portuguese; they take what you give them as right, and dispute about the different coins afterwards. In our payments we never made mistakes, being too well informed about every coin. We found but few in the two nations that are clever at counting above a dollar. Spain, in general, is much better cultivated than Portugal, the latter being infinitely more mountainous. The wine where we are is horrid, and I believe Spain in general cannot boast of superior wines.

May 27.---To Rio Frio, or the Cold River, an indifferent village, twelve miles. 28. To Tabara Camp. I lost Dash on this march, a fine greyhound, and never could see or hear more of him. Tabara is a wretched place, but we were encamped in an olive wood, abounding with pigeons and snakes. The large green lizard is very numerous here, and has been very common for the last three or four days. They are so void of fear, that they came out of the bushes to view us as we passed. They burrow in the roots of old decayed trees, and will bite fiercely when attacked, but never attack first. The largest are eighteen inches long, of a lively green colour, and their bite reckoned poisonous. There is a small species called Ligartho, in Portugal,

which the superstitious account it a crime to hurt, somewhat like the robin in England. They report, and I am told for truth, that many have been saved, when asleep, from the snakes, by these little creatures scratching at the face of a man, to awaken him. Many quarrels had arisen between our soldiers and the inhabitants, about killing them. In one town there happened to be a crane's nest in the top of the church-steeple (a sacred bird in Spain) some of our soldiers saw her on her nest, and made a bet of wine who would kill her, firing in rotation with ball from their carbines. At last one of them brought her down, which so enraged the inhabitants, that they swore nothing but the man's life would expiate the deed. They threatened hard, but our men presented their pieces, and this calmed them. We were obliged, however, to be on our guard, to prevent fatal accidents. Such are these Spaniards, who will boldly tell you, they are the most enlightened people under the sun; have produced more learned men than all the rest of the world. "Were it not for us," they say, "you would have been all a set of savages." My notion is, that you never had but one truly learned and great writer, Cervantes, and he ridiculed you, though a Spaniard himself. I do not mean, however, to deny, that there have been many moderately learned men, though not of transcendant genius, in Spain.

Talara wood is very large: here we first got some fine Spanish bread, which was very excellent, and eats like a cake. We shot many hares here, of a fine flavour, and partridges were numerous on the hills, which were now beginning to be visible again. *May* 31.—At half-past twelve in the morning, the bugle sounded to turn out, which was unexpected, but at one we were mounted, and moved forward. As we were informed the French were near, we kept close. About eight in the morning we came to a hill which overlooked a fine plain, gently sloping to the river Ezla. On our mounting the hill, we saw many of our infantry camps, each division separate. The troops were in full view, returning to their different camps, the band of each regiment playing. These troops had been sent, during the night, to take a bridge over the Ezla, but on their approach the French blew it up, so that we must now look for a bridge elsewhere. It was a fine sunny day, and all the troops seemed in high spirits. Over the river the ground rose again in a gentle slope, and we had a view of part of the French encampment. Our brigade, under Sir William Ponsonby, now moved off, and, about three o'clock, came up with the infantry who were passing the river on a bridge of pontoons, while the baggage passed over on another. Here was a scene of jolly confusion; the cavalry forded the river, and the commissariat bullocks swimming over by their side. I got

over on one of the pontoons, very luckily. The German infantry floated higher up, but many unfortunately lost their lives in the attempt. About eight o'clock I reached our encampment, having this day marched forty miles, and we were twenty hours on horseback. We took a French piquet of fifty men, who were surprised, not expecting us over in the way we crossed. During the night the whole army joined, also Lord Wellington with his wing, in their way having retaken Salamanca. During the late winter, the French had been fortifying the road from Salamanca to Valladolid, and this induced Lord Wellington to move in a more northerly route, which would bring him in the rear of the French, and, at the same time, avoid the works they had now uselessly constructed. There were some French divisions in front of us, whom we drove along before us.

June 1.—Kept advancing, and the French retreating: the roads were delightful, but all the towns lay nearly in ruins, as the French had destroyed them. We halted in camp, near a ruined village, called Couvilhas, where Adeney being, as usual, tedious in dressing, I cut all the tent cords, and it came down on him, so that he was compelled to finish dressing in a drizzling shower, twelve miles. *June* 2. To Fuentes Seco, still driving the French before us, who retired, levying contributions on all the towns and villages; distance, sixteen miles. On the 3d, to a village called Benafarces, nearly in ruins.

On the 4th we moved forward, and learned that some more French divisions had joined. After this we advanced, but slower than usual. On the route our brigade halted, near a convent, when the old nuns came out and invited several of us to take refreshment, but none of the young nuns were to be seen, as they had been secured out of the way. The old nuns looked ghastly. The country we passed in this day's march was of a most curious description. On the tops of the hills the face of it seemed all heath, as far as you could see, and as flat as a table, with no interruption to the sight; but all this was a visual deception, as immense gullies ran between these hills, in which were scattered the roads, cultivated grounds, villages, &c. When down on the proper road, the whole country wore a different aspect; it appeared very hilly and intersected. I can only compare it to a table with several grooves cut in it: in these grooves, each of them three or four miles wide, would be the towns; at the bottom of the cavities the rivers.

We arrived, in the evening, at a small grove called Camp de Epino, attached to a part of the garden of a convent, which lay in ruins. It had been a most beautiful structure, but the French destroyed it, for not being able to pay a contribution levied on it. The French had bombarded the place from the top of the hill on which it stands. The building must have cost immense sums,

and particularly the chapel, as the remains testify what it had been. Here were the tomb and monument of Pope Urban the Eighth, with the mausolea of several ancient kings and queens. The convent was away from any village, a circumstance not usual in Spain. The monuments had been all destroyed, and the very tomb-stones and bodies taken up by the French in search of plunder; scarcely any thing was left but the inscriptions. In the grand hall were the portraits, as large as life, of all the superiors who had presided over the convent for a length of years. Some of these remained entire, but the best part had been destroyed by the cannon-shot. They were matchless pieces in their kind, but were painted on the walls, and could not be removed. Indeed, little now appeared but the bare shell. The Spaniards had collected several piles of the bones, which they approached with great seeming reverence. I walked through these monuments of destruction and French rapacity, with pensive reflections on the transient character of worldly grandeur. 5. Camp, 19 miles. 6. Camp, 16 miles. 7. To Fuentes de Val de Pera. Here was a Moorish castle, from one of the towers of which a winding stair-case led, from top to bottom, the entrance at the top. Where this winding stair-case ultimately led to, no one could or would tell. We went down it, and found it communicated with some large caverns under the castle, and then branched off in various directions, but we did not care to pursue the investigation. We wished, however, much to know where these led to, but their end or object seemed to be also unknown.

On our march this day, we drove the French out of Palencia, a very fine town. The nuns, as we passed the convents, thrust their arms out of the lattice work, and waved white handkerchiefs for a welcome, but we could not see them. We had, however, a fine view of the French army, now in full retreat, filing along the top of a hill. 8. Camp, thirteen miles. 9. Santago Camp. The town in ruins, and every individual thing shattered in pieces. 10. Aranillas, eighteen miles; in ruins. Some of the inhabitants lay dead in the streets, who had been shot by the French in their way through. 11. Villa Beta, sixteen miles. 12. Camp, sixteen miles. In the last few days' march the country was every way agreeable, and the soil uncommonly fertile. In one place provisions were so cheap, that I purchased a thousand quarts of wine for thirty dollars. Meat hardly to be had. The country was now getting hilly.

June 13.---We moved forward. In this day's march the baggage mixed pell-mell with the troops, the greatest part of which had scaled the top of one of those flat hills already mentioned. On our advancing to the edge of these hills, we found a body of thirteen thousand French before us, who never expected us

in this point. Only Major Butt's troop of artillery had come up, with the light brigade of infantry, and most of the cavalry. Another brigade of artillery soon arrived, when the two brigades opened on the French, who were passing the bridge over the Pisuergo.

The French moved as leisurely along the road, to cross the bridge, as if they had been on the parade. Our heavy brigade of cavalry were too near, when the French fired a volley at them, and wounded Captain Chitivell of the 3d dragoons, and four men. Of the French about sixty were killed before they could clear the bridge. They got over a brigade of artillery, which formed, and they began to fire away at us, but every shot missed. To me it seemed a wonder that, after the many rounds we fired, so few were hurt. When they were all over, they marched away, first blowing up the bridge, and some others. What hindered I know not, but I have often thought we might have cut them off, by intercepting their passage at the bridge. Most of the men on the ground were of this opinion. Being with Major Butt's brigade, I found that all our shot went over their heads. But now for the *horrida bella!* the very first shot the French fired from an eight-pounder, hit the muzzle of the gun on which I was resting, but flew off in an angle, passing near nine or ten men, without doing any mischief. We turned to the left, and advanced to Arranillas de Camina, but were roused next morning by the blowing up of Burgos Castle by the French, to hinder us from getting possession of it, as a place of strength. We had here a view of Burgos, and could see clouds of smoke rolling over it. On the morning of the 14th we found our route changed to a northern course, to cross the Ebro, at Miranda de Ebro; the French, meanwhile, were blowing up the bridges, by wholesale, in their line of march. Arrived at Huermecis, twenty-one miles.

15. To Villa Lien, twenty-four miles. 16. To Medina, ten miles; a fine large town. We crossed the Ebro this day: the passage lies on the east bank, with precipitate cliffs impending, which almost meet in some places, and form a kind of natural roof. The road winds along the river for about a mile, when it turns off. Some of those natural arches were from three to four thousand feet above our heads. The cavalry were obliged to lead their horses through, as, in some places we were on a level with the river; and in others were three thousand feet above it.

17.---San Lorente, fifteen miles. 18. Camp, seventeen miles. 19. Camp, seventeen miles. 20. Camp, twenty-three miles. During the last four days' march it rained incessantly. The country was one continued field and hill of mud; the dress of our soldiers was hardly distinguishable; and as for the difference

of officers and men, it was difficult to say which was which. The French army, by this time, had united, and, in their march, destroyed every village: nothing was to be seen but one picture of universal havock and desolation. The inhabitants of the country had fled to the mountains, and a horrible time they must have had of it. I found myself unwell this evening, from being so constantly drenched with heavy rains; went to bed in my tent, but could get no rest; my bones ached intolerably.

There was very heavy skirmishing the whole of this day, and when we were joined by Lord Hill's corps, consisting of our 2d division, with some cavalry and artillery, I expected it would bring on a general engagement; but night coming on, and the rain pouring down in torrents, it made both sides very glad to seek a little rest. All things now seemed preparatory to a general battle.

The place where we were in camp was in a wood on the side of a mountain, close to a village, still smoking, and in ruins. The whole of the French and English armies lay on these mountains, and on those opposite, with a large valley in the middle space. The mountains ran in a straight line, one row on each side the valley, and the valley might be about twelve miles in length. The French were in possession of the eastern end of the valley, protecting Vittoria, and we of the western. These hills were very lofty, particularly those on our right, where our light division was planted, with part of it in the valley; but, in the advance, the principal part of the cavalry were on the side of the hill with us. The country, to the very tops of the mountains, was covered with wood; and, when the skirmishing ceased, we took up our ground. The men every where now began making large fires; every ten or twelve men having one to themselves—the French did the same. The Spaniards, by this time, had come up, and they fell to making fires; so that, with the Portuguese in addition, such brilliant illuminations were seldom seen. But many brave fellows who were highly entertained with the scene, were never to see the sun again set, or contemplate such another spectacle. The mountains, on our right, were in the clouds, and the lights at the top glistened but faintly through them; but, in the valley, and at the foot, and half-way up, the lustre exceeded that of any ball-room ever so gaily illuminated.

Thus were we circumstanced the night previous to the battle of Vittoria. The French were encamped so near us, that the valley, not more than twelve miles long and three wide, was covered with 300,000 fighting men of all grades and nations. The commissariat had orders to issue a double allowance of rum to all, and the men were in want of nothing, as Lord Wel-

lington had ordered three days' provision to be issued that night.

The night of the 20th, I missed Adeney; he had fallen in among the French, and was forced to lie under a hedge, all night, in the rain, within pistol shot of a French centinel; but as soon as we had driven in the French outposts, next morning, he was liberated, and returned before we marched.

June 21st, 1813.---After a dead silence of some hours, except the neighing of horses, and talking of the men over their fires, which was a hermit's silence compared with what followed, we were all of a sudden on the alert, hearing a cannon shot in our front, and the popping shots of our advanced skirmishers; this was soon answered by the French. After this, one continued roar of musketry announced the commencement of the action; the whole army was soon on the move, and the French disputed every inch of ground. For a length of twenty-six miles, this day, it was a hard fought arena. We drove the French along the valleys and hills, the last of which were of such a height, that it seemed wonderful to me how we could get cannon up; but we actually did. The day was fine, not a cloud to be seen. We drove the French from every position, but there were only three points they seemed determined to keep: these were, El Pueblo, Gomrah Mayor, and the town of Vittoria. El Puebla, cost us a number of lives; so did Gomrah Mayor;---but, at Vittoria, they made no stand till they had passed it, when they turned their battering cannon on us, who happened to be on the ground. But this artillery fell afterwards into our hands,---thirty-four pieces, with eight howitzers. Two of the cannon were eighteen feet long, and sixty pounders; and the rest little inferior as to calibre. The whole of the French army were, in a manner, disorganized in the event of this action. They lost 169 pieces of artillery, and about 25,000 men. There was a grand dinner to be given on this day, in Vittoria; and the generals had sent for their families and friends from France to be present. So unexpected was our arrival, that we took many carriages of ladies, several of whom were in the heat of the action. The French military chest was also taken and plundered, mostly by the country people and servants of the army. A hussar regiment was disgraced for stopping behind to plunder, the booty was so rich; but Lord Wellington afterwards ordered all to be returned, in order to make an equal distribution. Many made their fortunes here. The waggons which conveyed the money, were upset in a ditch; this was taken advantage of. One muleteer had a thousand doubloons in a bag, which he was obliged to return. An assistant-commissary-general, sent some thousands of dollars to England, but it was discovered, and he

was ordered to refund; this, I believe, he declined, and he was dismissed for it. He had, however, sufficient property to make him indifferent about any army commission. Two carts full of gold were upset on the right of Vittoria. I think that it might have been so contrived as to leave some behind, to take charge of the stores and value captured. The French, also, left all their ammunition waggons on the field, many of them full of the plunder and contributions they had extorted in Spain and Portugal. These were seized by the baggage servants and followers of the army. Many of the carriages and horses were carried away by the country people, and the ammunition, powder, shot, and shells, the last ready primed, were strewed, in millions, over the field and roads. The powder casks were broken and the powder loose, so that, if a spark had lighted, it must have been destruction to thousands. It was reported that the French had been shut out of Vittoria by the inhabitants, and so obliged to go round, right and left of the town; but, I rather believe, this happened from their not being able to get quick enough through the place, as the gates were narrow. It was on this movement of the French, right and left of the town, that they lost most of their artillery, which was upset in the ditches, that were deep and full of mud. Here it was, too, that our troops gave them another bitter pill. The enemy had only two eight pounders left, on the night after the battle. The carnage was dreadful during the day, but our cannon seemed to have been more fatal than our musketry. In one wood, on the right of the road, I saw about 500 Portuguese killed, and the French appeared, for a time, to have had the advantage here, as the Portuguese had suffered extremely.

Joseph Buonaparte set out after the action for Pampeluna, which he is reported to have reached the same night. He lost all his baggage, as did his army, and he had only his horse left. The marshal's batoon, of Jourdan, was taken among other plunder. During the day, I was with the baggage, close behind the army. As every one was eager to learn what was going forward, lieutenant Burke, of the 48th, came up to me; I had known him with the regiment—he was nephew to Sir Robert Kennedy, chief commissary-general of the army. We had not been long in conversation, when the words "Fly! the French are coming," alarmed all the baggage train. I was with my own, and wished to save it, if possible, so I kept the muleteers at their places, accordingly; but the baggage of many others was thrown in the road, and lost entirely. Before this happened, the muleteers were lazy enough, grumbling for going so fast; but as soon as it was notified that the French were coming, they turned round, and such galloping and racing I never witnessed. Women

mounted on asses were soon knocked into the ditches full of water and dead bodies, on the road side, and a great part of the baggage was upset on them. The servants, through fear, left their baggage in the road, and away they went on their mules, ponies, or whatever they happened to have. Many of the servants returned to Portugal, never coming back; and many a poor fellow that was looking out anxiously for his baggage, this night, after a hard fight, found it lost to him for ever, as the country people plundered it. Such a scene of confusion and dismay, an unconcerned spectator might have thought burlesque. Such whipping, and spurring, and lashing, and thumping the poor horses, mules, and asses, &c.; such a strain of puffing and blowing, cursing the slowness of their horses, and those mounted on mules out of all temper! For, in treating their mules so unmercifully, the creatures would not go forward a step; but moved round and round like a wheel, upsetting all the baggage they came near. Many mule riders left their mules in the middle of the road, in this manner, falling off with the giddiness of their heads, in turning round, and they fled to some mountains, on foot, not far off. After they had gone on a quarter of a mile, a body of Spanish cavalry came galloping along by us, which made me seriously think that the French were coming; but, what had become of the army? We were soon however, relieved from our anxiety, as some English dragoons came up to stop the baggage, all being a false alarm, said, at the time, to be issued by some persons, to keep the baggage at a distance, as they had found a rich harvest of plunder, and were afraid if the baggage had come on quick, they would have had too many to share it with. But whether it was true or not, I do not pretend to say.

It was now too late for me to get all the supplies up to the regiment; and so I took a couple of mules, with four kegs of rum, and sent them after, as they were two leagues past Vittoria, and I had been very ill all day. I encamped about fifty yards outside Vittoria, near the grand gate. In some of the streets, there were hundreds of dead bodies, and wounded. We gave what relief we could to the people, not rejecting even the poor wounded French, who cried bitterly for water, but we had none to give, as all the water about had been turned to thick mud, during the day. I was much fatigued and slept well. Some one in the night fired off a cannon which had remained loaded; the ball narrowly missed me, as it skimmed along the head of my bed. So much for the vicissitudes of this day.

June 22d.—This day we went forward to join the regiment, being obliged to go round Vittoria, on the west side, from the gates being shut, which prevented us from seeing the town.

It was in this tour, however, that I beheld the havoc; the French artillery were upset in the ditches, wheels uppermost, and I could compare the heaps of dead, and the confusion which must have prevailed, to nothing but the earthquake in Lisbon. Perhaps it was worse, as, in some places, the shells, in bursting, half covered some of the bodies with mud and earth. Here let me consider the many suffering for the few; men slaughtering men, who never saw each other before, and a merciful God looking down on the destroying of lives which he himself had given. My military friends may smile at this grave morality; but, on the honour of a British officer, I give my sentiments, that the principle of warfare is not natural to man! It was not till after we passed the town that we fell in with the French heavy artillery. The road now wound through mountains, with a very wintry look, well covered, however, with wood of the pine order. The roads very dirty. We arrived about half past two at the regiment, encamped in a wood. In this camp Lord Wellington wrote his dispatches, in a poor village called Salvatierra. Next morning commenced the pursuit of the fugitives, along the Royal Road, or Caminha Real, to Pampeluna. The road wound through almost inaccessible mountains, and the weather came on very wet. We arrived, in the afternoon, at a small, wretched village, on the side of the mountains, called, Alchacho, through which our road lay. In some few places I observed large fields of wheat, rye, barley, oats, and Indian corn, which, luckily, in part had escaped both the enemy and us. Abundance was to be had, without the trouble of cutting what was in view, or we should not have tarried to ask any ones leave.

On the 24th, the troops halted, as we were all much fatigued with constant wet and marching. On the 25th, we moved through this range of mountains, twenty-five miles; we were quartered in several little villages, which baked excellent bread for the troops. We passed, this day, about ten or a dozen streams, over some of which were bridges, the waters very rapid; but this I have always found the case, in a mountainous country, occasioned by the quick descent of positions from the hills, which gives an impulse for miles, even after it reaches the plains. I was fixed in the small village of St. Ecaye.

June 26th.—We moved again, the day being warm, or rather with an intense hot sun. The country now began to look well cultivated; but we were often perplexed among the many small rivers we had to cross. The French, by this time, had passed Pampeluna, but left four thousand men there, not having had time to draw their treasure out of it. They, no doubt, thought it might prove a stumbling block to us, as it is a coup de maitre

in the art of war. On our approach to it, we found the roads improve; we came to an aperture in a long ridge which gave us a fair view of it. The road from the narrow aperture to it is as straight as an arrow, and as level as a bowling green. The country, round about, is tolerably level, but in the back ground lay the Pyrenees, towering one on another, till absolutely lost to the eye in height and distance. From this spot all the cavalry turned off to the right of the town, while the infantry kept moving on to the left, after the French, who had retired, on the road to their own country, worn down with misfortunes.

I met, this day, an old companion, lieutenant Lima of the 48th; he had been in a small village with the sick of his regiment. He was apprehensive of the French coming out of the town and attacking him in the night, as he had no guard with him; the town was not more than a short league distant, and full in view. He was recalled, however, the same day, or he would certainly have been taken. We arrived and encamped in a wood over the town of Tajonar, three miles from Pampeluna. Here I rolled down the hill, in the night, from its steepness, and was awoke by a centinel, who was near firing at me, seeing a long white body come rolling down. I went to bed again, and never slept better.

June 27th.—We again set forward, leaving the grand city of Pampeluna to the north-west; grand it did appear to us, but we lost sight of it altogether by the turn of the road. In reference to these roads, I must say, that better I never saw; they were as even as a table, without hills or hollows. The ground had been levelled, by an expert surveyor, previous to making the road; but I shall have occasion hereafter to mention these, when I come to the Pyrenean roads. The day was dreadfully hot, and the baggage of all the cavalry so crowded the road, that the dust, thrown up by it, was ready to choak us. At last, we arrived at the neat town of Tafalla, tempting notice of which we had, by the many fruit-gardens on the road side, as we approached. Here we had plenty of the finest fruit I ever saw; all kinds of cherries, peaches, plums, &c., so cheap that, for sixpence, a person might load himself. The markets, almost instantly, rose 50 per cent. and I have ever found this to be the case, wherever the English enter. We left this town behind us, and moved on towards Olite, a fine town, but not so large as Tafalla. The country all around, in our immediate vicinity, appeared to be covered with varieties of corn; the land, gently rising in small hills, had an appearance much like that part of Spain we first entered. This day we marched thirty-five miles, and encamped near Olite, in a fine grove of vines; the general staff having taken possession of the town.

June 28.---Marched thirty miles to camp, at the convent of Caperosa ;---we this day passed a very fine bridge, over the sides of which many mules, with baggage, had been tilted into the river, and the mules drowned before they could unloose the cords of the trunks, &c. with which they were loaded. This gave rise to much complaint among the muleteers, but it was not attended to, as it was evidently their own fault. For when the bridge was already full of baggage, other muleteers would rush into the centre, and those at the sides were inevitably tilted over the side way (not more than two feet high) into the river. I left them to settle their differences among themselves, with their long knives, which, after all their uproar, they replaced in their pockets. The convent of Caperosa is on the banks of the river, over which was the bridge. It was nearly deserted when we came, and we quartered two regiments of cavalry in it, with all the staff. It appeared to be an old gloomy Monkish pile. All the interior of the chapel in the ancient Gothic style ; the apartments small and filthy, and the convent nearly surrounded by a wood, in which, however, we had plenty of game, and, curious to say, many wild pigs. These last had become really wild, though of the domestic kind. The original cause we could not find out. Some few were killed, but the gallant and noble General Ponsonby published a prohibition, as they might still be private property. On the 29th we halted, and had orders to return to Tafalla, as the division of the French army we were in pursuit of had now too far the start of us to hope to overtake them.

And now, after this toilsome march, I shall take a slight view of some things which, in the rapidity of a soldier's movements, have been left without explanation. During our movements, our troops depended on the country for provisions. The villages procured us bread in plenty, and we had brought live bullocks on with us from Portugal; many hundreds, however, died on the way. Rum was brought by mules along with us, but of this we required but little, as the country produced excellent wine, some of which had been in cask perhaps the last hundred years. Our horses fared the worst, as we could not bring hay and corn with us. These were obliged to live upon the barley, oats, and wheat, all green in the ear, which we found in the fields, but were obliged to cut down for the purpose. Sometimes the inhabitants would furnish plenty of oats and barley, the latter of which they only use for forage, and for these we paid in gold. At several places we had to search every house for corn, and often found it stored in the most curious places. Very frequently the communication was by a trap-door under the bed, through thick walls, to vaults under the foundation of the house. In a variety of

cases, we were sure to trace them out, but after all, many, doubtless, were undiscovered.

The Spaniards, through the whole of the country we passed, were, in general, dirty. The women usually wore petticoats made of a kind of coarse tick, and they had short bed-gowns, with long sleeves; the men had a dress not unlike ours, but over all, a tremendous great coat, the tail of which they tucked up under the right arm, and threw over the left, letting it fall down behind in folds. This they wore in weather ever so hot; and I often remarked that this coat smelled strongly of tobacco. Some of the Spaniards appeared to be very friendly, others very reserved and morose. Altogether I found them a most affectionate people, if you can insinuate yourself into their favour, which, however, it was very difficult to do, they kept themselves so retired. These last observations are only applicable to such as had never left their native homes, but as for travellers, voyagers, &c. the very reverse will be found to be the truth. The Spaniards are not only imperious and overbearing to strangers, but are seldom known to unite in the bonds of a strict friendship, even among themselves. The husband continues to smoke, and the wife sits at her work, whether spinning or otherwise. The women have a pan of charcoal under their petticoats, to keep them warm, as in Portugal, if the weather be cold. When very warm, they retire into the shade, as the sun's heat will, in a manner, if too powerful, boil, or at least act upon, the brains, even to the height of madness. This happened, in some instances, to our men, both in Portugal and Spain. The French call this distemper "*un coup de soleil.*"

The houses of the Spaniards are but meanly built: as in Portugal, whole villages are often constructed of mud. To make up for this, almost every village has a church, and often ornamented beautifully. The Spanish architecture in churches is, perhaps, inferior to none; some churches which I have seen in small towns, would match any buildings of their size in Paris or London. How the Spaniards could take so much pains to ornament them, I cannot conceive, for I never had even a faint idea of what laziness was, till I entered the Peninsula. The Portuguese herein are culpable enough; but are positively laborious, compared to them, and to this, as well as to superstition, may be ascribed the superfluous excess of monks and nuns of different orders. It is supposed that, on an average, one-eighth of the population of Spain and Portugal are devoted to the religious profession. And of all these, three-fourths have hardly any thing to do, but live on the best of the country's productions. How any government, with pretensions to common sense, can mildly look on at such despicable drones, of not the least use to

society, surprises me; but religion in this country is the supreme authority, and the king himself must be subservient, and not offend it. Each order, of which there are many, has various and ample resources of revenue; but, in general, they are endowed with large tracts of land; and of this the convents have the most. There seem to be but few large land-holders in Spain, excepting these. The nobility have some, but altogether disproportionate to the convents and various orders of Sta Cruz, San Francisco, and an hundred others. Of the first two orders there are many ramifications, having in every province three or four, or more, branch convents. The single order of Sta Cruz is computed to contain above three hundred convents, in Spain and Portugal; all of these depend on one another, but their head convents in Madrid and Lisbon receive the greatest share of the revenue, as they draw it from so many minor sources. These convents are under the bishops, and these bishops may be deemed despotic, or at least it is very dangerous to offend them.

Private property seems to be well guarded, and the confines of each boundary marked by cuts in the ground, large stones, or stakes. Very few hedges are to be seen, except near large towns, and these very indifferent. Stone walls seem to be the principal means of defence, near towns, but they seldom rise more than four feet from the ground. Water-courses are often cut, to divide property.

The Spaniards carry the produce of their vineyards to market, either in wine or fruit, both of which, with bread, constitute their principal food. Of meat there is very little used, and even that very poor. The best we found in the country was the Merino (sheep) mutton, which was as delicate as our lamb, but much sweeter tasted. Their bullocks they did not care to part with, as being wanted for draught. Cows were generally killed, when young, for food; but they kept many for milk. Butter was seldom made of it; cheese was frequently, but it was as hard as flint, and had a very imperfect flavour. Their breakfast is chocolate, which is here much superior to any in England. A small cup, containing about half a noggin, a bit of dry toast dipped in it, and then eaten. When it is out, the whole is washed down by a draught of cold water. This was a sort of breakfast I never could relish. The lower classes have generally soup made of vegetables for breakfast, dinner, and supper; and in some places I have seen the pigs live on the same food with the family, with a little corn added. Their dinners, vegetables and meat, with but little of the latter. Chocolate at night. Wine is drunk all day through, but it seldom mounts into their head, as they are habituated to it from their childhood. Fruit makes a share of their food, with

bread; the latter is excellent, very close-grained, and what we had near the Ezla, more like a delicious cake than bread.

The Spaniards are, in general, very poor; and those that are rich, never do any good with it for their poorer brethren. This observation is not only applicable to Spain, but to almost every country I have visited. The riches of those who are possessed of them, are expended only for their ease and enjoyment; and, provided they can wallow in every gratification, the poor may starve. The rich may often be seen in Spain gambling away thousands. Indeed, the inhabitants, in general, are great gamblers. I have seen the father of a family gamble away his vineyards, wines, houses, goods, even the coat off his back, and leave the room almost naked. When they pursue it hotly, no consideration for themselves or their family can check them; all is forgot in the raging delirium for play.

Tafalla is a large and well-built town; the houses are principally of stone, roofed with red tile. This place not only abounded in fruit, but we had here plenty of ice cream, which, in a warm climate, is a treat delicious beyond expression. We could get about half a pint for a penny, so that we did not fail to make abundant use of it. We had often met with men, travelling about the country, with churns on their backs, and with handsome cups that looked like silver, but took no minute notice of them, till we came here, when we found they travelled about, selling ice cream. They must have, I think, a pretty brisk trade of it, as they had frequently to replenish their churns, in the different towns; here in particular. But the Spaniards appear to consume a vast quantity of it. This place once had an old castle attached to it, which is now converted into a market place for woollen goods, the only place of the kind I have had an opportunity of noticing in Spain. It stands on the Camina Real, or Royal Road; and is almost always full of people. While we remained, Sir Stapleton Cotton gave many balls, which the inhabitants of the town returned to us in the best way they could; however, on the night of the 26th July, we had orders to march for Pampeluna, and we set out next morning, at four o'clock, returning by the road we came.

Our orders were quite unexpected, and we lay at our ease waiting till Pampeluna would surrender, it being Lord Wellington's intention to blockade and starve it out. But the French army having received strong reinforcements, attacked us and drove us back, till they came in the neighbourhood of Pampeluna, which it was their intention to relieve, and so draw out their troops and treasure. Near my old quarters I left the regiment which had pushed forward, and I took up my quarters in the little village where my old friend Lima, of the 48th regiment, had

been alarmed at finding himself so near the French, when left behind with the sick. I had not been long in this village, when a brigade of Spanish artillery came rushing in, at a rapid rate, with horrible accounts; the British army were almost cut to pieces, and not the least chance of doing any good, the French were in such numbers. Soon after arrived a Spanish brigade-major, in a dreadful passion, calling and upbraiding the officers and men, as a pack of cowards; but they bore it with much seeming indifference. It appeared that this brigade having fired a few rounds on a French column, were charged by the column; and that our infantry intercepted the charge. This brigade, panic struck with their danger, set fire to their ammunition, which blew up, and they left the field. However, they brought their guns along with them, which preserved some remains of their credit. The Spanish major exerted himself to get them to return, as we could supply them with ammunition; but it was in vain. Here they came, and here they would stop, which they did, till news came of the retreat of the French, when they set out after them.

It appears that our troops had hard work to keep their ground, and were now only collecting and concentrating. Some of our divisions had to march all night through the woods by torch light; when, after a world of difficulty, they effected a junction with the army. It was not till the 29th of July that all the army joined. The gazette will pretty fully detail the particulars of the battle of the Pyrenees. I have to lament my friend L. of the 48th regiment, whom I had seen with the sick in this place. He fell mortally wounded. Also ensign P. who came up from Lisbon with me; the only two who were killed of the regiment. The last had either one or two brothers killed in the same regiment, in some former campaigns. The family was particularly unfortunate in its connexion with the army.

A slight description of the country round Pampeluna, will help to explain our movements. Every where round about this large town, which looks like a mother city among her tributary children, the small villages are numerous.

Pampeluna stands on a rising ground, with a small descent from it, on every side. The fortifications are so constructed, as to command every hill within range of cannon shot. The hills about it are not high, but numerous in every direction, the whole being hills and valleys for about three miles, when the cliffs of the Pyrenees begin to rise, each tier mounting higher and higher, till lost in the clouds. On the north side, the Pyrenees are highest, and it was here that the French arrived, on the 30th of July, when they hoisted a signal for those in the town to come out and join them. They attempted so to do, but the Spaniards

drove them in again. All around the town appears to be one spacious field of corn, except the top of a few hills which are covered with wood. The Pyrenees here are very bare in this article, which may be attributed to the vicinity of the town, the people of which cut it down for fire-wood, and roll it down the mountains. Farther off, the mountains are nearly covered to the very top: the wild boar takes shelter in the thick forests, with many other wild animals. The roads to the town are nearly all straight, and almost as smooth as a bowling green. They seem to be well sanded and taken care of. At the east end of the town is an aqueduct, reaching many miles into the country; I have reason to believe it is useless now. In one place, it runs through a valley for two miles, and the centre arches are nearly 150 feet high. It then runs through a hill, to effect which must have cost immense labour. When the aqueduct comes within two miles of the town, it runs under ground the rest of the way. In the town appears a dome of a church, in the centre, rising above all the other churches, and pretty much like St. Paul's Cathedral, in London. It certainly has a noble appearance. The first day we approached the town, we met hundreds of the inhabitants on the roads, coming out of it, expecting we should immediately commence the siege. Lord Wellington allowed all to pass, and the French were glad to get rid of them, as useless mouths might eat up the provisions, if the siege lasted: in this instance it proved to be well judged in them.

I felt not a little solicitude for those poor people, thus leaving their homes, and thronging the roads, every one carrying their goods on their back, on the way to any friends they might have in the villages at a distance. Young females of tender and delicate frames were trudging it along, on foot, heavy laden with their misfortunes and goods, and exposed to the rude stare of the soldiers. Many of these had never, I believe, been so exposed before, and I could see through their blushing cheeks, shame and grief in their hearts at the pressure of their necessities.

Our soldiers, and officers too, took great notice of them. The latter endeavoured to enter into conversation with them, but they abruptly turned away and burst into tears, as we must appear like enemies to them, who had literally turned them from their homes. I thought so many jests given on the occasion, quite out of season, and could only turn away with disgust, repeating from Cowper:

> 'Tis thus, I exclaimed, with a pityless part,
> Some act by the delicate mind;
> Regardless of wringing and breaking a heart,
> Already to sorrow resigned.

These lines seemed truly apposite. *July* 28.—I moved all the government stores to a small village, about two leagues nearer Vittoria, named Ororvia. Here I was billeted in the house of a barber-surgeon. I had long wished to know if the two trades were actually combined, and I found it to be the case universally throughout Spain.

During this day's march it rained incessantly, accompanied by dreadful thunder and lightning. Our troops were hotly engaged the whole of the day on the Pyrenees. We could plainly hear the musquetry and cannon. The smoke arising from various hills that were visible under the clouds, made the appearance as if we were living in fire and water. The lightning was forked, and cut many curious figures in the air; the clouds, too, seemed infinitely higher, at times, when we went down the vallies. In the evening I received news from the troops that determined me to join them, and learned, to my surprise, that it had been a very fine day, and no rain whatever. The clouds were below them most of the day. The heavy firing, I imagine, was the cause of its being wet with us, the explosion having broken the clouds, and the firing, in a manner, igniting the air. Whether this might excite the thunder, I leave it for philosophers to determine.

July 29.—In the morning we set out, and determined, if possible, to join the regiment. Many were not for coming with us, particularly the Spanish and Portuguese muleteers, who were afraid, if the French came down, they should risque the loss of all their property in their mules: at last we convinced them there was no danger, and we set out accordingly.

Having advanced through the valleys, we came to a small village, almost within cannon shot of the town; and here all the baggage of the army was concentrated. Had the French, in a sortie, made a dash on it, they might have taken the whole, as we had no troops near. Towards evening we reached the foot of a high range of hills, over which we had to pass. When at the top, the sun was near setting behind the Pyrenees, that branched southward. Here we had an ample view of the French and English armies; ours in the valleys next to us, and the French possessed of the highest mountains, over which their camp spread to the very top. Our troops were in squares, and principally round the villages; in front was a long hill, which we had well defended during the day, having been attacked by the French eleven times, but they were driven back every time. It was now crowned with artillery and infantry; all the small hills were also occupied by our infantry and artillery. Our cavalry lay in the rear, behind all. The French camp stretched up the mountain, as far as the eye could penetrate. Every thing was as silent as the grave, and my fancy was ready to suggest

that I could hear a pin drop. I now joined the regiment, and found they had not been engaged.

July 30.—This day, the French made their last effort, which was gallantly repelled by our men; they were driven up the mountains, and then down again. The fighting had been very violent the last four days; for the enemy were determined to liberate their companions in Pampeluna, if possible, and in the attempt appear to have lost more men than were in the place. They might be about four thousand, and they lost, on the smallest calculation, that number, at least, in the actions. Our brigade was ordered to move forward, and as I had no material business to attend, I mounted my horse, and rode to the top of the hill where I had first discovered our army, and from this spot I had a full view of all that was going forward. I was now elevated more than two thousand feet above the walls of Pampeluna, and it was just at this moment that I observed the French on the Pyrenees hoist a signal for their comrades in the town to come out and join them. The signal was answered by firing a gun from the citadel, and immediately after they issued out in a body, from the gate on the road leading to France. I saw them all out and formed, when our cavalry and the Spanish army advanced down on them, and immediately a very heavy skirmishing commenced. The French fought like lions, just under me, so that I could see every man's manœuvres. The Spaniards, who were ten times their number, compelled them at last to retreat, which the guns of the town enabled them to do with tolerable order. This lasted nearly three hours on my left, while in the front, on the mountains, the contending armies fought like furies. When the French saw their comrades issuing out of the town, their fire increased to one continued roar of musquetry, the artillery on both sides being of little use in such a rough and rugged region. But when they saw the garrison again driven in, they gave up the cause as desperate, and, by degrees, retired, until the firing was lost in the distance. Our army, taking the advantage of these successes, drove them at length into France. Part of our army now returned to the siege of St. Sebastians, and the operations commenced with double vigour. About the same time we took possession of the town of Passages, a sea-port, where we had communication with Admiral Penrose and the fleet, so that we had plenty of provisions of all kinds from England. The Spaniards and cavalry were left behind, to keep Pampeluna invested, which now began to suffer extremely for want of provisions. On the 31st, our regiment was ordered into quarters at our old village of Tajonar, where we were but poorly lodged and accommodated, most of the inhabitants having fled on the first alarm. I determined to pitch my tent, and

lodge in it, sooner than sleep in the village houses, they were so filthy.

The day we entered it, we advanced a little, to see what we could of the work of destruction, during the late battle. The first spot we made to was a Spanish post, consisting of a small field-work, and a few guns, to prevent the French from breaking out on our side. This, however, they frequently did, and once or twice in the night, took and spiked the guns, but the damage was always repaired next day. We had a fine view of the town, and could reckon eight or nine spires of churches. Having viewed its amazing strength for some time, we set out for the Pyrenees, two miles distant. Scarcely had we got from under the cover of the redoubt, when some of the enemy began firing at us, at a distance, with their great guns, as if for a wager. The balls cut round us on every side, and, as we had no business to keep us near, we clapped spurs to our horses, till we were out of range. We then rode up the mountain, on which the French had been encamped the night of the 29th of July, but could see little till we had mounted another tier, when the view of slaughter and death broke in upon us all at once. The carnage was horrible, but most of the dead were covered with straw and green herbs, of various kinds. I saw what terrific effects some of the cannon shot had on the rocks; huge fragments having been broken off and shattered. After riding till our horses were nearly tired, we turned about, and rode down the steep mountains, home.

It was currently reported, in these parts, that the Spanish sentries, bribed by the French, had let a thousand sheep pass into the town in the night. This gained much credit, and I have every reason to believe it true, although the Spanish general either would not, or could not, find it out. After this, we were ever suspicious of the Spaniards; nor did the French spare them, as they made frequent sorties in the night, so as to keep them continually on the alert. It was evident that the French had obtained some provisions, but, except as above stated, there was no other way to account for it.

On the 6th of *August* we had news of the defeat of the French, in another quarter, and the surrender of the town of Saragossa to General Mina, the Spanish patriot, who took here five or six hundred prisoners. During the whole of this war Mina distinguished himself as a partisan; he harassed the French in a terrible manner through the passes of the Pyrenees.

The supplies which came out of France were ever obliged to have a very strong guard with them, as, if they fell in with Mina, who knew every pass of the mountains, their capture seemed inevitable. Not even numbers sometimes, could hold out protection,

as Mina would take up such positions as to render numbers useless. In this way did he molest them without intermission. The Spaniards in Navarre made songs about him and his volunteers, but whether they respected him for his success, or because their friends principally composed his army, I will not take upon me to affirm. However, it is partly true, that they did not altogether like the destruction among the French, whom they esteemed much more than the English, on account of their religion. After all, neither the French nor English armies would aspire to be sainted on the score of religion. It is generally thought that more French soldiers fell in this manner of petty warfare, than in all Lord Wellington's general actions added together. After the surrender of Saragossa, Mina turned after the French in the eastern passes, to intercept stragglers from the main body of their army, and here I shall leave them for the present.

Many parties now set out for a boar hunt, wherein they met with some success. It was only in one excursion that I accompanied them. A number of the country people, who were best inured to it, went with us on foot. We allowed three days for the excursion. Each person was armed with a boar-spear, about ten feet long. We were all mounted, but left our horses at the foot of the hills. We entered the forests with proper guides, but none of us seemed to relish the amusement, it was so toilsome. The first and second day shewed nothing but wolves, many of which we shot for our diversion. These formidable animals would attack us, when wounded, and we could only defend ourselves by transfixing them with our spears. At night we lay down in any house we could find, where we dined or supped on any thing we had killed. We had, however, brought plenty with us, which our servants carried on poles. On the second day's journey, we penetrated some woods that I am ready to think had never been explored by man before. Here we could survey a valley, about three miles over, which was inaccessible, and here we had a view of the wild boar in its primeval state. We fired several shots, the echo of which sounded like thunder, returned, went away, and again reverberated in the valley, at our feet, which was inaccessible from its woods and rocks. I was surprised to see the agility of the boar. I had concluded, from its make that it must be very heavy and slow in its movements, but I was now to experience its promptitude and activity.

On the third day we met with a boar, which gave us a fine chace of some miles. I fired at one time, and wounded it, when it sprang towards me. I ran behind a tree, and loaded again, and when it was at the opposite side of the tree, some one else fired and hit it in the head: it fell, and I finished it with the butt-

end of my piece, which I had but little opportunity of firing, as I was obliged to keep moving round the tree, in proportion as my enemy followed, and so to keep him constantly on the opposite side. This boar had two large tusks, of which it would have made terrible use, if we had not disabled it. The animal was about seven feet long, and three and a half high, when standing up. We could only bring a part away: the legs make excellent hams, a little hard and black, but very sweet. This day's sport proved so tiresome, that we agreed to return home, where we arrived in the evening of the fourth day: our horses had arrived before us.

In this journey, we learnt from our guides, that there were many valleys like those we had seen, totally inaccessible to man, from underwood and perpendicular rocks. It appears that, the boar never attacks man, except when impelled by hunger, and this is only in winter, when the trees are stript of their food, acorns, young branches, herbs, and there are no wild animals which he can surprise. But when the snow covers the ground they are left without resource, and then only do they attack man, and but seldom. One half of the Pyrenees is inaccessible, many parts have never been even seen by any one. This we can readily believe from what we observed ourselves. No maps, whatever, are correct, in giving the points of the mountains, any further than the extreme ones. We had with us the best Spanish maps that could be had, but they were of no use after the first day.

August 8th.—We left Tajonar, for the small village of Viurrum, on the road to the Ebro. There was nothing particularly observable here; and, on the 10th, we moved to Mandagonia, during which, we passed the town of Puente de la Reyna, or the Queen's Bridge, there being a bridge here over a small river. This town appears in a very picturesque situation on approaching it, but has nothing remarkable to show when you get to it. It is surrounded, nearly, by large hills, over which there are excellent roads, in some places cut out of the solid rock. The ascents are made easy by a constant winding round the hills. The town is tolerably clean, advantage being taken of the river which passes through it, and which is well stored with fish. There are also the ruins of a most magnificent convent here; it seems wonderful that it has never been repaired. Also, an excellent market place, well stored with a constant supply of all kinds of provisions. The main street, which is quite in a line, has many fine shops in it, particularly woollen drapers and jewellers. We found this place the general refuge of the wanderers from Pampeluna; it was full of them. Soon after you leave this town, you have a good view of Mandagonia, situated

at the top of a hill, at the end of a long road, of about two miles, laid out in a straight line; but, when you are in the town, you find little to recommend it, but a beautiful church of the Gothic style, mixed with modern decorations. The inside is fitted up in a truly superb manner. We were billeted here on a priest, who was surly, because we did not invite him to dinner, as he seemed to pine for a piece of roast beef we had with us. Our servants gave him a canteen of Irish whiskey, and he mistaking it for Agoa dente, or the spirits of Spain, nearly finished the canteen. He was soundly inebriated, and afforded much diversion, though we were glad to get rid of it by his falling asleep. In this state we left him next morning.

On the 11th of *August* we arrived at Lerin, a town situated on the top of a hill, to which there is only one accessible road for cavalry. The south side of this town ends, by the fall of the ground, almost perpendicular, for two hundred yards. Pedestrians may climb up the steep, any where, though not without difficulty. The east and west sides of the town are bound in a similar manner. At a distance, the place looks like a horse-shoe, the open end being a gradual descent to the valleys below, through which the road passes.

The country all about is covered with vineyards, the fruit now nearly ripe. On my arrival here, I had the best billet I ever had in Spain, on a family named Tavarez. The son, Juan Baptiste Tavarez, was the most intelligent Spaniard I had ever seen. He exerted himself greatly, and did every thing to amuse us. As you come into this town, you are attracted by the ruins of a fine old palace, though not of very ancient date. We went to see it, and our Spanish friend accompanied us. On our entrance, there appeared to have been only one large court inside, with apartments under colonades, all round. These were all in ruins, and our companion informed us that, previous to the late war, this palace had been the favourite retreat of the family of Alba, and the dukes of that title; some of whom are buried here in the church. Of the palace nothing remains but the outside walls; the apartments had been two stories high, but the French were so often in it, and again driven out by Mina, and other patriot generals, that the townspeople petitioned Mina to destroy it. As it kept the poor inhabitants in constant alarm, he complied, and now it is a heap of ruins. Marble pillars of the most exquisite wormanship are seen lying about in every direction, four or five feet deep. Most of the pillars are of white marble. On your entrance through the gate, you descend a flight of steps which brings you into a long passage, lighted by a small grated iron door at the end of it. This, our guide told us, had been often resorted to by the French, to

escape by, when hard pressed, as the door led to the side of the precipice which they could well enough descend, in the night, unknown to the besiegers, who had no room to post sentinels on this side. It had, it seems, been used by the duke's family as a cellar. In ancient times, however, this residence must have been a place of strength, and this, no doubt, was the sally port. The front of the building exhibited many thousand marks of war, being almost covered over with musket balls, especially about the windows, of which last, there were only three or four. This front afterwards, with the ground before it, made an excellent racket court, and it became our daily diversion while here. We went, one day, to see the church, the architecture of which is in the light Grecian style; it was elegantly fitted up, and here we saw the monument of one of the dukes of Alba, of white marble, perfectly transparent, though placed there a hundred years ago. The duke is recumbent at full length; his wife beside him, and, at their feet, the statue of a dog, which had saved their lives on some particular occasion.

During our stay, I observed that many of the walls of the houses at the east end of the town, as also the sally port of the castle or palace, had been cut out of the solid rock. These tenements, cold enough in winter, were, at this time, a real luxury, as the weather had set in very hot. I found, on inspection, that the rock on which this town stands, consists of a composition of sand, lime-stone, marl, and of a soft kind of white marble; the latter, when heated, becoming as hard as flint, which durability it will ever after retain. The country was tolerably well cultivated in every direction; indeed, Spain, in general, may be said to be so, though it does not cost them half the labour that it does in England. Were Spain cultivated in the manner of English farming, there is no doubt that it would supply one half of Europe with grain. Of hay, they make but little; and a field of green grass is a rarity the eye is very seldom regaled with.

While in this town we had frequent balls, my house, facing the church, being selected as the largest. All the females came and their friends; also the officers of the regiments about the place, with others at a distance. At these balls there was no supper, only slight refreshments, such as iced lemonade, iced cream, chocolate, coffee, and sweet cake, with plenty of wine. Of these, each took as his fancy led him. The whole expense of one night would not exceed forty dollars; occasionally, we might have 300 present. The dances, very often, consisted of the fandango, which the English never attempted; these are too well known to require an account of. The country dances were very elegant when we began to know them, but this could not

be done without some practice. The movements are very slow, much like a hymn tune, or, sometimes, the music is very quick, the dance seeming to beat time to it: all too slow for an Englishman. The dances consist in the twining of the arms, the gentleman and lady together; the gentleman turning the lady round, till her back is to him, and then himself, when the arms of both become crossed on their own bosom, the hands of each meeting at the shoulder. Then untwining again, without ever letting go each others hands. Keep moving, to the time, with a particular step, then down the middle, in the fandango style. Waltzing was also a favourite amusement with them and us. These little parties were repeated every Sunday night, being the jubilee day in all Catholic countries; the townspeople and our officers giving them in rotation.

One evening we witnessed a phenomenon while out on the ramparts, as I might term the boundaries of the town, of very vivid lightning, which seemed to be over the river Ebro, six or seven miles distant in a direct line. We could not but admire the immense sheets it came down in from the clouds: after a time it assumed a different form, the sparks and electric fluid rushing out of the ground to the clouds. At last, it grew so vivid and frequent, that we ran the risk of being blinded by it. The balls of fire rushing out of the earth and out of the clouds, flew in every direction; some ran along the ground, some darting from one cloud and entering another. In fact, they illumined our whole town, so that we could see to pick up a pin, or read the smallest print. The light was not at intervals, but in one continued glare. Yet we heard no reports of thunder whatever. The inhabitants told us it was common at this season of the year; they ascribed it to the exhalations of the Ebro, as they never had observed it in any other direction: the day had been very hot. It was a full hour before we completely recovered our sight. The lightning rushing from the earth, none of us had ever witnessed before.

A few days after my arrival here, a party of us rode over to Lodoza, a small but beautiful town on the Ebro, over which there was a bridge into Castile. On the road we were surprised, and not a little shocked, at seeing a vast number of human skeletons strewed all along, and about the road. I found, by some of our companions, who were Spaniards, that on this very spot had been a sanguinary action, between the French and general Mina; the former were eventually defeated and destroyed. The Spaniards refuse to bury these French skeletons from a principle of revenge for what they suffered during the war, though the French were treated as roughly as could be, when the Spaniards had the upper hand. The Spaniards are all

buried. The French are stated to have lost 1500 men killed, which was the whole strength of the detachment, when sent from Lodoza to Lerin to forage. On their approach to the latter place, Mina, who had just arrived, sallied out on them, and, by dint of numbers, surrounded and cut them to pieces. The Spaniards say the killed amounted to 1500, and I should think I saw that number of skeletons. But, certainly, there were as many graves of the Spaniards; indeed, they confess to have lost 1000 killed; but this seems to fall short of the number of graves. It was, doubtless, a very obstinate action; for, if Mina had 1000 killed, he must have had four times that number wounded. The French skeletons lie in columns, as they fell, having retreated in a hollow square, as the country was very open for cavalry, which Mina had, but the French none; and this was a principal instrument of their destruction. The skeletons also of a great number of horses are lying about these squares, where the Spaniards had charged and pushed them on the bayonet. The field of battle extends to near a league and a half, from Lodoza to Lerin. How the French in Lodoza could thus neglect their comrades, I am unable to account for, as there were, by the Spanish account, 16,000 men in the town at the time, who never came out to their assistance. The French seem to have revenged themselves on the inhabitants of Lodoza, by murdering many of them.

The town of Lodoza is beautifully situated on the Ebro, over which there is a bridge of thirteen arches, into Castile. There are some very high hills in the neighbourhood, covered with vines to the very top, the whole presenting an unusual appearance.—In this place, we had some of the best liqueurs we had ever tasted. How made and prepared we could not learn, as the host would retain his secret, he being the only one who made them in Spain. Previous to the French entering the country, he was making a fortune by it, but now, like every thing else, the sale had fallen off. I never tasted any thing like it; I was well acquainted with every liqueur in common use, either in Spain, France, or England. On our return, the night set in so rapidly upon us, that we ran the risk of lying among the French skeletons and Spanish graves, all night, but after a smart ride, we made shift to get to Lerin.

We had frequent horse races near this town; the Spaniards would bet very high on these occasions, and even run their horses against ours, but they never won a race, as our horses were too swift for them. Now I am speaking of horses, let me remark, that the Portuguese and Spanish greyhounds are infinitely superior to the English; this we assigned to the heat of the climate, which enervated the limbs of our English dogs, while the natives

were inured to it. I had two greyhounds, one English, and one Portuguese, and though my English dog was counted an excellent light foot in England, yet he was always left far behind by the Portuguese dog. The English dog died, on our march, before the battle of Vittoria, and I lost my Portuguese a little after, though I found him again on my arrival at Bourdeaux, in France, he having followed the army in the train of General Sir L. C——. I afterwards gave him to the General, and I believe he has him still, or may have transferred him to Lord W———, in whose pack I am inclined to think I have seen him. Many of the officers had their dogs abroad with them. Lord Wellington had a complete pack with him, for hunting, for which amusement no country in the world could afford better materials than Spain, though the Spaniards never hunt in the northern parts on horseback.

During the whole time I have been in Spain, I have scarcely ever seen one truly handsome female; they are all either too fat, or complete skeletons, neither of which can exhibit fine proportions. The inhabitants of the kingdom of Navarre have very bad teeth, which, in general, are rotten. Their breath smells frightfully of oil, which to an Englishman is a very nauseating dose, as the oil they use is not that pure Florence which is used in France, but a rank kind, similar to that which is made in Portugal. The reason why the Portuguese oil is not as good as the French, is imputed to the Portuguese beating the olives off the trees with a stick, which bruises them in falling; while the French pull them off with the hand, so as not to injure, and without hurting them. This creates a material difference when the oil is made, of 100 per cent in the price:—but the Portuguese can not be prevailed upon to relinquish their method for a better.

The Spaniards in this part of the country appear absolutely ignorant of many culinary articles of English adoption. Such a thing as a tea-pot is quite a curiosity. They destroyed one of mine, by pulling out the bottom, to see what was inside, not perceiving that it opened by the lid. I had some spice inside, which rattled when the pot was shaken, and it became an object with them to find out what they were.—I had never used it much, as I not only preferred the chocolate of Spain to any tea, but even used it in greater quantities than the Spaniards themselves.

The town of Lerin is celebrated for its hemp manufactures, in which more than one half of the people are employed. They were now beating it out in the same manner as they do in England, except that the instrument they used was shaped like a two-edged sword. The vintage season set in while I was in this town; the whole country about was covered with vineyards. The vines grow about two or three feet high, never higher; they are

not unlike our white currant bushes, of a certain class. In the winter time, all the branches of the vine are cut off, leaving the stump only, about a foot or two high. When spring commences, new shoots spring out, which run to a great length; these soon produce leaves and fruit, which in August and September become ripe. The clusters are then gathered and brought to the house of the owner, who has a large square room, on the ground floor, ready for their reception; this floor has groves cut in the stone, to receive the juice when pressed, which all runs to one point, containing a tube, into the cellar, and there it communicates with barrels prepared for the purpose. This is the process of making wine. But the way the fruit is first pressed is extremely dirty, as men trample the grapes under their feet, without any covering to screen the fruit. I have seen men with sore feet, go in and trample; and as for others coming in out of the dirty streets, though expressly to assist, their feet all over mud, the vile practice was common every where.—After this pressure, the fruit is put into a machine, where it is again pressed into a solid mass, till it becomes of no farther use for wine. After all, spirits are made of the refuse, stronger than any brandy, similar to what we call spirits of wine. The cellars are very warm, when this wine begins to ferment, and no candle must be brought near, or the air would instantly take fire, and blow the house up.

The expense of the inside of the churches in this country is beyond all calculation; about the altar, which is ornamented in the most superb style, with images of various saints; all, in fact, is one sheet of gold, to the very top of the ceiling, and often the whole of the ceiling is gilt. The walls are garnished with pictures, the subjects taken from the bible, or where there are no pictures, the vacancy is often filled up by an image, or a small altar, dedicated to some saint. All here worship different saints, whom they look up to for protection and mediation.

I was invited, one evening, by my landlady, Signiora Tavarez, to spend the evening with her and a few friends, in the Spanish style, and I accepted the offer. On the entrance of the Spaniards, they all throw off their great coats, and take their seats. Then coffee, chocolate, iced cream, lemonade, and sweet cakes, are handed round, of which you take what you please. The ladies then retire, and the men put their cloaks on again. When seated, I was wondering what was to come next, when presently all the men began to take out of their pockets flint, steel, tobacco, &c. They soon made their paper segars, struck a light, and fell to smoking, all together, without a single word to interrupt—all puffing together. When dark, it had an odd effect, as no candles were brought in, and nothing appearing but the flame

of their segars and the nose, which was all over illuminated, from the light of the segars. At last, the room became so filled with smoke, that I was fain to take my leave, not caring to be smothered through politeness. At the balls in this country the gentlemen enter first, when they eat and drink what they please, while the priests, who are sure to swarm here, lay in a good store of eatables, and then retire. This becomes a signal to the ladies, that the gentlemen are waiting for them; when they arrive, after eating and drinking, the dances begin.

And now, having made such observations as time would allow, I received unexpected orders to repair to Estella, on another service; and, bidding adieu to my kind landlord, I set out, over an uneven country.

Estella is a very fine town, surrounded nearly by mountains. This place was General Ponsonby's* head-quarters. There were several convents here, some of which were nearly in ruins. There was also a Moorish temple, which now is a Catholic church, in very good preservation. The Moorish paintings seem very curious, but rough; at least they will amuse at first. The church, with many of the small apartments adjoining, must have been cut out of the solid rock, and cost immense labour. The gate, at the grand entrance, runs up to the very top of the building, but smaller doors have been cut, to use on common days; the great gates being only open on festivals.

In this town are many fine houses. There is an excellent market here, for vegetables, fruit, meat, &c. Fowls are in great plenty, and wine is sold in several houses. A great woollen trade has been carried on formerly with France, but now every thing is at a stand. The town appears to be crowded with lazy young monks, lounging about in every ones way. I was very well pleased when I received orders, on the 24th of November, to proceed for Lord Aylmer's brigade of infantry, now stationed near St. Juan de Luz, in France.

Previous to our leaving Estella, we had news of the surrender of Pampeluna. I was inclinable to call, on our way, and see this place, but the Spaniards, it seems, would admit no strangers, till the affairs of the inhabitants were settled, and those returned who had left it. We found, also, that on the surrender, many of the inhabitants were found dead in their houses, from famine, as the French had held out till they began to die themselves. There were about 3500 prisoners taken, the remainder having

* This is that gallant officer, Sir W. Ponsonby, who was afterwards killed at Waterloo, while giving his watch and a picture to his Aid de Camp for his wife. Being badly mounted, and in deep ground, he well knew it was almost impossible for him to escape, the French Cavalry coming down, and no assistance being near at the moment.

either died during the siege, or fallen in the different nightly sorties.

November 24.—We set out, and passed Puente la Reyna, already mentioned. From this place the roads mounted all along higher as we went, till we came on a cliff overlooking the vale, wherein Pampeluna is situated. The mountains on which the battles of the 28th, 29th, 30th, and 31st July had been fought, might be seen in the back-ground. From this spot I had one of those magnificent views never to be met with, perhaps, but in such a region as this. I think I counted not fewer than seventy-nine villages round Pampeluna, some in vallies, and some on hills. Our great height above them made them all appear as if under our feet. The Pyrenees, on the other side of Pampeluna, shone forth in all their wild beauty, perfectly visible, though I dare say twenty miles distant at least. The district where the battle was fought projected nearer to Pampeluna than any other. Many other ranges appeared behind these, of a blueish tinge, I suppose from their great distance. Others lay behind these, whose summits were doomed to be capped with eternal snows, far above the clouds, now lightly floating through the air. The villages were, in general, white, the houses being white-washed; and when the sun shone, they appeared very prominent. In the centre of all arose Pampeluna, as a kind of supreme mistress of the vale, with the spires of her numerous churches rising above the houses. The great extent of the outworks was very distinctly visible, from their light brown colour, the cannon dotted all round appearing like so many black spots. This town is on the frontiers of Spain, towards France, and an enemy from the latter country could not well penetrate into Spain, without first taking it.

We now wound down the mountain, which was not very difficult, as all the roads here had been surveyed before entirely formed, and the easiest descents contrived, though in some places, the road had been lengthened in consequence. In about three hours we came to the first valley, after which part of our company, wishing to get forward, left us behind, and this occasioned us a degree of trouble. We intended to have stopped at Irutzen this night, but we lost ourselves in the mountains and woods. We roved about two hours, and could not even find the road again. At last, we met with a shepherd driving a sheep before him. He told us we were in a very intricate part, and invited us to come and join some of his companions. We did so, but were rather apprehensive that he might lead us among banditti. We were soon eased of this fear, as the shepherd showed us his comrades not far off, all round a fire, with their flocks standing and lying about them, like so many children. An excellent fire they

had, which comfortably warmed us. After they had directed us as well as we could understand them, we set out again for Irutzen, which, after all, we almost despaired of finding. We had not gone above a mile, before we again lost our way, and rambled about till nine o'clock, when we were almost minded to lie down in the wood for the night. Hope, however, still led us on, and at length we fell in with a shepherd's cottage, where a letter party of the 10th hussars were quartered. Here we enquired our way, but were advised to proceed no farther that night, and we thought best to agree to it. They found me a bed, the best that was to be had, and I went to sleep, heartily tired, as we had travelled forty-eight miles this day.

Next morning, we set forward again, and, after crossing a valley, met our party, who had been not a little alarmed, for fear we might have been murdered. We agreed, after this, not to separate any more, during the journey. We were soon again on the Camina Real, here elevated one thousand feet above a river. The rock, on our left side, was perpendicular down to it, without any parapet to protect mules, or any thing else, from tumbling down; the road, however, was tolerably wide—ten feet. We dismounted, and led our horses; the rock on the right of us rose three or four hundred feet, in some places, over our heads, to the opposite mountain, which rose perpendicular to the height of the one we were traversing. After advancing about a league, the road began to descend, till it came on a level with the river, with which it now kept company, sometimes on one side, and sometimes on another. At last we came to a house, curiously seated under the mountain, close by the river side, and here we stopped to breakfast. I must give some account of this, as it is an exact counterpart of many Spanish inns, the situation excepted. Having dismounted, the hostler took our horses to a shed, covered with branches of the pine, which let the air and rain in, or any living creature that had a mind to enter. There was no manger, and we could scarcely get room for our nags, the place being full of mules and muleteers, who had passed the night there. We then entered the ground floor of the house, which was crowded with mules, muleteers, dogs, cows, pigs, and a number of other things that I had not leisure to enumerate. On our telling the female servant, who was certainly Don Quixote's Maritornes, that we could not breakfast in such a hole, with a scornful look she asked if we would walk up stairs. This we assented to, and began to look about for a stair-case, but could find none. Maritornes, seeing what we wanted, presently got a ladder, up which we mounted to the first floor, through a trap-door. When there, we found a whole posse of muleteers, fast asleep, all round the room, their beds being the trappings of their mules. We took the middle

of the room to ourselves, and had some chairs and a table handed up from below. At first we found the trap-door too small for their admittance, when Maritornes, springing up, out of patience, and raising two or three of the flooring boards, none of which were nailed, hauled them through in a trice. We next inquired for the man servant, to see what could be had for breakfast, when our hostler popped his head up the trap door, and gave us the contents of his bill of fare---bread, eggs, oil, and tobacco, with agoa dente. The last we ordered, and directed him to send his master with it immediately, as we wished to warm ourselves. When lo! up comes our hostler again! In vain we asked to see the master; this man, with an humble bow, told us he was the master. We then ordered bread and eggs, and made some tea with our own apparatus, though we had some trouble to do it, as the muleteers crowded round our servants, to see the process, and it seemed to excite much laughter. While breakfast was getting ready, we agreed to walk out and view the place; and as a preparatory, we filled a glass of spirits each, and had nearly swallowed the dose, when we threw away the glasses in agony, it being spirits of wine, which took the skin off our mouths and throats. From our being so cold, we had no conception of it, at first, till it had gone half way down.

Having made a little promenade, we were highly amused at the situation of the place. The house lay about twenty yards from the river, under the shade of the rock, which had still attended us all along this morning's ride. It was here about a thousand feet high, and many large blocks projected in various parts. We saw the goats fearlessly browzing along the edges of this precipice. On the opposite side the bank rose more sloping, and was thinly scattered with fir and elm trees. I had an opportunity here of noticing some of the inhabitants in the act of transporting their fire-wood. When in want of a tree, they ascend that part of the mountain that lies immediately over their house; here the tree is cut, and at once rolled down the mountain to their habitation. After breakfast we again set forward.

I had particularly remarked the roads in this day's journey, and was almost petrified with astonishment at surveying the labour they must have cost. For a length of twenty miles, they were cut out of the solid rock, in some places forty feet deep. I could have reckoned millions of bores, where the rocks had been blown away from the side, to make way for the road; and when the road was from ten to twenty feet wide, how many millions of tubes must have been bored to bring the road to its present perfection? In some rocks I counted thirty bores, before a level could be obtained. When the mine was sprung, the piece next the river must have darted away, leaving the solid rock against the bank without

injury. The roads, all along, were almost as fine as a bowling green; and they are as passable in winter as in summer. Those leading from Vittoria to France, were all cut up by the French forming redoubts across them, to intercept our passage, but they proved of no use. We passed Tolosa, a large town, this day, and arrived at Ernani, about eight at night, having advanced sixty-four miles this day. On our approach to this place, the mountains seemed to withdraw, leaving us a very handsome valley open, which was well cultivated. The method of digging here was rather curious. Five or six men or women had forks with four or five prongs to them; these they rose at the same time, striking them into the earth in a line, then they turned up the sod altogether, taking a large piece up, their forks being a foot asunder, or more, when struck into the ground. I heard them singing a tune and keeping time, at this work. At night, I fell asleep, heartily tired, and rose up much refreshed in the morning; yesterday's journey was the last long one I had in Spain.

On the 26th, we set out and arrived at Passages, a sea-port, near St. Sebastian, but we had a world of difficulty in getting into it. In some places, rivers to wade through, and in others, up to the middle in mud. Such a road as this I had no previous idea of. One of our mules, unluckily, tumbled down a precipice, and was killed: the baggage it was loaded with was lost in a river. The mule must have been dead long before it reached the river, as the precipice, which was four or five hundred feet deep, was knobbed with huge fragments of rock, against which the poor mule hit, and it must have broken his bones. On the 27th, we left this horrible mud-hole, as I may call the town, and proceeded to regain the main road, which, after much difficulty, we effected. We now took the road to France, leaving Lezaca to our left, with a most awful tier of the Pyrenees, which terminated the range. A view of this is given. At one point was a cleft in a mountain, from top to bottom; I cannot pretend to describe its odd appearance. At the top of the highest mountain, which was over Lezaca, was a cap of clouds by which the country people could prognosticate the approach of bad weather; some account of this I shall give hereafter.

We now found the road cut up every two or three hundred yards, by the French redoubts. In some places, they had erected regular field bastions; the road also was strewed with dead bullocks. At last, we arrived at the bridge of the Bidassoa, which the French had blown up, with every other bridge in their way. This bridge was the grand entrance into France, and about four or five miles from the mouth of the river, at which point was the town of Fontarabia, on the Spanish side, and St. Andaye on the French. The Bidassoa became the boundary

of the two kingdoms, and now it was that I prepared to bid a final adieu to the kingdoms of Spain, by passing over an English bridge. One of our pontoons was thrown across, and over the stone one which the French had blown up. The opposite bank rose very high, with a rising road that wound round a hill. At length, having taken a glass of wine, as a sort of farewell to Spain, we began crossing the pontoons, which we did with rapidity, and arrived, for the first time, in France. Here was the grand and last stand of the French, previous to their quitting Spain, a view of which is annexed.

Having mounted into somewhat higher ground, we continued to advance for about two miles without being able to see very distinctly the extent of our movements, when, at last, we emerged, and soon found the difference of the two countries. France now lay like a panorama before us, to our right, with the ocean on our left, and a view stretching along the Spanish coast to Bilboa, taking in Passages and St. Sebastian. We could distinguish the English shipping, crowding in and out of every port, some at sea, and others going out of sight. In front, appeared a number of neat French towns, as far as the eye could reach; the villages all beautifully white, the country very well cultivated, and exhibiting a very cheerful aspect, quite different from that of Spain. Plantations of trees regularly interspersed among the lands; many chateaux and country houses, as in England, with elegant gardens about them. In Spain and Portugal, I don't remember to have seen one solitary instance of a nobleman or gentleman's residence separate from a town or village, and only one instance occurred of a convent, as already mentioned, the country being, in fact, at the best of times, overrun with brigands. But now, what a different scene! There was, seemingly, here, no ground for distrust, or any fears of the kind. The soil seemed to be well taken care of, no forests in their original state, but all had a face of regularity and embellished nature. The Pyrenees lay behind us, wild enough, but most of the mountains at this side had gradual descents, while, on the Spanish side, they were altogether abrupt. We passed several batteries on the road, and the fields, all along, were full of straw, indicating where the troops had been encamped. At last we arrived at St. Jean de Luz, a little seaport town, where we took up our quarters, and which, indeed, became the head quarters of Lord Wellington, and all the staff.

We found this day the change of climate, the weather now being temperate, that is, moderately warm, compared to the cold air in the mountains. The roads to this place were excellent, and, after a day of not a little gratification, I went very gay to bed; but, unluckily, had not much rest, from the effects of excessive fatigue, having rode nearly two hundred miles in four days.

St. Jean de Luz is but a poor town, but much cleaner than any of the Spanish ones. This is saying but little of it. The people were much cleaner, but not so the streets, which were full of mud. The houses are built in the antique style, not unlike those of the Spaniards. There is a port for shipping here, which is very ill secured, or rather it lay open to the Bay of Biscay. A strong wall between the harbour and the town, may keep out the waves in bad weather; though I have, at times, seen the waves rush over it. The harbour is so bad that, in winter time, it is often dangerous. We had, in one night, during a hurricane, thirteen British vessels entirely wrecked here. Some of them were driven up on the sand, above high water-mark; but the waves came forward in a perpendicular body of water, of twenty feet, and sometimes more. The wall, however, served as a defence against an enemy. About a mile on the south side, there is a point running out into the sea, on which there is a tower, named Socoa, but it is of little use to mariners, being intended for a place of strength to defend the harbour. The cannon are at the top, under a roof, the guns running out through port-holes. Along the coast, there were light-posts, I cannot call them light-houses, as they were only lanthorns hung on posts, and these had not been lighted till some time after we had been in possession of the country, as our shipping began to suffer severely for want of them.

This town, properly speaking, is divided into two parts; the river Nive running under a bridge, serves to separate the north from the south part, the latter called Ciboure. The town may contain about 1000 houses, and 8000 inhabitants. It was so full of troops, that I was billeted in a house with three others. The staff of Lord Wellington occupied no small part, and the stores of my brigade lay a mile out of the town, and when I went there, it proved a task to get at them, the lanes were so full of mud, generally knee deep. The fields too had been completely ploughed up with the late skirmishing. A rumour was afloat that our brigade were under orders to go and besiege fort St. Antonio, between Bilboa and St. Ander; but the order was, it seems, countermanded. St. Antonio is a very strong fortress, and had about 4000 French; it was almost impregnable, and a sea-port town. The French would often hoist British colours, and our shipping not knowing but that it was in our possession, sailed in, and the French would then turn their guns on them, and oblige them to surrender. Hence it was that they had plenty of every kind of stores, and even some of our clothing; and, at one time, they secured all the hay and corn intended for our army, but this was recovered, on their surrender, a few months after, when they marched out with the honours of war. There was also here a brigade of guards, which, during the battles of the

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9th and 10th of December, had marched out to action in the morning, and returned in the evening. These actions were merely trials of strength, but we always had the advantage, driving the French into Bayonne again. For the siege of this place we were now beginning to make serious preparations.

When we came here, at first, provisions were very cheap. We might have had a good goose for a dollar; but on Christmas day they rose to four dollars each, and every thing else in proportion. There was but one tolerable inn here, with the sign of Joseph the Second. The waiters, who were women, were very impertinent; their charges, too, were exorbitant, sometimes, from mere caprice, only charging a dollar for dinner, and, at others, ten, for the very same articles. These matters were represented to the commander-in-chief, but the grievance was not redressed; and, from that time, we became lawful prey for the French, who imposed on us in every way. When an Englishman entered a shop to buy any thing, if in coloured clothes, the question was, "Are you English?" and the demand would be ten dollars; if a Frenchman was by, and called for the same thing, probably one was the price, and all this even before the Englishman's face. But for the sake of human credit, I am very willing to admit that some French dealers evinced more conscience than others.

One evening, having entered into conversation with the old lady who owned the house I was billeted in, I asked her what she thought of Napoleon. She burst into tears, and told me she had seven sons, whom he had drawn out in the conscript list, one after another, and she believed they were all killed. She had heard of the death of five of them, and, for the other two, she had a presentiment that they were gone the same way. I was much concerned to hear this, and dropped the conversation.

We remained here till the ninth of February, when we turned out of the town, to some country houses near Guitaria, which were more convenient, and from which we had an ample view of the sea. It was from this spot that we had a comprehensive view of the Pyrenees, and of that immensely high point that projects over Lezaca, in Spain. We observed the natural attraction which mountains have, when a number of clouds are floating in the air in various points. This mountain attracted them all to it, whatever point the wind might be in, and as they continued to accumulate to a large cap on the summit, it was a sure indication of approaching wet weather to the neighbourhood. Indeed, I have observed, though not, perhaps, the first, that wherever there is a congeries of many mountains, or of large forests, there is more rain thereabouts than any where else. When the cap grows large, the vapour begins to descend, and roll down the

sides of the mountain, in ample volumes, and the night will commonly bring on heavy rains that may continue three or four days.

From my present habitation I had a fair view of the ocean, and one evening, a little before sun-set, I was looking at a fleet of ships coming out of Passages harbour. To my infinite surprise each ship appeared about the size of a mountain, though forty miles distant. The ships were between me and the sun, which was then just dipping into the western ocean. It might have been occasioned by the refraction of the rays of light: however, it presented a very singular appearance.

On the 11th of March, we moved to a small village, three miles from Bayonne, on the sea-coast, in a very pleasant situation. We were obliged to make this movement, as our horses had eat up every thing green, and were now living on chopped furze. No forage could be had from Spain, our troops having consumed every thing near the frontier. Sorry I am to add, that, according to report, many families perished this winter for want, our troops having fed their horses on the wheat when in the ear, as nothing else could be had at the time. Our army had now moved off, after the French, who were retreating to Orthez and Toulouse. My brigade was left, as forming part of the army in the blockade of Bayonne, together with the Spanish army. Lord Wellington would not let these last come on further, as they had, in some instances, exercised a cruel authority over the French, by murdering them in cool blood, from motives of revenge. In my village they murdered nine in one night

Being now comfortably lodged, I shall take some notice of this little place. Its name is Biaritz, situated on the sea-coast, on a cliff, not unlike that at Dover. This cliff runs about two miles along the coast; it is a place much resorted to for sea-bathing, many of the nobility coming here from all parts of France for the purpose. There is a small passage, or avenue, which shelves down towards the sea; between this and the river Adour, it is all sand banks, on one part of which, next Bayonne, there is a straggling village, named Haut Anglet. There is a church here, which serves for the devotional exercises both of Anglet and this place. Our brigade lay in a camp, down on the sands, in front of Bayonne, protecting the road to St. Jean de Luz. Bayonne is distant about three miles from the sea. Half way between we have constructed a bridge of boats, over which all the heavy stores pass. Provisions are becoming plentiful here, the merchants arriving from England every day with cargoes. Adjoining the pontoon bridge, is our grand magazine of provisions; there is also another, at the small village of Bocaut, on

the opposite side of the river. There are about twelve thousand men in Bayonne, who have been tolerably quiet hitherto.

During my abode here, the master of my house returned. He was very well pleased to find his house as he left it, and thanked me for it, as he expected it to have been plundered. He was a very intelligent man, and was a retired lieutenant-colonel of the 34th French regiment; Buonaparte had given him a civil situation in Bayonne, to make his latter days comfortable. After I had been some time in the house, and when our acquaintance had ripened into familiarity, he told me the history of his life, as follows:

"He had been thirty years in the French army, and not only in Egypt, under Napoleon, but he had served in all his great actions, down to the battle of Austerlitz; but finding himself growing too old for active field service, he applied to the general of his division, who recommended him to Buonaparte for superannuation. On a general field day he was called out, and Buonaparte questioned him on the nature and extent of his services. He asked him, moreover, his native place, and when he replied Bayonne, Buonaparte gave him his present situation. He had held this three years, but on the English advancing to Bayonne, he moved forwards to Bourdeaux, where, hearing how well we treated the French territory, he had now returned. When Bayonne opened its gates, it appears that he again resumed the functions of his office. In a conversation relating to the loss sustained by the French, in the course of the wars in Spain, he said, if it were correctly stated, none would believe it, as the Guerilla bands had created a prodigious loss, in addition to that of the more regular warfare. He told me that in the official situation he held in Bayonne, he was furnished with lists of every man that was sent to reinforce the army in Spain. When his regiment had passed through, in 1808, there were six battalions of a thousand men each, effective, and in the space of five years he had given passports and routes to *fifty-four thousand conscripts* for his own regiments alone. But when they came and passed Bayonne but a few days before, the whole six battalions could muster only seven hundred and fifty muskets." A fine subject this for such an homicide as Buonaparte to meditate on!

During the time we remained here, we had news of the Moscow army, and that Buonaparte had resigned the crown. The same day that we received this intelligence, we forwarded it into Bayonne, under a flag of truce, and I went over to dine with a friend at Bocaut, on the opposite side of the Adour. I remained there till two o'clock, but on my return was not a little surprised and annoyed with a shower of shells and shot from the town. I was now on the sands, and compelled to go on. However, I was

fortunate enough to escape all danger. Next morning I heard the detail of the affair. The French had laid a plan to surprise us, to destroy the bridge, and set fire to our stores, but they were gallantly driven in again. Here General Hay was killed, and General Hope wounded and taken prisoner. A number of men fell. It was a disgraceful action on the part of the French, as they well knew peace was at hand. The gazette seems to detail this affair pretty fully.

On my rides across the sands, I observed the way in which the French recovered land from the sea. It was by planting stakes firmly in the ground, when the wind sweeping the sand against it, would cover them. Then another row was fixed above them, in the same way, these beds of sand daily accumulating, until it fairly banked the sea out. It seems highly probable that at some former period, Bayonne must have stood close to the sea, and actually appears so in some old maps, but now it lies three miles from it. These sands, after a few years, will cherish the fir, which, in some places, may be seen in a thriving condition. The same plan is adopted all along the coast, as far as the river Garonne. This sort of contexture might also be made use of even to defend the coast, as it rises perpendicular on the sea-side, and goes slanting off towards the land. In case of an enemy landing, a body of infantry might be employed here with great advantage.

On the second of June, the gates of Bayonne were thrown open, and we now had orders to march to Bourdeaux. Our brigade had leave to march through Bayonne, and it was the first that did so.

Bayonne is a very strong town, and, according to report, one of the master-pieces of Vauban. It was here, no doubt, the bayonette was first invented, and from this place it has taken its name. The citadel here is very strong, and well defended. In three different points twelve or thirteen churches are seen, all of them very neat, but not so resplendent or glittering as some of the churches in Spain. The town contains two theatres, about three thousand houses, and thirty thousand inhabitants. The streets are laid out very regular and neat, and the people appear to be very cleanly. There are many delightful alleys or walks for the promenade, on the banks of the river, with large trees to shelter from the sun. The town is as full of coffee-houses as Lisbon, for its size. There is also a fine bridge over the Adour, which connects the two parts of the town together. We passed this, and entered Gascony, moving through the gate of, or rather to, Paris, called by the French *Le Saint Esprit.*

Previous to our entrance into this country, the French had driven away all the cattle into the interior, and removed all the

provisions, but the farmers hearing we paid for every thing, came back, and supplied us plentifully with beef. This was doubtless a treat to us, as the French cattle were almost bursting with fat, and very delicious, indeed, not inferior to the best in England; and we found it the more grateful, after the bad meat we had put up with in the winter. The bullocks which we had killed for rations, were all mere skeletons, without an ounce of real fat on a whole carcass. These had come from Spain and Portugal, and were fat enough when first bought, but after a march of some hundreds of miles, their goodness wore away, and the few that arrived were like shadows. Out of one herd sent us from Santillana, consisting of four hundred head, ninety-two reached us, the remainder having died on the road, from fatigue. Great must have been the expense of supplying us with this article. However, as soon as the ports were opened, the fleet poured in salt provisions in abundance, which we highly relished. But this indulgence could not be taken every day, as the men were but in an indifferent state of health, from the hardships they had suffered, with a succession of wet weather.

This day we marched four miles past Bayonne, and encamped on the road side. The country was woody all about. On the 3d of June, we moved on to Castets, through alternate woods and plains. On the 4th we reached La Harie; on the 5th, La Boukere; 6th, La Marets; 7th, Le Barp; 8th, Bellevue; and on the 9th, Bourdeaux, which is reckoned a hundred and fifty miles from Bayonne. I have given these together, as the country is pretty much the same, almost to the gates of Bourdeaux. Nothing particular occurred on the journey.

This whole country was formerly called Gascony, but now the part we travelled had assumed the name of the province of the Landes. It was a perfect flat the whole way, the roads very sandy and deep. We lost some fine scenery by coming this way, which was only a bye-road, the grand one running by Dax and Monte de Marsan.

The woods here are all pine, but in many places there are large plains without any. Plain and wood appeared to succeed, alternately, the whole way. When you first come out of a wood, and look across the plain, you see, at an immense distance, a kind of cloud on the edge of the horizon. On your approach, it becomes more distinct, and, at last, you can distinguish the tops of trees. On a nearer approach, you can see their straight trunks, and so on till you get into the wood. This is a very curious sight; as, when you look into the middle of some of the large plains, the above effect will appear around you in every stage, till lost in distance, growing fainter and fainter till it dies away. From some few parts of this road we had a glimpse of

the sea; the shore seemed full of pools left by the tide, and of those there were many thousands, reaching some miles in length. This shore certainly looked the most desolate I had ever seen: it was, for nearly ten miles, all sand and pool.

The language through the whole of this province is Gascon, which is spoken here, I understand, in its original purity. I am told by the natives, a few only of whom speak the genuine French, that in the province of Biscay the same language prevails, and it is unquestionable, that from Bourdeaux to Bilboa, the inhabitants have a language of their own. It is, however, most grating to the ear, and repulsive to the sense. Many who have learned it, say it is very comprehensive.

The inhabitants of this province are very intelligent and clean. Their houses are particularly neat; in one place we met with an inn that would look well beside a palace. The villages, all our way through, lie close together, nor are they very straggling. The inhabitants derive much of their subsistence from the manufacture of turpentine; they also breed large flocks of sheep, which they sell in the market towns. Their dress not a little resembles that of the Spaniards; but with a short jacket in place of their great coat. The manner of saving the turpentine is rather curious. They cut a grove of the bark off, for about twenty or thirty feet up the trunk of the pine; this is about two inches wide, and in the summer, the turpentine flies to this grove, and floats to the bottom, where it has the appearance of rosin. This is collected, and it proves a considerable source of revenue. Every year a new grove is cut in the tree, the last year's being of no further service. In this manner the tree is cut every year, till the whole bark has been stripped off, in a circle of rotation. The tree is then left to itself, till it again recovers the bark. This is again cut into; but the product is never so good as at first. Such a process as this must naturally ruin the timber in the course of time, and, in fact, it becomes only fit for fire-wood. After all, it is the branches only that furnish this article, as from the rosin being extracted so often, the trunks will hardly burn when put on the fire.

The shepherds and country people, in this province, all walk on stilts, some of them fifteen or sixteen feet high. When I first observed them, at a distance, on one of the plains, I was completely dumb-founded to think what they could be. I could only see the man, the distance having done away the stilts. These conveniences are adopted, or rather, they are, in a manner, necessaries here. Many of the inhabitants are shepherds, occupied in attending their flocks, and, as the plains, in many places, are full of a high kind of fern, rising to three or four feet in height, should the sheep get in among those places, they

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Shepherds of the Landes.

would be lost to their owner, as they could not find the way back. But the man, by means of the stilts, being so elevated above this underwood that he can see where every sheep goes, he fails not to act accordingly, by keeping them together. The stilts answer also another purpose, that of moving much quicker across these immense plains, as, in some places, the church is not less than five or six miles distant. To go there, and return, would consume the best part of their Sunday, which is always a sort of jubilee with them, but with the stilts, the man can go eight or ten miles an hour, without trouble or fatigue. These stilts are made of long poles, with a small projection of a flat piece of wood for the foot to rest on. The pole only comes up to the knee, being strapped on there, and at the ancle, which makes it firm. They always carry a walking stick with them, which helps them to recover themselves, if they should stumble, which happens very seldom. It amused me much to see with what ingenuity they can let themselves down to the ground, by means of this pole, and not only so, but even lay hold of the smallest thing without taking off the stilts. A shepherd kept up with me, one day, although I was in a hard trot, nor did he seem to subject himself to any inconvenience, more than a person moderately walking on foot might be thought to do.

On our approach to Bourdeaux, the country improved; the whole was now replenished with gentlemen's seats, gardens, and pleasure grounds. A grand relief this to us, just coming out of Spain, where that delectable object, a park, or pleasure ground, was hardly ever to be seen. The weather was pleasantly warm, and I lodged with a worthy family, in Rue Nueve; the kindness of these people I shall long remember. They behaved as if I had been their son, and intreated me to give up my commission in the army, and live with them. This I declined, but had some reason to regret my resolution. They were, undoubtedly, the first wine merchants in the place. At our parting, on my leaving them for England, the family hung about me dissolved in tears.

Bourdeaux is a large and fine city, stretching along the banks of the Garonne. The river is about half a mile wide, and about sixty miles to its embouchure, or mouth, at Verdun. There are many churches; that of St. Michael was built by the English in the days of Edward the Black Prince; and there are still several others that were built by our ancestors. Indeed, I believe most of the old town, as it is called, in this city, was originally built by our kings and princes, when all the provinces round about were an appendage of the English crown.

The streets here seem much in the English style: there is one called the Chartrons, of almost matchless elegance and

beauty. There are also two very good theatres, the *Comedie Francaise*, and the theatre *Gaité*. The society, too, is delightful. Along the quays are an immense number of coffee-houses, with billiard tables. In one house, I reckoned eight tables, and I should think that on this tier of coffee-houses, there could not be fewer than one hundred. In some of the princely buildings here the staff of our army was quartered.

On the opposite side of the river the country gradually rose, and gentlemen's seats were profusely scattered all about it. From the town we could see completely into the country, and from the country, a fine view expands over the whole town, river, and shipping. I thought it the most agreeable situation that I had ever seen in my different peregrinations. The ships come up to the doors of the merchants, and the river is navigable, even up to Toulouse, for large boats. In Bourdeaux are large markets well furnished with every luxury and necessary of life, and the prices moderate.

On the 9th, we had orders to embark for England; and having previously provided every thing requisite for the purpose, we went on board a Dutch galiot, and, on the 13th, set sail for the mouth of the river. We had not been informed that the ships were to tide it down, so that before we got into Verdun Roads, our sea stock fell short. We dined every day on shore, and, at one time, slept there, as the ship had run a-ground, which it often did. Indeed the whole fleet stuck once in the mud, together; however, the next tide brought us off.

The scenery all along the river is studded, as it were, with gentlemen's seats and well cultivated. About twenty miles from Bourdeaux, we saw the Fort of Blaye, with an island finely situated in the river. At last, after eleven days' tiding, we arrived in Verdun Roads, about two o'clock, the river here being about eight miles wide. We got on board of the pilot boat, expecting to sleep on shore, but were unable to land any where, the breakers appearing so furious, and the waves rolling in very high from the Atlantic. The town of Royan is very alluring to the eye, especially of a sailor coming from a sea-scene off a long voyage. Next day we landed; but the town afforded nothing remarkable. Here we had abundance of fruit and eggs, all extremely cheap, so we could again lay in a pretty good sea-stock. At length, we set sail again, and passing between the points at the mouth of the river, we left Cordouan tower to our left, and made away for the ocean.

I was informed, in Bourdeaux, that this tower had been built by a young lady, on the following occasion. She was to be married to a merchant, who, previous to the ceremony, had to make one voyage to the West Indies. He had made his will,

should any thing sinister happen to him, and she was appointed his heir. In his return from the voyage, the ship he was in struck on this point where the tower now stands and foundered, when every soul on board perished. When Miss Cordouan heard of this dismal accident, she caused this tower to be built with his fortune, and adding part of her own. She then retired into a convent, where she immured herself for life, and afterwards died. The tower may now serve to warn others of the melancholy fate of her lover; and also by its having a light at night, visible even in the day time. I thought the story affecting.

On the 25th, we put to sea, and after a five days' passage arrived at Plymouth, having had lovely weather during the time. One day we were becalmed, and the Bay of Biscay was then as smooth as glass, so that some of us put out the boat and bathed in it. We arrived at Plymouth on the 30th, and, next day, received orders to go on board again, as the ship was going round to London. About three o'clock we went on board, and next morning were off Dover, when, being tired of the ship, I took a boat and went on shore. I then took the coach, and arrived in London on the second of September, 1814, and this was no less curious a spectacle to me than any I had been surveying, it being the first time of my entrance into the metropolis.

So now having brought my journal to its final close, I hope something may be found not wholly uninteresting. I crave excuse for some descriptions and impressions that certainly operated powerfully on a youthful fancy. In some instances I have been, perhaps, rather too much captivated with the views and scenery I passed through. I think, however, I can affirm that many were truly sublime, and others grotesque, and, perhaps, unique. However, there is nothing but actual occurrences and surveys which I was an ocular evidence of, and I have scrupulously avoided every thing that has even the semblance of fiction.

To a number of readers I must again apologise, who may deem it singular that I should appear so quickly struck, so readily and uniformly pleased with the obvious scenery of foreign landscapes. Let the first early impressions of youth, which, like the other stages of life, has its peculiar modes of expression, be admitted as my excuse. And now, as subordinate to my main design, let me introduce and embody, in a collective form, some of the occasional observations which I have made, or incidentally prepared for this work.

On a first landing in Portugal, the eye does not fail to perceive and be attracted by the immense size of the convents, which exhibit a sweeping and unconfined range of connected offices continually arresting the traveller's gaze, as it is carried from one line of buildings to another. Of a different character, and

adapted to another sense, is that most sulphureous smell which is so strongly felt in the streets of Lisbon, produced by their custom of burning so much charcoal.

As to the civilization in general of the Spanish and Portuguese nations, the manners and customs of the one form a pretty exact counterpart of the other. A successive intercourse with England for ages has, however, proved the fact, that the Portuguese have a more favourable, or less objectionable, cast of character than their neighbours. I remember a remark applicable to this subject, which had not escaped the attention of a gentleman born in Spain, with whom I was conversing at Biaritz, in France. He observed, and, as I think, justly, that the Spaniards were five hundred years behind the nations of France and England, as to the general result and good effects of an improved and refined civilization. However, to speak accurately, we must draw a line between the superior and lower classes of society, to whom only the remark appertains.

From the lands, both in Spain and Portugal, being so poorly cultivated, we were often obliged to move the troops. Our commissary-general, Sir H. K., an officer of the keenest penetration, was enabled, by a sort of scientific arrangement, amidst the complex involutions of his duty, to provide numerous supplies of provisions, and often where least expected.

The various and prolonged service which made it necessary to order different detachments in different directions, were forwarded with ease, and I do not believe that through the whole war the commander-in-chief was obliged to give up any movement from the impossibility of procuring provisions. The plan which Sir R. pursued, with respect to the account department, was also excellent, but our almost continual marching rendered it impossible for the commissariat officers in charge of divisions, brigades, and regiments, to send in their accounts in proper time.

The Portuguese have a lively air with them, not found in Spain. I had frequent occasion to observe a commendable simplicity in the inhabitants, and especially where our troops had not been before. In many instances, they seemed to feel greatly the attention of our nation towards them, and, with symptoms of good-nature and a fear of offending, every one would be eager to render us assistance.

The Spaniards, on the contrary, were impudent, and never scrupled to tell us whether they liked us or not. One day after I had paid a Spaniard for forage, a thousand dollars in gold, I put some questions for the purpose of fully eliciting his sentiments as to the opinion entertained by the Spaniards in general with regard to the English. He told me very candidly that the

English were not at all liked by his countrymen, although they paid for every thing; and the French, who, through the war, had been dreadfully destructive to the countries which they occupied, both officers and soldiers having been the greatest tormentors to the wretched inhabitants, these French, who paid for very little, were held in preference to us. On a general view of the subject, I went on to say that I could not see where the ground of dislike could be, as we were fighting for the freedom of their country. He acknowledged that our energies had been of incalculable advantage to their cause, and that no fault was found with our actions, but our religion was different; we were heretics, and the French were Christians. This cleared up the point, as the whole engine of their aversion turned on this principle.

Those magnificent and durable monuments of superstition, the convents, swarm with friars and nuns almost beyond belief. In any opulent family, where there are many sons and daughters, the heir and eldest daughter possess every valuable advantage that can arise from polished culture or an elegant education; while the younger members are placed in convents. There, however, they are sure to live well, as money is usually given with them. The priors or abbesses of these places live like petty kings, and have an attendance superior to that of many lords. No one can call them to account for their actions, except the bishop, or a cardinal, and the Pope. The best law among them is, that the convents are obliged to admit a number of those who have nothing, equal to those who bring a revenue.

The Spaniards may with justice be censured for that fond madness with which they apply to the gaming-table. Even the peculiarities of the sacerdotal character will not hinder their priests from engaging in such scenes. The police, knowing the pernicious effects of gaming, destroy its implements wherever they find them. The principal game is Banco. This I have never played myself, and therefore cannot describe; but I have frequently observed, in private parties, that the little mountain of gold which stood before each person at the beginning of the game, has been transferred to some other person at the close. Sometimes only a few gold pieces were to be seen. None had won; all vowed they had lost; the money had disappeared, but where it went none could tell. This I could very well account for, as I could see the winners now and then slipping a handful into their pockets unnoticed.

The air throughout both Spain and Portugal is very pleasant, except on the mountainous regions, where, in the night, it is as cold as in the month of December in England. When our army reached the Pyrenees, the wounds of many who had recovered broke out afresh, and numbers were sent back to the hospitals

established in our rear. At the time our army lay on these mountains, the frost and snow were dreadfully keen and severe.

In Spain there are few gardens to be found any where; vegetables are, in general, very scarce, and in many places, not to be had. Carrots, parsnips, and turnips, with a species of small potatoes, are the principal garden esculents. The last are about the size of a large marble, and are brought to the table well sugared. The domestic comforts of dinner parties, prior to the entrance of the English, were almost unknown; but I am informed that this kind of social intercourse has since become very common. While our army lay before Pampeluna, they so gleaned the country of provisions, that, in the winter ensuing, many hundreds of families were literally starved to death.

In the Pyrenees, where lay the scene of hottest action in the guerrilla war, many thousands of the French were annually cut off. If I should estimate their loss, at this one point only, at between two and three hundred thousand men, I should not fall short of the mark. As to what might be our estimate loss, during the whole peninsular war, I am not competent to ascertain; but I think we may allow an hundred thousand for deaths by illness, and for the casualties of war, a number certainly not less.

On our arrival in France, whole fleets of merchantmen had brought from England immense quantities of provisions and necessaries. The little town of Passages, and the banks of the river Adour, were like a fair; and in the little village of Bocault, numberless wooden booths were erected, and shops opened. Some brokers arriving also from England, a great trade was carried on in shoes, boots, pantaloons, braces, knives, forks, spoons, tea-pots, shirts, and other articles. Many, I have been told, made their fortunes here, as our pay had been advanced to us, and all arrears due, which were considerable, were paid up at Bourdeaux.

It is impossible to describe the majestic scenery of the Pyrenees; mountain piled on mountain, and rising in tiers, till lost in the distance. Many capped to the very top with trees, others bare rocks. The vallies that lie between are tolerably fertile, but on the Spaniards' side there is little cultivation. The French have every acre in good order, the forests thinned, the underwood removed, and the country in general has a cleanly appearance. One crest, or elevated point, rising over Lozaca, forms a landmark to ships at sea; the top is inaccessible, from the abruptness of its rise, which is many thousand feet above the level of the sea. Through, and among some of these mountains, runs the small river of Bidoessa, near which the French attacked us on the day we stormed St. Sebastian.

THE END.

[2]

VIEWS IN ITALY,

DURING

A JOURNEY

IN THE YEARS 1815 AND 1816.

BY HERMAN FRIEDLÄNDER.

Mi gioverà narrar altrui
Le novità vedute: dire io fui.
TASSO.

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VIEWS IN ITALY,

DURING A

JOURNEY

IN THE YEARS 1815 AND 1816.

Salzburg.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I ARRIVED here yesterday evening; and to fill up the time till supper, I went to the theatre, more to see the people than the play. In the first I was disappointed; for, although the house was, on account of some birth-day, doubly illuminated, I could scarcely distinguish the audience from the pillars. The performance being, at the same time, of so narcotic a nature, that I was obliged soon to leave, to avoid falling asleep.

A brighter scene presented itself. Round a well-provided table I found a cheerful company, among whom I soon discovered many acquaintances and friends. Learned academicians from Munich, and artists of a different description from those I had just seen: the sculptor Eberhard from Rome, the painter Guaglio, Jun. from Munich, and Ferdinand Olivier from Vienna, bade me welcome to their table. They spoke almost of nothing but of the mosaic pavement which had been lately discovered near the town, and of which you shall hear in due time.

There never, perhaps, dawned a finer morning than that of this day. I went out early with our friend Olivier; he provided with his instruments for drawing, and I with a *tabula rosa* in my heart, prepared for every beautiful impression which it was to receive that day. We first ascended the Monk's-hill (Mönchsberg) a mighty mass of rock covered with wood, and rising to the north-east of the city, which it overhangs. Below in the valley, lay extended the beautiful city, divided by the Salzach, with its many *cupulas* and flat roofs, which give it a southern appearance. On the opposite side, the eye is attracted by the woody Friars-hill (Kapuziner-berg) with its convent; farther on, connected with this, the Geis-hill; and at last the majestic steep, Untersburgh (lower hill.) Between these beautiful valleys many fine villages are inclosed, and above all, the snowy Alps are seen in the back-

ground, their summits gilded by the rays of the sun; while farther down they are encircled by thick clouds. I enjoyed the rapturous prospect for some time, when I left Olivier drawing, and descended again towards the city.

This has a peculiar character of beauty and dignity, completely corresponding with the surrounding objects. It has many fine public buildings and churches, mostly in the modern Italian style, with a cupula above, and covered with marble in front, which is plentifully supplied by the neighbouring quarries. The cathedral, in particular, is a noble and dignified edifice in all its dimensions, and unites under its extensive arch cheerfulness and grandeur. The streets are convenient, and the squares are adorned with beautiful fountains. These charming additions to the southern cities and gardens are but too scarce in those of the north, where they would be particularly desirable to relieve the sameness of their long streets and huge squares, or the melancholy silence of solitary gardens. It is also a pleasing sight to me to see the crowds of maids pressing round the fountain, and while their buckets are filling, spend their time in a friendly chat about the events of the neighbourhood. The circumstance of most houses being ornamented with paintings, as is the case in some other cities in the south of Germany and in Italy, greatly adds to the beauty of Salzburg. I particularly used to admire the adoration of the kings over the door of a house in the Linzer Street. Salzburg has sometimes been compared with Naples, on account of its architecture, and there are also other things to increase the similarity existing between them. A new Pompeii may be but just expected, but a Pasilipo is actually there. It is a tunnel cut through the enormous Monk's-hill, of four hundred and fifteen feet in length, two and twenty in breadth, and thirty-nine in height. It is called *Sigismund's Gate*, from its author, the Archbishop *Sigismund von Schrattenbach*, whose bust, in white marble, is seen on the town-side, with the appropriate legend, *Te saxa loquuntur!* Close by this is another splendid work, the summer riding-school. Three rows of boxes are cut out, with true Roman boldness, from the rock of the same mountain. It remains now unused, like the beautiful winter riding-school, and the splendid stables, whose marble cribs and iron racks would not be unworthy of the steeds of Phœbus. It is the same with the other episcopal buildings, which are either unemployed, or used for different purposes.

In the afternoon I went to see the Roman antiquities, which had been a few weeks before accidentally discovered by a labourer about two miles from the village of *Loig*. He was endeavouring to strike a pole into the ground, and meeting with resistance, he laid part of the ground open, and met with some paintings. After some

farther digging, one of the most beautiful Mosaic pavements was laid open. It represents, in four pictures, the history of Ariadne, her giving the pack of thread to Theseus, his conquest of the Minotaur, his subsequent embarkation, and her abandonment on the rock. The fifth, probably her marriage with Bacchus, is missing. The figures are well drawn, the colours are fresh, and the whole, resembling a beautiful carpet, is surrounded by a handsome border. If this was the pavement of a state room, two others which have been cleared near it, belonged to dwelling-rooms, they being of a coarser texture, and containing black figures on a white ground, particularly the one where crescents are joined with a peculiar ease and neatness. Remains of vaulted conductors, which perhaps supplied a hypocaust, were found underneath them. This is all that has been discovered for the present.

It is supposed that they are remains of the old city of Juravia, or Helfenburg, built at an early period by the Romans, in this part of Noricum. A castle, at least, existed under Augustus, to which, under Hadrian, the city was added, which caused the name of *Urbs Hadriana* to be added to that of Juravia. It was almost entirely destroyed by the Huns under Attila in the fifth century; and that which they had spared was afterwards annihilated, by Odoacer's hordes, in one night. Stagnant water afterwards collected on the spot where the flourishing city had been standing, and made a moor of it, which was afterwards called the *high-moor*. Now it is difficult to say whether the remains found belong to that ancient city. I am rather inclined to think that this beautiful site, near the high road to Italy, was selected for the villa of some great personage.

The precious discovery has been secured by a wooden shed, on leaving which we found the country glimmering in the magic light of the evening sun. We took tea in the neighbouring village, with an amiable family from Salzburg. Only the tops of the mountains were illuminated with a brilliant red, and the stars began to twinkle over them, when we returned to town. It was a beautiful evening, the silence of which was only interrupted by the distant ringing of bells, or the singing of the country people from the hills.

Salzburg.

To-day I visited the burying places of this city, which give a foretaste of the Italian Camposantos. One near the ancient convent of St. Peter offers a very peculiar sight. It is a narrow spot, shut in between the convent and a high steep rock. Under an arcade which surrounds the place, a great many marble monuments, paintings, or portraits of the deceased are visible behind

iron railings. Between innumerable tombs, covered with monuments and crosses in the middle of the church-yard, rises a half-ruined small Gothic chapel dedicated to St. Elizabeth. But the most striking object is a chapel, stuck, as it were, against the rock, at a considerable height, and called the hermitage. Some caves, now inclosed by the chapel, were inhabited about the year 176, by a priest of the name of Maximus, with fifty companions, at the time when Odoacer approached that country with his *Heruli*. The holy Severinus, who was then in the vicinity of Passah, had informed him of the approach of the barbarians. But Maximus having delayed his flight till the next day, was surprised during the night, and hung, whilst his companions were thrown down the rock. Thus the caves, in which the mass is celebrated twice a year, and the ground below, are consecrated by the blood of these martyrs.

In the burying place behind the church of S. Sebastian, you meet, in a kind of vestibule, the monument of *Theophrastus Paracelsus*, a man exalted by some to the stars, and as violently blamed by others. It is a pyramid bearing his bust and several inscriptions. His portrait is also to be seen on the outside of a house near the bridge, in which he had lived and died. This custom of keeping the memory of a great man constantly before the eyes of the people, and of securing honour to his house, ought to be more prevalent. Among the few instances of it which I have yet seen, was the house of Moliere, in Paris, where his bust, with a plain inscription, is placed over the door. On the other hand, Kant's house, in Königsberg, is changed into a public house, and Mozart, a native of Salzburg, is buried in Vienna, where nobody knows his grave; whilst the name of every good citizen is here transmitted to posterity in gold characters, or even his bust. This church-yard forms a regular square, surrounded by a quiet colonnade, with many fine monuments. But I was particularly disgusted in seeing, behind a black grating, rows of skulls ranged in compartments, having each the name of the person to whom it belonged, with the day of his or her death on the forehead. There is also here a chapel in the centre closely surrounded with tombs. Almost upon every tomb-stone you see recesses cut out, mostly in the shape of hearts, for the reception of holy water, to be sprinkled on the graves by passing friends. Flower urns are frequent too. A young girl was just changing the faded flowers in one of them for fresh ones, which she richly sprinkled with her tears.

A covered wooden stair-case leads to the top of the Friar's-hill; but a yet more beautiful and a highly picturesque stone one rises on the opposite side, along steep crags. The convent is surrounded with gardens and forests, and has the most beau-

tiful situation and prospects. It is the same with the convent opposite on the Nun-hill, for female Benedictines of noble families, founded by S. Erntrudis, a sister of S. Rupertus. The church is small and old, without any ornaments, except a few in the porch, which are in the Gothic style. There is nothing remarkable within; neither the tomb of the founder, nor the images of some female saints, among which is that of S. Attilia, to which votive eyes of wax are offered. But a rich compensation is offered to the natural eyes, by the enchanting prospect of the Nun-valley, which, like a terrestrial paradise, crossed by the river Albe, closely cultivated, built over, and inhabited, is shut in by chains of beautiful mountains, which, gradually varying their gray colour from the darkest to the brightest, finally melt away in the pure horizon. I made this evening an agreement with a Danish major to take a trip together, to-morrow, to see the country behind the mountains.

Salzburg.

The sun had not risen, when I found myself seated with the major and our two dogs in a one horse-chaise, cheerfully proceeding on our road. The air was cool, and the snow-covered mountain-tops became gradually illuminated by the first beams of the great celestial orb. The *Untersberg* in particular, displaying by degrees as we drew nearer, its deep-red marble rocks, and gloomy woods, formed a beautiful object in the scenery. The branches of this mountain and the *Gohl* gradually meeting, leave only a narrow passage, through which the river *Alme* or *Albes*, coming from the King's-lake, forces its way, with considerable noise and foam. In many places the road is secured by beautiful arches (the work of the Bavarian government.) We soon reached Schellenberg, a town surrounded by water, and romantically situated between enormous mountains, covered with dark forests. At last appeared the giant *Wasmann*, one of the highest Alps in the country,* with its two horns, containing a bright icy valley between them, called the gap. At the foot of the woody hills branching from it extends the town of Berchtesgaden. The valley about there is enchanting. But we hastened by, an hour farther, to reach the Bartholomew or King's-lake, the chief object of our excursion. In the midst of these huge mountains the traveller is suddenly surprized with the sight of this wonderful sheet of bright green, clear, icy water, of about five miles in length, and a mile and a half in breadth. We immediately entered one of the small skiffs that are constantly ready on shore, and began the delightful navigation. Near the harbour is a small island with a statue of St. John Nepomuk. It was only when we had passed this that we could see the whole ex-

* According to Beck 9089 feet (Paris measure) above the sea, taking the elevation of Salzburg to be 1394 feet.

tent of the lake, with the high mountains that surround it, and which are partly covered with wood and partly with snow. The back-ground is formed by the enormous mountain the *Stuhlwand*, at the foot of which the small chateau Bartholomew is built on an island. A great many little streams rush down from the mountains, but the *King's* stream, which descending from one denominated *Konen*, joins the lake in the east, afforded us a curious sight. A great deal of wood, which had been cut on the mountain, and had accumulated in the stream by means of a flood-gate, was suddenly released by the opening of the latter, when it came down with such a tremendous crash, that the foaming lathe was stirred up with a roaring noise, to an extent that even disturbed our boat, although sheltered at some distance in a bay. This silent lake is sometimes enlivened too by the chase; when the bold hunters drive the stag or chamois to its brink and force them to leap into the watery abyss where infallible destruction awaits them.

The lake had become smooth again, and we glided over its cool waves in silent admiration. The major, who always kept his pocket-book in his hand, and who at every turn had something to ask and to put down, at last even forgot this duty of a faithful traveller. He gave himself entirely up to silent contemplation, which, to my great pleasure, as it saved me for some time from his interruptions, lulled him to sleep, together with the two dogs. Nothing but the murmuring of the cascades disturbed the deep silence around us. About the middle of the way, in a gap of the mountains, is a crucifix, with a marble inscription, of which nothing but the words: *Prospera cuncta* (all safe) are yet legible; a striking expression in this grand amphitheatre of nature! We landed close by, in a silent bay near the mountain *Kessel*. Here, in a narrow glen, the Kessel-stream, uniting with another, rushes down from the rocks, sometimes in thundering cascades, sometimes in silver-threads. Seats and bridges placed in different parts of this romantic woodland spot, with an hermitage at the end of it, were all properly put down in the major's pocket-book.

We breakfasted in the chateau *Bartholomew*, in a room hung with representations of enormous salmons. Behind the chateau we went over some beautiful pasture land to the ice-hill, called the Ice-chapel, (probably the lowest ice-hill extant, since its elevation is no more than 2000 feet above the sea.) It derives its name from a vault of ice which has been hollowed out by a rapid stream, and in which an awful twilight reigns.

We returned. And it was very hot when we arrived at the inn in *Berchtesgaden*, where we recruited our strengh by a good dinner and a short sleep. For we had yet to see the subterraneous wonders of the salt-mines. We descended to the mine called Francis I. at which we arrived through a passage of some hundred fathoms

in length. The actual pit had been sufficiently lighted to show us its awful depth and height. But the lights were soon extinguished, in order to gratify us with a new spectacle. The trains, (by which the salt is got off) were lighted at the same time. And the flash of lightning in this deep darkness, as well as the terrible reports, long continued by the echoes of the manifold winding passages, produced such an awful effect that we were glad when we saw the light of heaven again. But it was near its decline, and it was completely night when we reached *Hallein*, where we slept.

The stars had not disappeared when we proceeded the next morning to see the famous water-fall of *Golling*, which is formed by the Schwarzback. The first fall, seen from below, about a hundred feet high, comes from a rock, with innumerable steps, into a bason, from which the stream rushes on into the valley. Ascending higher, you arrive at a grotto formed with pieces of rock, into which the stream rushes from above, and where the fall seen from below begins. Still higher is seen the whole mass of water, white with foam, and compressed between the rocks, rushing down the mountain, and falling into that grotto. There are besides innumerable small falls, which, forcing their way through the rocks, are precipitated, like silver rays, into the foaming pool. Beautiful rainbows were quivering in the spray, and the rising sun showed a magic light through the thick branches of the fir-trees, which wrap this hallowed spot in an almost perpetual twilight. Below, in the valley, near the stream, between wild sceneries, lie a mill and the cottage of an insane beggar.

On the other side of *Golling*, on the road to *Gastein*, are the (here so called) *Ovens*. Immense masses of rock, which, having been precipitated from the neighbouring hills, have so hemmed in and arched over the *Salzbach*, that the water penetrates but with difficulty through the narrow openings, (ovens) which are often scarcely a few feet wide. The head turns giddy on looking down those dark abysses, from which, sometimes, a fir-tree stretches forth its gigantic branches.

We dined again at *Hallein*, where we fell in with a Venetian count and his lady, who resolved to make the excursion to the *Thurnhill* and the salt-mine of Freudenburg with us. In order to descend into the mine, each of us, even the countess included, was obliged to put on a miner's jacket, trowsers, and leather apron. The manner of descending is as follows: people lie down on their backs between two round beams, laid just to hold a human body, holding a light in their left hand, and with the right, which is covered with a strong glove, they lay hold of a rope, which serves as a guide. The sliding at first is rather slow, but gradually increases in velocity, which, towards the last, is very great. We were rather alarmed at this manner of proceeding

at first, but found it so pleasant, that we were glad to find that we had to repeat it several times in our farther progress through this extensive mine. We were pulled out again by the miners on a sort of carriage, on which we sat as on a saddle, and found ourselves at the foot of Thurnhill, where we parted from our companions. It was night when we arrived in Salzburg.

Salzburg.

As I returned the next day from a second excursion on the Monk's-hill, to take another view of this land of wonders, (than which I have seen none more beautiful in my subsequent excursions through Italy, Switzerland, the north of France, and the most beautiful parts of Germany,) I met a great concourse of people who had assembled to witness an execution. A troop of soldiers was just coming up the street, at a slow pace, having the culprit in chains in the middle. He concealed his pale countenance behind a cross wreathed with flowers, which he bore in his trembling hands. His crime had been murder, caused by an unfortunate propensity for gaming.

Innspruck.

I arrived here this evening, but have been deceived in my hope of meeting with Philip. From Salzburg I went to Reichenhall, where I attentively examined all the salt-works, particularly the twenty salt-springs in the subterraneous passages. The rushing of the water has a strange effect in this gloomy abode, in which our torches emitted a very peculiar light. The night I spent in *Kalteln*, where, besides very good treatment, I was styled "Excellency," an honour, however, which I was told is there bestowed on every doctor.

It was five o'clock the next morning when I was walking by the side of my carriage. The weather was very serene, and the landscape was constantly increasing in beauty and variety. High hills, sometimes covered with wood, sometimes presenting naked tops; waterfalls and murmuring springs on all sides; mountain-streams rushing constantly along the road; and not far from *Kalsteln*, inclosed by hills, a lake. I dined at *Waidringen*, a Tyrolese village. My heart was singularly moved on entering this country of heroes, when I recalled to mind the great deeds of its inhabitants, and their immortal leaders, during the late wars.

The villages in Tyrol are distinguished by lower roofs, which meet in obtuse angles at the gable ends, by galleries which run round every story from without, and by the pious mottos and paintings with which they are frequently ornamented. At the back of the houses are the barns, stables, and piles of fire-wood;

and cheerfulness and comfort seems to pervade the whole. The people are plain and hearty; no one will pass you on the road without greeting, and wishing you a happy journey. I slept that night at the inn in Söll, where I had some trouble in ascending the bed; in this country these are generally near as high as the rooms. I breakfasted the next day in *Brixlegg*. The landlady of the inn was one of the handsomest women I had ever seen. She rose with a friendly welcome from her spinning-wheel, moved a lovely little boy who was playing near her side, and waited on us. Her auburn hair flowed in two long tresses over her back; under her neatly-laced red corselet hung, by a silver chain, a large bunch of keys, and her short petticoats showed the motion of her fine feet to great advantage. And when she again sat down by her wheel, the child leaning against her, what a lovely picture did she present!

My coachman roused me from my contemplations, and we proceeded again on our journey. Between two beautiful chains of mountains, on both sides of the inn, you proceed now on a fine road, which seems to be shut in in front by a high range of mountains covered with snow. We dined in *Schwatz*, a small town which, on the 18th of May, 1809, fell almost entirely a prey to the flames. Many of the smoky walls of the burnt houses are still standing, a melancholy, but also a venerable monument, to give testimony of their former stateliness. The fine cathedral is yet in good preservation, but its interior, originally built in a Gothic style, has been miserably modernized by immoderate stucco-work, paintings on the walls, and Corinthian capitals added to the pillars.

A tall, fine countryman asked here for permission to go with me as far as *Hall*, which I willingly granted. He had been fighting for his country, and afforded me a great pleasure to hear him talk, in his simplicity, of those memorable events which he had witnessed himself, of Hofer and the *Brigantes*. On this account, they have changed the word *brigands*, which the French gave to all those who rose against them, into a title of honour, as the Flemish formerly made the word *gueux* (ragamuffins) the watch-word of their union. Of every spot he knew something remarkable to tell me, particularly when we reached the convent of *Volders*, so that I regretted his leaving me at the place of his destination. Behind *Hall* the Inn-valley rather enlarges, and thus I reached Innspruck after travelling two hours on an even road.

Innspruck, August.

I went to visit the tomb of the emperor Maximilian I. in the holy cross church of the Franciscan friars. It is the most splen-

did monument of German grandeur and art, immortal like him in whose honour it was raised, and from whose mind it sprang like an armed Pallas!

The tomb of the emperor rises in the centre of the church. His statue in the imperial robes is kneeling at the top of it, and at the four corners are sitting, like slaves, the four cardinal virtues. Around the tomb, and between the pillars, are standing twenty-eight colossal figures of royal personages of all ages. It had always been the wish of that emperor to be buried in Tyrol, his favourite country. But he died in Wells, in Austria, and was therefore buried at Vienna. Yet his grandson, Ferdinand I. fulfilled the great man's wish. He built the convent and church of the Holy Cross, and erected this grand monument on the spot which his grandfather had selected for his sepulchre. It was begun by two brothers, Bernhardus and Arnoldus Abel, from Cologne, but they soon died, and Alexander Colin from Mecheln, a man of great genius and talent, followed them, and it is he who must be considered as the real author of the fabric. The four sides are divided by sixteen pillars of black marble into compartments, containing, in a double row, twenty-four tablets of the finest Cararian marble, on which the chief achievements of the emperor are represented in *basso relievo*. One is at a loss which to admire most; whether the richness of the imagination, which could not be exhausted by the frequent repetition of the same object, (battles, for instance) or the ease and nobleness of the composition; or the highly-finished, and yet not elaborate, execution. Even the smallest figures are conspicuously and clearly expressed, although the largest is above one foot high. The reproach, however, that the tablets are more in the style of painting than sculpture, is not unfounded; foreshortenings, perspectives, and objects placed more before than by the side of each other, may be seen almost on every tablet; but it does honour to the master who has so happily overcome a difficulty incident to sculpture. The emperor appears on every tablet, his face being always a portrait, and the degrees of his age discernible. Costume, arms, horses, architecture, every thing is excellent; even the difference of character of the various nations that are represented, is delineated, and without exaggeration. Thus you recognize, at first sight, the light and elegant Frenchmen who are accompanying the Princess Margaret on her return to her father; thus the Spaniards, Hungarians, and Swiss. The whole offers a rich field for the study of the manners and costumes of that age; nothing is omitted, although even the most zealous critic will lose a great deal. Yet I wish that no one would overlook the two famous pieces of artillery, *Burbpaus* and *Weckauf*, as they were discharged by the emperor himself against the castle of *Kufstein*,

and of which the Tyrolese have preserved the remembrance to this day.

The portraits of the artist and his wife, said to be painted by himself, are suspended within a very beautiful railing which surrounds the tomb.

The twenty-eight statues on both sides of the tomb represent both males and females of the family of Habsburg, together with some heroes of the olden time; for besides Rudolph of Habsburgh, Frederick the Third, the consorts of the Emperor, and others, you also see here Theodorick, king of the Ostrogoths, Elodwig and Godfrey of Bouillon. Their solemn attitudes, from which Theodorick alone, by a pleasing and almost antique posture of the body, makes an exception; their significant countenances, splendid dresses, with their rich drapery, their armour; in short, every thing tends to call back to the mind the heroic middle ages. On the highest cornice of the choir are twenty-three other small but very beautiful statues of saints, of both sexes, that seem to look down on the kneeling emperor. They are all of the most hoary antiquity, of princely or royal race, and either in a real or fictitious relationship with the house of Habsburg-Austria. They are placed as if to receive the prayers of their great relative, and to intercede for him in heaven. And thus this monument, with its fifty-one statues, fills the whole of the church. Close by this church is a beautiful walk, called *Rennplatz*, which is planted with poplars, and adorned with seats. I had scarcely seated myself here, when somebody tapped me on my shoulder, and turning round, I beheld our friend Philip. You know that after we had agreed in Vienna to go together to Rome, he set out first to visit Munich, where I had been before. I therefore went first to Salzburg, and at the appointed day we both arrived here, but did not meet till that moment. It was a Saturday when I met him, and we spent a day together which I shall never forget.

Innspruck.

We made an excursion through the city and its vicinity to-day, in the company of Baron E. a friend of Philip's, whom he met here. The valley in which Innspruck is situated is not above two miles wide, surrounded by high hills, and crossed by the rapid river *Inn*. With the exception of one part, called the *New-town*, the streets in this city are narrow but contain many stately buildings. Among these I always behold with pleasure the old palace of the counts of Tyrol, with its balcony, a gilt roof, and some basso relievos in stone, representing coats of arms and tournaments. The castle too, now the seat of *Gubernium* (provincial government) the same in which Hofer, as the master of his country, lived with

48 *Kreuzers* (about 16*d.*) a day, is a good building. Opposite it, in the centre of the *Rennplatz*, is an excellent equestrian statue of the archduke Leopold IV. as large as life. The palace-garden, close by this place, forms with its shady walks a pleasant retreat.

As to day is Sunday we have the opportunity of seeing the people dressed. The girls among the lower orders in the city are not peculiarly distinguished in their habiliments, but they all wear common round hats of felt, like the men. The dress of the females in the country is rather peculiar, but every valley has its own fashion. Besides very broad-brimmed round hats, they wear also another head dress, in winter, consisting of rough worsted pointed caps of a white colour, not unlike those worn by the ancient Phrygians. The dress of the men is light, and convenient for mountaineers and hunters. On their generally green, small hats, turned up on the side, they wear as a trophy of the chace, a heath-cock's feather or the beard of a chamois. Over the waistcoat they wear their neatly-stitched bracers, connected over the chest by a cross-strap under which it joins the broad leather belt. The small-clothes only descend as far as the knees, which remain bare to facilitate their climbing on the rocks; and below the knees the legs are covered either with gaiters or stockings. The rifle almost makes part of their equipment; shooting is heard all day long, and it is on this account that sometimes no birds are to be met with in a whole district. Chamois flesh, partridges, heath-cocks, and other wild fowl, are to be had here at all times.

We had also to-day an opportunity of seeing a religious drama acted by the country people, in the village of Michlau. This is an old custom in the country, which even Hofer, with his censorial severity, did not attack. The stage consisted of a slight scaffold erected in the open air, and the dresses were decent enough. The spectators, sitting close together on the declivities of the hills, amused us as much as the play itself. The piece was in *Alexandrines*, and entitled, St. Anthony overcoming both the world and hell. Some parts were very well played, that of the chief hero, however, succeeded least. The devil played well; but we should have wished a few charms more and twenty years less, to the woman sent out to tempt the saint's virtue. A scene where two shepherds sang a hymn before an image of the virgin in the forest was very pretty. As an *intermezzo*, they performed some beggar's adventures, which highly amused the good people after the seriousness of the holy drama. This custom of mixing a farce with the holy dramas was prevalent in Spain in the middle of the last century. On account of the heat, we left before the performance was entirely ended, which had given us more satisfaction than that of many regular theatres.

Innspruck.

You must follow me once more to Holy-Cross church, where there are still many things that call our attention. On the right of the entrance to the church, twenty-five marble steps lead to a chapel, which, on account of the quantity of silver with which it used to be adorned, is still called the silver chapel. Here is the tomb of the archduke Ferdinand II., of Tyrol, and of his beautiful consort Philippine Welser, of Augsberg. In a recess of the wall the image of the archduke, in his state dress, is lying on a very low sarcophagus. In the centre of the wall appears his coat of arms in mosaic, and in front of the sarcophagus all the various arms of the family. Upon four large marble tablets are represented his chief achievements in basso-relievo, with innumerable figures. The beautiful image of his consort is lying on pillows, in a shroud upon a marble block about three feet high; the front, which is divided by small columns into three compartments, contains an inscription in the middle, and a representation of the acts of charity towards the living and the dead, in beautiful basso-relievo. And it is justly supposed that Colin was also the author of these. We also saw this famous sculptor's own monument, made by himself. Besides many inscriptions, it is distinguished by an excellent basso-relievo of the resurrection of Lazarus. There are some other fine monuments in the *stoa*, surrounding the church-yard; over one we discovered, though half-faded, a small copy of Raphael's *Disputas* painted on the wall.

We set out to-morrow morning to Italy with a *Vetturiono*, who after having taken some German gentlemen from Florence to Augsburg, was about to return with his empty carriage and three fine mules. In four days we are to be in Verona.

Sterzing.

We left Innspruck at four o'clock in the morning; and day light did not appear till we had nearly ascended mount *Isel*. As the morning-fogs gradually vanished, we beheld the most delightful sceneries in the valley of Innspruck, and towards the mountains of *Nuttenberg* at the extremity of the narrow valley of *Stubbei*. We dined at *Steinach*, a neat little town; where we were highly amused by the painting outside of the houses, particularly by one, representing a warlike group with figures in old German dresses, as large as life.

The appearance of the country increased in wildness as well as barrenness, as we drew nearer the top of mount *Brenner*; where, although the sun was shining bright, we felt an intense cold. Innumerable cascades, some rather considerable, are here tumbling down from the rocks, and then proceed with great noise and ra-

pidity towards the valley. One of them, the stream *Eisak*, will accompany us on a great part of our way, which is now gradually descending into the valleys of Lombardy. We passed the Inn without entering it; proceeding between a variety of grand scenery towards Sterzing, a very clean and cheerful little town, cut by a main-street, the houses in which have mostly an antiquated appearance, and projections. The people here have a very muscular appearance, and formed most capital *Brigantes* during the war. The engagement on the *Sterzing* moor is well known. It was here where the women drew hay waggons before the enemy's front, whilst the men concealed behind them, discharged their never-erring bullets. The girls who waited on us at the inn astonished us by their size; and we felt convinced that, with a host of such Amazons, one might not only defend a country, but even conquer a world.

Botzen.

The road winds along the boisterous *Eisak*, between immensely high mountains, through a very narrow valley, which opens a little near *Brixen*, where the walnut and chestnut trees, the vineyards and the maize plantations, remind the traveller that he is approaching the south. In this town we saw many peasants from the Puster valley, following a procession, whose strongly-featured expressive countenances, untainted by the polish of the world, reminded us of the energy visible in the heads of *Durer* and *Holbein*. Behind *Brixen* the valley becomes again contracted, and the road crosses the famous pass of the *Klause*, where the inhabitants crushed their enemies with pieces of rock which they rolled down upon them. We spent the night in *Knollman* (called, by our *Vetturiono*, *Culmine*.)

We did not proceed farther this day than Botzen. The valley around this town is delightful. It is large, and almost entirely covered with vineyards, now hanging with beautiful large purple grapes. Fig, peach, and granate-trees loaded with fruit, are visible *every where*. Our *Vetturiono*, hoping to find a few more *passengers* here, induced us to stop the remainder of the day. It was Sunday; and we found the churches well filled, while the streets were silent, and empty. In the afternoon, however, when the coffee-houses were opened, they became more lively. In the evening we went to the theatre, a decent building within. The performance was shocking; but we were yet more disgusted, when it concluded with the Annunciation, in a pantomine. This sort of performance has fallen very low, since it is practised by unskilful persons as a trade. The performance of sacred subjects ought to be entirely kept away from our, now, so polluted stages, if both religious and esthetic feelings are not to suffer by it. For

do not like to see that, which in the chaste productions of painting and sculpture, excites me to devotion, badly mimicked, and degraded into an unmeaning reality. There was a time when the rude, but plain sense of the nation could be edified by biblical performances on the stage; but the age of mysteries and moralization is gone by; the people have learned to look for edification in churches, and in their own hearts, and those whose religious feelings require the assistance of the arts, will know where *to look* for it.

Dolce, Sept.

This is the last stage from Verona, where we expect to arrive tomorrow at noon.

We left *Botzen* early in the morning, and dined at *Salurn*, the last German place; and we afterwards soon perceived, by the difference of language, dress, and features, that we had left our dear native country. In a dirty village, we read, over a dirty water-trough, the proud inscription: *Alla Fontana.* It was night when we entered *Trient*, where we alighted at the *Albergo dell' Europa.* We took a walk by moon-light, and lost our way; and it was not without an instinctive horror, (for who can visit Italy without having his imagination haunted by the early impressions which he has received of the robbers and banditti of that country?) that we crept through the narrow passage of an empty house, by which we reached the open street again, without having encountered any danger. In the inn too, we were well treated, and our bill, the next morning, was but moderate; which almost led me to apprehend that I should be compelled to leave this country, without having any adventure of my own to relate, since a common-place honesty seemed to have taken the place of those poetical robberies and murders, with which the Italian novels are so filled. But, nevertheless, we were glad to get in our carriage with hale skins.

The road is kept in good order, lined with walls on both sides, which would make it monotonous, if the Alps were not seen, awfully rising on both sides, covered with the richest vegetation. We dined in *Roveredo.* Without any wall or gate, you immediately enter into a wide beautiful street, *il Corso nuovo*, where you, at one glance, perceive the indications of wealth and industry, but also some of the southern manners, not very congenial to our northern habits. As every thing is here done in public, in open shops, or sometimes in the street, we had many opportunities of viewing the interior of the houses, by which we were not much gratified. We were particularly displeased with the sight of the ugly old women, with their straggling hair, and the dirty children. We were also a little surprised at the number of churches and coffee-houses in so small a town, as it contains not quite 7000 inhabitants.

They were all open, or had their entrances covered merely with a piece of canvas, as a protection against the sun.

It was nearly dark when our *vetturino,* all of a sudden, made a stop, begging us to walk for some time, the spot being rather unsafe. I was glad to find my erroneous opinion of the morning rectified, seeing that Italy was still Italy; and armed with our pistols, we walked for some time, in momentary expectation of an attack, in which, however, we were to be disappointed. After having twice or three times mistaken some peaceable peasants, returning from their labour, for so many banditti, and put ourselves on our guard, we arrived safe and sound at *Dolce,* where, as it is rather late, we shall spend the night.

Verona, Sept, 1815.

A few hours before our arrival here, we came through the narrow pass of *la Chiusa,* through which the river *Adige* forces its way. But as soon as the traveller crosses this place, he sees no more of the Alps, and finds himself in the plains of Lombardy. We went now at a quick rate, and in a few hours alighted at the hotel of the *two towers,* in Verona.

We remained here but a short time, and then sallied forth through the narrow and irregular streets, where we found a great deal to admire. Rather fatigued, and without having profited much by our hurry, we returned to dinner, resolving to keep some order in our future perambulations.

In the list of the remarkable edifices of this city, the Amphitheatre holds the first rank. Yet you must not expect that I should give you a description of it, or of any thing else, which has been so often described before. I shall chiefly confine myself to notice, and describe that which, although well worthy of observation, has been generally overlooked, I mean the precious remains of the middle ages.

As a great contrast, we saw a booth erected in the *Arena* of this astonishing edifice, where Punch promised to amuse the populace in the evening, when, as the play-bill, printed in very large letters, promised, the famous play of *Maria Stuarda difesadai Carbonai,* (Mary Stuart defended by the coal-burners) was to be performed. Astonishing! The lower arcades of this venerable ruin are transformed into tradesmen's shops.

The exterior of the cathedral is more attractive by the peculiarity than by the beauty of its ornaments. Its covered porch is supported by two spiral pillars, resting upon griffins; and a second porch, likewise on pillars, is erected above it. Two gigantic figures, in basso relievo, representing the famous palatines, Roland and Olivier, keep the watch near this porch. Roland's sword, which ends in several points, bears the inscription *Durin-*

darda; Olivier bears a club to which a ball with spikes is fixed, by means of a chain.—The interior of the building is only distinguished by a crucifix of bronze in the choir, which has been already admired by *Vasari.* A picture of the Ascension of the Virgin, by Titian, which formerly adorned this place, is now replaced by a bad copy, which is to remain there till the original is returned from Paris. I remarked two beautiful representations of saints, the authors of which were unknown.

The small church of St. Stefano is older than the cathedral, and formerly served as such itself. There is a great deal to be seen in it by the lover of antiquity and the arts. Among the many paintings I will only distinguish two: the murder of the Innocents, an interesting composition of *Pasquale Ottini;* and more particularly a Madona enthroned in a landscape; with St. Andrew and Peter by her side, by Carotti, one of the oldest Veronese masters, scarcely known among us by name. What grandeur by the side of all possible mildness, what dignity by the side of the tenderest loveliness, what depth, and almost mysterious expression, by the side of the greatest clearness, are coupled in this painting!—Behind the high-altar is a choir of very ancient workmanship, containing a bishop's old stone chair, such as used to be carefully preserved in the oldest christian communities. Below the choir is a subterraneous church, which is said to have been used by the first Christians, and to contain the graves of many bishops.

St. Giorgio in Veronetta is rich in paintings, although that which crowns them all, the martyrdom of St. George, by P. Veronese, is not yet returned from Paris. There are two immense paintings here; the dining of the five thousand, by *P. Farinati;* and the Israelites collecting the manna, by *Turchi l'Olretto.* But I only request you to grant a grateful look to a St. Ursula and her virgins, by my favourite *Carotti,* and a second to a Madona with S. Zeno and Justinus, with three angels, by *Girolamo dai Libri.* I do not know what it is that is attractive in this lovely painting, neither recommended by the splendour of its invention, nor the beauty of its colouring; but it is all love, innocence, and warmth.

Through the cheerful *Strada de' Leoni* we now went to the small church of *Sa. Maria antica,* which contains a great many monuments of the middle ages. In a small burying ground before it are the tombs of the *Scaligers.* The great characters of this princely family that once ruled over Verona and a great part of Lombardy, are here united in this small spot. Over the porch of the church is the monument of *Can della Scala,* the same who gave so honourable a reception to *Dante* when proscribed in his native city. He lies stretched on a bed, and is again seen on horseback, over it, in full armour with his beaver closed. The coffin of his successor, *Mastino,* (1351,) is erected on an enormous

square stone of *Verde Antico*, supported by four columns; a roof on other four columns is raised over it, and upon that is seen his equestrian statue as large as life. *Cansignorio's* monument (1375) surpasses, however, those of his predecessors, in richness both of materials and workmanship. It is in an hexagonal shape, with his statue at the top of it. On an hexagonal border of red marble at the bottom, are the figures of Saints in tabernacles. All their monuments are made in a clumsy style, which might be called the *Lombardo-Gothic*; the rude forerunner of the pure Gothic or rather German style, in which the boldness and ease of the execution seems to sport with the heaviness of the masses which it conceals behind expressive and elegant ornaments. A few marble graves below, bear no farther distinction than the arms of the family, the eagle on a ladder,

Chen su la scala porta il santo ucello.
DIO. COM.

Close by is the *Piazza de' Signori*, into which we entered through an arch. Almost a whole side of this Piazza is taken up by the beautiful senate-house, before which are erected the statues of four famous Veronese of antiquity, viz. Catullus, Cornelius Nepos, Pliny the elder, and Vitruvius. In some other parts of the Piazza we noticed the statues of Aemilius Macrus, Hieronimus Fracastor, and in a long wig, Scipione Maffei, whose enthusiastic exertions for this city will outlive his Merope, as well as all his other literary labours. We also remarked Guarino, the father of the poet, and one of the most zealous re-establishers of learning among the chosen number of great Veronese. An anecdote, told of this man, will hardly be credited in the present age; namely, that his hair turned grey in one night, with grief for the loss of one chest of MSS. from two which he had been collecting at Constantinople. But we also met here a great number of living Veronese, who were either walking in friendly conversation on the comfortable brick pavements, or taking their ice before the open coffee-houses. We had already noticed, with pleasure, some peculiarities of the people; their affability to strangers, their activity in business, the strong make of the men, and the agreeable shape of the women. There is much industry displayed in the shops, and a great bustle in the streets.

But we are yet standing in the *Piazza de' Signori*, before an ancient building, opposite the senate-house, said to have been once the habitation of the lords *della Scala*. But the lion of *St. Marc*, visible on its walls, gives proof of the posterior domination of the Venetians. Near these majestic remains of antiquity, the new palace of the prefecture of the late government, in its modern common-place style, produces rather an unfavourable impression. But

happily the evening dawn, wrapped in its sable gloom, prevents us from distinguishing it clearly from the rest. But now all the bells are ringing for the *ave*, and two torches are blazing before the central window of the senate-house, one before a virgin, and the other before an announcing angel, two beautiful bronze images, which I had not noticed before. All the people take off their hats, repeating the short prayer. The ringing gradually ceases, the torches are extinguished, the darkness increases, and, at last, nothing is heard but the slow whisper of a few scattered people.

Verona.

The Italian beds are very comfortable, being wide and soft. A palliasse of maize-straw, which is shaken every morning, a mattress, pillow, and a light coverlid, form all the component parts of which they are made. You must follow us now to another church; it is close by our inn, and called *St. Anastogia*, a large, ancient building, unfinished and unadorned without, but grand within, with lofty columns, whose pointed arches are painted *al fresco*, with beautiful *Arabesques*. We found it impossible to view, in detail, all the magnificent paintings and monuments with which both the church and the vestry are filled.

Our way to St. Zeno took us through the Corso, which contains a great number of beautiful palaces, many of which were built by Sanmicheli, Verona's great architect; for I think with that Veronese historian, that they call Vitruvo their countryman, because no other city disputes this honour with them. We also saw the old fort of Castelvecchio, with its beautiful bridge, of three arches, one of which is even wider than the famous Rialto at Venice; but the name of its architect is lost.—At last, we stand before the venerable abbey of St. Zeno, which was completed as early as the beginning of the ninth century, and is said to have been built by Pepin, Charlemagne's son. Its porch is also supported by columns, standing on griffins. The lower front, on both sides of the entrance, is ornamented with marble basso-relievos of very coarse workmanship. The same kind of work is to be seen on the doors in bronze, probably productions of the ninth or tenth centuries. Many steps lead down into the interior, and as many up to the high altar, or presbytery. Two rows of columns of red Veronese marble, supporting a lofty arch, divide the church into three symmetrical naves. The light sparingly admitted through small windows, near the ceiling, is just sufficient to discover the half-faded fresco-paintings. Below this church is another, where the grave of the holy bishop, and a basso-relievo on the altar, from the first ages of christianity, but of the last of decaying arts, are shown. An immense bason of porphyry, which formerly stood before the church, when it was the custom to perform

ablutions, previous to divine service, is now degradingly cramped into a narrow chamber, with scarcely any room to enter. Near St. Zeno is the dwelling of St. Procolo, in an equally ancient temple, where, in a vault, an empty stone coffin is shown. It is said that this was the tomb of the above-named Pepin, whose body had, at some time or other, been stolen. Be this as it will, it is now filled with a very clear fresh water, that rises from a spring below.

After beholding these gloomy walls we went to St. Bernardino. In a chapel, at the entrance of it, are some beautiful fresco-paintings on the walls, representing the life of the Saint, by Giulfino, and an altar-piece by Moroni. It represents a Madona surrounded by angels and saints; and a lovelier picture has, perhaps, never been seen, although critics might find fault with its want of action, anachronisms, and other things. But a hundred critics taken together, will not produce one-tenth part of the religious feeling, excited by a single master of that good old time. For such a one every thing was united into one grand picture; his imagination overlooked all separations of time, his saints lived in his mind, and as he believed them to be assembled in heaven, so he represented them on his canvas. Passing over many other excellent paintings, which are met with in the other churches, I will only mention one in S. Paolo, painted by Paul Veronese. It represents a Madona sitting between two columns and ruins, the child on her lap is leaning towards St. Anthony, who is standing farther below. Behind him stands the prebendary Marogna, who had this picture painted in consequence of a vow, and a lay-brother; on the right, more in the fore-ground, is St. John. It is a brilliant composition; every thing in it is treated with the ease, freedom, and grace, I might say, of high life. But that innocence and intensity of feeling, that heavenly glimmer of peace and blessedness, so conspicuous in the unassuming, often harsh forms of the old masters, is not to be found in it, where the earthly and worldly is but too visible.

The fifteenth and sixteenth centuries were the golden age of the arts, also, for this city. At that time there was in Europe but one art and one school for it; penetrated by the same ideal and the same feeling, the style was the same nearly in all places. It is for this reason that we find so little difference in the masters of Lombardy, Germany, and Flanders, in the fourteenth century. It was only in the time of Raphael, when the art pushed forth her last and most brilliant youthful blossoms, and passed from the dreaming state of a being entirely guided by nature, to a clear perception, that the peculiarities of individuals became more distinct, and that the characters of the artists, as well as those of their nations, appeared in their works, and divided them into

schools. But even Raphael, that heavenly genius, who gave this great impulse to art, was, besides his own manner, indebted for every thing else to nature, and that pious, plain feeling, which had been the guides of the older masters.

Before leaving this city we went to see the marble coffin, said to be that of the two lovers, Romeo and Juliet, immortalized by the great English bard. It stands in the garden of a poor widow, near a well, under the shade of some vines and fig-trees, with a few other remains of the nunnery, that formerly contained this tomb, from which pieces are knocked off and taken away by every traveller.

Venice, Place St. Marc.

The sun was just rising in the east, when, coming down the Brenta, in the Corriera (post-boat), we entered the Lagunas, and beheld Venice, the majestic daughter of the sea, proudly rising before us.

Through a narrow passage we were led into the place St. Marc. The suddenness of the appearance of the enormous palaces, the brilliant church, in an oriental style, the crowds of people thronging about the coffee-houses, under the colonades of the Procurati, had an inexpressible effect on us.

We went first into the church of St. Marc, a very wonderful, peculiar building, in which the pomp of the eleventh and twelfth centuries have laboured to cover the modest original form of the Christian church. The five vaulted entrances, as well as the little height of the very wide edifice, give it quite the appearance of a cave. The high steeples are of a later date, when the church had gained a firmer ground, and art more energy. The interior of this church gives also representations of the first meetings of the Christians in grottos and caves; but they are gilt. In every cupola, tabernacle, and arch, representations of the past, or mystic indications of the political futurity, are given in rough Mosaic. The division, too, of the ancient church is still visible here: the porch or vestibule, the nave, the presbytery or choir, and the sanctuary. What richness in porphyry, alabaster, and costly marbles is in this place, more than all the princely palaces of the north together can show! The three high masts outside the church are still standing, but the storms of time have blown down the colours of the three kingdoms, which were once under the dominion of Venice.

Mendicanti.

In our inn, the Queen of England, we enquired what had become of the once-so-brilliant conservatories of the Mendicanti. "You shall see the remains of them," said our guide; calling

out from the window—*Gondola arriva!* The call was soon obeyed; and, in an instant, we were seated in one of those commodious vehicles which form the delight of the Venetians.

We landed near the Pieta delle Mendicanti. The church was still empty, and remained so. At last the girls appeared in the grated choir, to sing the vespers, with an accompaniment of music, to the whole of which we listened with great patience.—It was night when we returned to the place St. Marc, which we found again crowded; particularly under the well-lighted arcades before the coffee-houses, two of which, the Caffée Florian, and Caffée Quadri, being the most frequented, receive some of their visitors, gentlemen as well as ladies, in tents which they have pitched on the place. A gun fired in the arsenal announced the eighth hour, and was answered, from the square, by the drums and field-music of the Austrians.

Piazzetta.

The place of St. Marc is always the beginning and the end of our excursions, for it is here where we prepare and rest ourselves. They also make here the best coffee I ever tasted, and which is drunk, in the oriental fashion, from small cups. But if ever the custom of spending the third part of one's time in the coffee-houses is excusable, it must be here.

The piazzetta is a continuation of the great place, and is situated on the sea-side. On one side of it is the strong zecca, or mint, and the former library, and, on the other, the old Ducal palace. It is a majestic building of half Gothic architecture, supported on two rows of columns, with pointed arches, which one would hardly think sufficiently strong for such an immense weight, if they had not stood the test of ages. This is the palace, the leaden roofs and dreadful vaults *(pozzi)* of which have become so notorious, and between which, the duke and the *wisdom of the state* had their residence.

The steeple of St. Marc stands isolated between the large and the small place. A paved road leads up to its gallery, which affords a view over the immense city, the lagunas, and the sea, calling to mind the famous verses of Sannazar: *Viderat Adriacis Venetam Neptunus in undis,* &c. for each line of which, the Signioria paid him with a hundred zecchins.

Churches.

Opposite the piazzetta is the island of St. Giorgio Maggiore, with the convent and church of the same name, the simple grandeur and beauty of which is a work of Palladio's. Paul Veronese's wedding at Cana, which once adorned its refectory, has

been so much injured by its being taken to Paris, that it could not be returned without being utterly destroyed.

In the church *del Redentore*, on the *Giudecca*, we saw, in the vestry, a masterpiece of *John Bellino*: a Madona worshipping her infant, with two angels singing and playing on instruments.

S. Maria della Salute suffers the defect of the seventeenth century, by being overloaded with ornaments. Nor is there any thing praiseworthy in its numerous statues; but some paintings in the vestry are excellent. The wedding at Cana, by *Tintoretto*, is undoubtedly one of the finest and most lovely pictures of the *Furioso di penello*, as he was called by his contemporaries. We see Titian here first as a youth, and pupil of Bellino, in a painting of St. Sebastianus and St. Marc, surrounded by two other saints; and again as a man, and perfect master, in three bold ceiling paintings: Cain's fratricide, the offering of Isaac, and the defeat of Goliah.

If you wish to see the most sumptuous constructions in stone, marble, and mosaic, in tasteless masses, you must visit the churches of Scalzi and the Jesuits.

St. Job has been shut up for several years, by which the beautiful paintings in it have much suffered. Thus, a large picture of *Marco Basaiti*, one of the oldest Venetian artists, whose works are even scarce in his own country, has been almost totally destroyed. The others have been seized by the Academy of the fine arts. One, however, by *Vittou Carpaccia*, has been spared both by time and the Academy. It is a Madona presenting her child to S. Simeon, surrounded by some females, one of whom is carrying some pigeons. Three angels, with instruments and a scroll from which they are singing, are sitting at their feet. By the angels, who are never missing in a representation of saints by the older masters of northern Italy, it seems as if they wished to indicate the joy, and even the submission, of the heavenly inhabitants, and at the same time to invite the beholder to a participation of devotion; and this object they have certainly attained.

In *Madonna dell' Orto* we find, by an excellent pupil of Bellino's, *Cima da Canegliano*, a John the baptist and four other saints. A painting of *Gentile Bellino's*, a brother of our *Giovanni*, however, is obliterated by age. Two powerful paintings of *Tintoretto's*, in the tribune of the high-altar form a striking contrast with those peaceful performances. One, the Collecting of the Manna, is without interest; but the other, the Day of Judgment, has some essential beauties. However, the crowd of figures, the colours of which are much darkened by time, inspire no particular emotion. You admire bold positions, where you can distinguish them, but you feel the want of poetical interest. The mortal remains of this artist are deposited here.

The great Franciscan church *i Frari* was built by *Niccolo Pisano*,

and is particularly grand within. The altar piece, an Ascension of the Virgin, by *Titian*, is entirely covered with vapour and filth. In the chapel of the family of *Pesaro*, is a representation of all its members then living, kneeling round the throne of the Virgin, by the same artist. Several other chapels contain paintings of *J. Bellino*, *L. Vivarino*, *V. Carpaccia*, and other old masters. But the numerous and splendid monuments of dukes and nobles, which are in this place, excite little interest, after you have read, on an unseemly stone in the pavement, the plain inscription:

Qui grace il gran Tiziano de' Vecelli,
Emulator de' Zeusi edegl' Appelli.

Next to *St. Marco*, the church of *St. Giovanni e Paolo* is the most remarkable and interesting, owing to the grandeur and number of its monuments, its noble form, its exquisite paintings, and the recollection and ideas which it suggests. Its incomparable altar-piece, Titian's *Peter the Martyr*, is not yet brought back from Paris.—Among many paintings and sculptures contained in the chapel of the *Madonna del Rosario*, are the fifteen mysteries of the rosary, in *basso-relievo*, the workmanship of which is often too minute. Besides, most of the altars are adorned with excellent paintings, and among the monuments which fill this majestic temple, there are those of 22 dukes, and the skin of *Marcantonio Bragadino!*

Excursions in Venice and its vicinity.

After having taken our coffee at Florian's, we proceeded in a gondola to the island of *S. Servolo*, at a little distance from Venice, which contains a hospital and a mad-house. From thence we went to *Lido*, a narrow neck of land, behind which the waves of the Adriatic sea are seen rolling in sublime grandeur. It is yet the youthful bride, though its marriage solemnities and dowry are no longer in existence. Thinking of the former splendid processions of the dukes in the *Bucentoro*, we went to the public gardens. They have been planted under the late government, on the eastern point of the city, in the English style, and are thriving very well. A little eminence in it affords a most delightful prospect. It was night when we rowed back by the beautiful *Riva de' Schiavon*. A host of bargemen, fishermen, fruiterers, victuallers, prostitutes, idlers, and above all of beggars, are carrying on here their clamorous avocations. The prisons on this shore, connected by the *bridge of sighs*, with the ducal palace, are noble buildings. And thus the people's amusements, vices, and punishments, as well as the monuments of their former power, are concentrated in one spot. A passage under the great clock, in the place of S. Marc, leads into the *Miaceria*, a narrow irregular street, in which the richest shops in

the city are well lighted up at night. But we were always most delighted by the taste and regularity with which the fruit and other provision-shops are set out.

Every where you hear the wild cries of *zucca zucca calda, zucca santa!* while two men are carrying on a board large water melons, which, cut in slices and boiled, they offer for sale. For the smallest copper coin you may obtain a large piece, resembling the carrots in taste, but rather sweeter, and which is frequently bought by the poor. In a booth erected in the middle of the great *place*, we saw, this evening, a tolerably amusing puppet-show, entitled, *Il savio delle Alpi*.

Palaces.

Passing through the great canal, called by the people here *Canalasso* or *Canareggio*, the eye beholds with pleasure the splendid palaces that line it on both sides. Their forms distinctly betray their oriental origin and the occidental taste of the middle ages. The Moorish and Gothic styles seem to be united in them, the most of them resembling the old Spanish edifices which have been preserved from the time of the Moors; particularly in their narrow windows with painted arches, separated by small neat columns, with other ornaments of the same kind. The walls are inlaid with large pieces of precious marbles, porphyry, and oriental granite, sometimes in circular, sometimes in square forms. Here and there are also seen palaces built by the best architects of the sixteenth century; all, however, whether ancient or of a more recent date, are rather too freely ornamented, and although the style may be called a grand one, it is often in want of noble simplicity. This reproach is particularly applicable to the Palace of *Cornaro*, built by Palladio. We also saw the interior of some palaces. In that of Pisani we saw the famous picture of *Paul Veronese*, Alexander and the family of Darius. With great beauties, brilliant colouring, and sublime expression, it has still some essential defects. Without mentioning the great errors in the costume, Alexander's red velvet jacket and breeches, I cannot pass over the milksop face, without any trace of greatness, which the artist has given him. His Alexander looks here like an Opera hero, who does not know what he is to do with the handsome women that are kneeling before him. In the Palace of *Alberizzi* we were almost compelled to look at the copies of most of Canova's works in plaster of Paris. In the Palace of *Barbarigo*, Titian, in his latter days, is said to have lived and died. A room, containing about a dozen of his paintings, is still called *Titian's study*. The paintings, however, are for the most part unfinished, and have become so black that little can be distinguished in them.

The Palaces of Guimani and Manfrin.

The palace of Guimani lies concealed, but is of noble architecture, which, as I have been assured by the Abbate Morelli, is not by *Sammicheli*, but by the well-known patriarch of Aquileja, *Guimani* himself.

The court-yard displays some precious remains of antiquity, which, however, are all surpassed by the colossal statue of Marcus Agrippa, the same which once, along with that of Augustus, adorned the portico of the Pantheon.

The interior of the palace is still in very good preservation and full of valuable works of art. A statue of a Greek orator in the first room, with his hands wrapped up in his gown, is excellent. The heads of Christ and the Madona, painted by Salviati, the Florentine, and which are in the oratory, are also very beautiful. But those which surpass all the rest, are some paintings on ceilings by *John of Udines*, his bowers, flowers, fruit, and birds, are inimitable.

The house of *Guimani* is one of the few that has preserved its splendour through all the stormy times. But the house of *Manfrin* ranks the first among those that have newly risen. The gallery, which has been formed here from the wrecks of many others, is one of the greatest in Italy, preserving, in a range of ten rooms, the best paintings ever possessed in Venice. Even in Paris we had not seen such excellent paintings of *Giorgione*. The bust of a female lute-player with her eyes raised to heaven, has all the life, warmth, energy, and tenderness which art can produce. A family piece by him, representing himself with his wife and son, is equally admirable. Between these hangs a paint ing of the holy family, by *J. Bellino*, full of innocence, piety, and heavenly peace. A portrait of Ariosto by Titian, shows that it has been painted *con amore*. *Guido Rheni's* contest of Apollo and Midas, is a noble performance. But what surprised us most, was a repetition of Titian's entombment, the original of which is shown in Paris, and which is given for an original here, and, for ought I know, it may be so; and, till the return of Peter the Martyr, it may be considered as the best painting in Venice. *John of Udine* shows us, in a picture of the holy family, that he not only knew how to copy from the garden of the earth, but also from the kingdom of heaven. A group of seven or eight busts, by *Pordenone*, called *La Scuola Scultoria*, is beautifully executed. A large Cartoon, representing Noah with his wife, his children, and the different animals entering the ark, in the back-ground, is ascribed to Raphael. The disciples at Emmaus exceedingly tenderly treated, by J. Bellino. The figure of a servant who is waiting at table, is a pattern of elegance. One room is entirely appropriated to the oldest masters, especially those of Venice

and Lombardy. In the last room they show in conclusion, a small (standing) Magdalen, by Correggio, and a small picture of the taking from the cross, by Raphael. Both paintings are certainly very valuable, yet we will not vouch for their genuineness.

Arsenal.

Several small islands, three miles in circumference, are enclosed by a strong wall, within the precincts of which, when the republic flourished, every thing was manufactured and kept ready, which the land and sea service of 50,000 men required. Cannon-foundries, sail and rope manufacturies, forges, and wharfs, were built with astonishing ability; magazines for timber, powder, bullets, bombs, anchors, tar, &c. were constantly filling and emptying. The armouries were full of guns, pistols, and swords; and perhaps the power and wisdom of the state was no where seen to greater advantage. Now, however, the monotony and silence of the place is only interrupted by a few carpenters, or other labourers, that may occasionally be employed there. There were but few ships in the wharfs; we entered and examined a ship of 74 guns, which had been but lately launched. But nothing surprised us so much as a large building, which we were inclined to take for a church, but we were told that it was the place for making cables, and is called *La Tana*. It consists of an immensely large lofty hall, divided by two rows of formidable pillars, and having a gallery all round the sides. Four marble lions are sitting before the entrance of the arsenal; the one is that of the apostle, and the three others were taken from the heathen whom the Venetians had conquered.

Library.

It is now in the Ducal Palace, under the controul of the Abbate Morelli.

It is not very considerable, but possesses many old classics. The famous Codex of Homer, by Viloisson, has not yet been returned from Paris. Morelli, however, showed us other codices of high value; for instance, one of the Greek translations of the Pentateuch, from the ninth century; another, equally ancient, of the Gospels, in text letters, and the MSS. of P. Bempo's History of Venice, P. Sarpi's Council of Trident, and Avanzati's translation of Tacitus. The collection of antiquities, connected with the library, is not large, but it contains many interesting subjects. The Leda and Ganymede has been frequently mentioned, but a Silenus, an Agrippina, two triangular altars of Bacchus, two muses from the theatre of Athens, many busts and basso-relievos, are worthy of notice.

The room in which both the library and antiques are deposited,

was once the great council-hall. Here the achievements of the Venetians are represented on the walls by the best artists of the country. A succession of, for the most part, grand paintings, represent the history of Pope Alexander III. whom the Venetians defended against Frederic Barbarossa, who, being conquered, was compelled to kiss the Pope's foot in the church of St. Marc. Farther on is the taking of Zara, the double conquest of Constantinople, the coronation of Baldwin, Duke Contarini's victory over the Genoese, &c. In a kind of frieze, close under the cieling, are the portraits of all the dukes, mostly by Tintoretto, among which the place for Martinus Falieri, who was beheaded in 1348, for a conspiracy against the state, in his eightieth year, is left blank. The whole side of the hall, which was formerly occupied by the throne of the Duke, is now taken up by an immense painting of Tintoretto's Paradise; but I had never patience enough to trace in its black crowd and confusion, the beauties of which it is said to be full. I preferred to examine the painting on the cieling, the coronation of Venice, by Glory, in the clouds, followed by Abundance and Honour, whilst below, warriors, and all the nations of the earth, are offering their admiration and homage. It is a noble work of Paul Veronese.

Departure.

Here, too, we have only offered a few sketches from a large picture, in which, as in all the others, the best part is left to your imagination. Come and see yourself; but then avoid our inn, the Queen of England, the most abominable in all Venice!—We left it with pleasure, went in the dark, and during a heavy rain, once more round the place St. Marc, and then awaited the hour of departure, in a comfortable public-house, with excellent oysters and Cyprian wine.

Ferrara and Bologna, Sept. 1815.

A day in Ferrara.

The expectations with which we approached this city were rather too high, and, therefore, we were disappointed. This desolate city, with its wide and regular, but empty streets, is situated in a flat, marshy, and unhealthy country. From 70,000 of its former population only 22,000 are left, and of these several thousands are Jews. The exterior of the cathedral presents a venerable old Gothic front; but the interior has been modernized. The old castle, formerly the residence of the family d'Este, but now that of the pope's legate, presents with its towers, ditches, and bridges, a venerable aspect. But within, it is almost a ruin; some apartments still show remains of fresco paintings on their ceilings, by Dosso, and in a cabinet, three Bacchanalians by Titian. The *hospital of St. Ann* is near this place. There is nothing pe-

culiar in the sick-rooms to attract the stranger; they are, like all others of the sort in Italy, airy and roomy. But you are shown a narrow, deep, half-subterraneous cell in the court-yard, with only *one* grated window, to admit a small portion of daylight. A marble slab over the door announces, with a sort of proud complacency, that this was the gaol of Tasso. What I considered as particularly dreadful in the situation of the unfortunate man, was the proximity of his gaol to the palace. In silent nights he must have heard the music and the jovial sounds of festivity, whilst he, perhaps, was leaning against the grating, and tormented by all the sorrows of love and offended pride, was seeking comfort from the stars of heaven, which a projecting awning even prevented him from seeing!

How different was the untroubled, homely existence, of Ariosto! A fine place in the city has been lately named after him, Piazza Ariostea. His modest house, in a cheerful street, is marked without by several inscriptions. A friendly spirit of comfort seems to dwell still within. On the first floor, towards the yard, was his study, which is now distinguished by his bust, with a suitable inscription in gold letters.

The confined prospect of the poet, over his court-yard, was terminated by the steeple of the church of S. Benedetto, where we hoped to meet with his tomb. But no, it had been removed to the public library. We therefore went there, where we found many other monuments of that beautiful age. Ariosto's tomb is at the extremity of the chief room, behind a black marble slab, with a Latin inscription. The holy ashes of the poet, whose bust is placed over the slab, are deposited under a cornice supported by four marble columns. The Latin inscription underneath, by Giraldi, we thought too classical, insignificant, and tame, for a romantic poet, and this poet Ariosto. They preserve here a part of his Orlando, with all the corrections, or what they call *pentimenti*, from his hand, together with the MS. of the satires and some letters, and also his plain wooden arm-chair, and bronze ink-stand, with a little cupid, holding a finger upon his lips on the top of the lid!

Of Guarino they have the MS. of the Pastor Fido, with observations and variations by Lionardo Salviati, after which Guarino had it chiefly printed. Of Tasso there are many reliques. Among the rest a part of his Rime, with a dedication to Leonore d'Este; a MS. of Jerusalem Delivered, written by a stranger, yet with his own *pentimenti*, which he added while he was in prison; several letters, especially one to Cardinal Buonconsigli, to induce the Pope to intercede for him with the Duke for his liberation. A note to a friend, to whom he sent five shirts from prison to have them washed and mended by his aunt, is very moving. In

a postscript he begs to have the cloth washed, too, in which they are wrapped. His writing, however, we found not so illegible as some pretend. The letters are large and irregular, an image of his character, whilst those of Ariosto are smaller and more round. Among many other valuable things, the library still contains some beautiful codices of Terence and Strabo, *de civitate Dei* by Augustinus, with fine drawings; two old missals with excellent miniature-paintings, and a considerable collection of the first printed books of the fifteenth century.

Ferrara possesses several large churches, and has had painters enough to adorn them. Several of their productions made pleasing impressions on us; particularly two in S. Maria in Vado, which contains a great many good paintings: a visitation by Panetti, with old pious figures, and Mary's death, by V. Carpaccio. In the latter the heads of the Apostles have a peculiar expression of holiness, and the upper part presents a striking example of the singleness of mind of that age. Christ is seen enthroned in clouds, holding in his arms the departed soul of his mother, in the shape of an infant. In other old paintings of the same subject, the dying Virgin is also seen with the soul-embryo issuing from her mouth, while another one is already seen in the arms of Christ. Thus these pious men wished to give a palpable idea of the transition to heavenly life.

Nothing, however, could efface the gloomy impression which the city, with its melancholy recollections, had made on us, till we left it the next morning.

View of Bologna.

This ancient and worthy city has been styled melancholy, by many; yet, I think, with injustice. Its character *is* certainly serious, but not without a beneficent cheerfulness peculiar to the south. The colonnades, which generally run under the houses on both sides of the streets, give it, perhaps, a monotonous appearance, yet they are a great comfort for those that walk under them. Besides, there are single houses as well as whole rows of them, which are distinguished by their neat columns, fine arches, and just proportions. The former wealth of the city is yet perceptible in its large, strong houses, palaces, and rich churches; and it contains still near 60,000 inhabitants, and among these a numerous ancient and rich nobility. Whilst the night of barbarism reigned over all Europe, Bologna became the refuge of science, and its ancient university was so much visited, that it contained, at one time, 12,000 students. Painting, too, formed here a great and powerful school; in short, every art and science found here, at all times, its votaries and patrons among both sexes. Nor does it bear the surname *la grassa* unjustly; its rich soil produces every

thing which is needful for the human support. Giardino Publico, or Montagnuola, a fine promenade at the end of the city, affords a fine view of the greater part of it, and of its fruitful country. On seeing the numbers of poems posted on almost every corner, or every column in the streets, and which are called forth on trifling occasions, one would think that every inhabitant was a poet. They are, however, only equivalent to the common advertisements among us; but among a people who are almost born with a genius for art, and a knowledge of her forms, they are more readily employed for the common purposes of life, and they make a sonnet with greater facility than people in other countries make a bow.

Old Buildings and Palaces.

The chief place of the city *Piazza Maggiore* is surrounded by old buildings, which, without being distinguished, have nevertheless something striking and even grand about them. The *Palazzo Publico* is a large building, which would have interested us more if the bronze statue of Julius II. by M. Angelo, which formerly stood here, had been extant. Opposite this is what is called the Palace of King Enzio (now of the *Podestà)* which, though old and a little dilapidated, has yet a venerable appearance. Between these is a fountain, with the famous Neptune of John de Bologna on it, but with very little water. The large church of S. Petronio, with its unfinished front, fills the third side of the square, which is always full of people. On the *Piazza Minore* are the two steeples of *Asinelli* and *Garisenda*. Both are extremely old, the first, above 300 feet high, but scarcely 20 broad, has a very proud appearance. The other is 144 high, but bending on one side forms an angle of nine feet.

Some Churches in Bologna.

The Cathedral of St. Pietro, an edifice of modern architecture, with a profusion of ornaments, contains the last painting of L. Carracci, an Annunciation, painted *al fresco*, over the high altar. This painting is said to have caused the artist's death, on his perceiving, after the scaffolding had been removed, when no remedy could possibly be made use of, that the drapery about the angel's feet did not agree with the position of his feet.

San Petrino, which we mentioned above, is very large within. There is nothing remarkable in it but the old painted windows. It was here where Charles V. was crowned, and where *Cassini* drew his famous meridian.

Madonna di Galliera possesses a fine picture by *Albano*. The child Jesus, standing on steps, is looking upwards to a glory, whilst Mary and Joseph are looking up to him. There is in

this composition as much feeling, genuine grace, and tenderness, as there is simplicity.

S. Salvatore is very rich in paintings, but we will mention but one by *Garofalo*, which seems to us to outshine all the others. John the Baptist, as a boy, is seen kneeling before his parents, and behind them S. Joseph, Ann, and Mary, listening attentively to him. The boy, full of holy inspiration, seems about to reveal to them his high destination, which is indicated by the baptism of Jesus, as seen in a distant landscape. A bust of John the Baptist, by *Simon da Pesaro*, and a flagellation of Christ, with small figures, by *Samachini*, in the vestry, are worthy of notice.

The Convent and Church of *S. Domenico* are perhaps the most brilliant in Italy. The tomb of the saint is erected in a splendid chapel of the latter. The body is deposited in a marble coffin, upon which his life and miracles are sculptured in bassorelievos, by *Niccolo Pisano;* these, although a little uncouthly finished, acquired for the artist the surname of *dell' Arca*. Two small angels of marble with candlesticks, are kneeling before this *arca* (box or coffin.) The one is insignificant, but the other a *ne plus ultra* of beauty and tenderness, and this by Michael Angelo *the terrible*. It is *Vasari* who furnishes us with the history of it. The *Medici* having been driven from Florence, *Angelo*, their faithful adherent, fled too. During his emigration, he was one day stopped at a gate of Bologna for want of a passport, which he had forgotten, and was near being compelled to pay a fine of 50 livres, when *G. Aldrovandi*, one of the magistrates of the city, who was accidentally coming that way, took the pleasing young man under his protection, and even into his house. And it was during his residence with this liberal magistrate that he made this angel, which was then wanting to the grave of the saint. The fresco painting on the cupola is by *Guido*, who is buried here with his pupil *Elisabeth Sirani* and *L. Carracci*. The chairs in the choir are remarkable; at first sight one imagines them to be covered with the most beautiful paintings, but in fact they are artificially composed (*intarsiate*) of wood. This unique work proceeds from two Lombard monks. *St. Giovanni* had not yet received Raphael's Cæcilia back. *S. Paolo de' Barnabiti* contains a singular production of *Algardis*. The high altar forms a tribune, upon which are two figures above the common size, under a canopy; they represent St. Paul kneeling, and the executioner, in the act of striking off his head, standing behind him. We must pity the artist who was compelled to execute a subject so unworthy of art, and so little appropriated to sculpture. But the forms also mark the extravagant taste of the later school; in the draperies there is a want of truth, but the flesh is soft, and the positions appear natural. Of paintings,

there is a Smoky Paradise by *L. Carracci*, and the Salvation of Souls from Purgatory, by the Virgin and the Trinity; but these are not of so much value in my estimation as a small lovely, pious Madona with the infant, by *Francesco Francia*. The Church of *S. Giacomo Maggiore* has a great many excellent paintings; but one in the chapel of *Bentivoglio*, by the above-named Francia, that polar star of the old Bolognese school, surpasses all the rest. It is a Madona between angels and saints. After having seen such a performance, and filled with the peace and innocence which it breathes, the stormy and boisterous compositions of other masters appear like a state procession, upon which we turn our backs with indifference.

Galleries.

The gallery *Marescalessi* is very rich. The anti-room contains two beautiful figures painted on the walls, by *G. Reni*, representing Fire and Air; and a Medea renovating Jason in the bath, by P. Tibaldi. As some of the most remarkable paintings, I mention *S. Marc* examining the Venetian Inquisition, with the inscriptions on the pedestal, *Pensate al fin* and *Tres in uno*, by *Titian*. The heads, probably portraits, are beautiful. A portrait of Christ bearing a glass globe; and a presentation of the Infant in the temple, by *Pontormo*. A kneeling angel in a flowing red drapery, bearing a censer, is attributed to Durer. On a chimney-piece painted *al fresco*, by *L. Carracci*, Watchfulness leaning against a column with the cock. The apostles Peter and Paul painted with uncommon energy, and bearing an expression of holiness and dignity not usually expected from *M. A. Caravaggio*. An unfinished painting, with figures almost as large as life, by *Giorgione*, is the Judgment of Solomon; the women and some other figures are remarkably beautiful. One painting of *Correggio*, represents S. Peter, Margarite, Magdalen, and Leonardus, in a dark wood, in all the charms of the *chiaro-oscuro* of this master; but a second one of his I am inclined to consider as the crown of all his works,—it is Christ sitting in clouds surrounded by a glory and supported by angels. His peaceful countenance breathing inexpressible mildness and clearness, but at the same time tempered with grandeur and majesty, is surrounded by auburn locks; the upper part of his body is naked, and his arms are half opened, as if to bless and press the whole world to his bosom. A white drapery, with a red shade between the folds, covers his lower parts. There is a warmth and a heavenliness spread over the whole picture which it is impossible to describe. And when the keeper had purposely nearly darkened the room, a peculiar light seemed to emanate from this wonderful painting. The back-room is distinguished by an admirably

executed *Ecce homo* (a bust,) by *Salaino*, which used formerly to be attributed to *da Vinci*.

The gallery *Ercolani* is particularly remarkable for its paintings of some of the least known old Bolognese masters. For instance, a taking from the cross, by *Luca Busca*, and a Madona surrounded by saints, by *Scaccianimici*, a noble Bolognese whose paintings are as few as they are excellent. There are a great many other excellent paintings, among which I will only mention a few. Christ with the Apostle Thomas and St. Antony, a picture of great tenderness and warmth, by *Perugino*. But above all we admire *F. Francia's* master-piece, a Madona with *S. S. Hieronymus*, *Lorenzo*, and angels. It is a painting worthy of a place near Raphael's Cecilia. Nevertheless, it is said that the sight of this last picture had such an annihilating effect on the old man, who at once perceived the unattainable greatness of the youth, that it soon brought his death upon him.

Near it hangs also a small heavenly picture, said to be a youthful performance of *Corregio's*. A Madona contemplating a lovely babe in her arms. There is also a picture by *Innocenzo da Imolo*, which led me to an agreeable recollection of Raphael's *Madonna del Pesce*. The Virgin, the angel Raphael, with young Tobia, St. Sebastianus, and a playing angel, form an admirable group in it. Besides all these exquisite performances, there are also some miserable daubs of *Zannida Caprignano*, a contempory of *Carracci's*, who with all his unskilful rudeness was imprudent enough to dispute the palm with the best Bolognese masters of his time.

The collection of the *Academy of the Plastic Arts* is remarkable in an historical point of view, particularly as relating to the art in Bologna; since it reaches from the Bizantine age down to the present time; which is particularly represented, although not very splendidly, by the price-labours of the pupils. There are also casts in plaster of Paris from the best antiques.

The gallery *Zambeccari* contains along with a great many bad things, some excellent performances. For instance among the first a few Madonas of *Francia*. We turn with disgust from *Caravaggio's* Judith in the act of butchering Holofernes. We are better pleased by an upright Madona, in the oratory, although its character is somewhat modern, and the colouring nearly grey. There is a beautiful ivory crucifix by *Algardi*; a clay-model of an adoration of the kings, by Durer; a taking from the cross with beautiful figures embossed in silver, by *B. Celini*. Two portraits are of indescribable beauty: a S. Francis by *Dominichino*, and an *Ecce homo*, said to be by *Durer*. I never yet saw a painting of *Guido* so deeply felt, grand, and holy, as his S. Francis, here meditating before a cross. There are also many things by *L. Carracci*, already

known by engravings, such as the Feast of the Angels, Jacob's Dream, &c. &c.

The palace *Aldrovandi* passes as the *instar omnium* of Correggio; six small paintings, sketches of objects afterwards executed in the cupola at Parma; Angels kneeling on clouds, which are found again in his S. Sebastianus, at Dresden; a Madona by *J. Bellino*, and some things by *H. Caracci*. The gallery Tanari too, is worth seeing; that of *Zampieri*, however, is nearly empty, and only remarkable for some *fresco* paintings by *Carracci* and *Guerino*, on the ceilings and over some chimneys.

The Scientific Institution.

This splendid institution has been united, since 1714, with the university. The edifice built by *P. Tibaldi*, is very regular, and the different collections are, if not always perfectly complete, yet for the most part very considerable. Near the yard, below, is a hall with instruments and wax preparations for midwifery. In a corridor above are the monuments of *Galvani* and *Laura Bassi Veratta*, who once taught here experimental philosophy. The physical apparatus fills six rooms, and the anatomical two; among the latter are the famous wax preparations, by *Ercole Lelli*. The cabinet of natural history contains many curious specimens. The *Mollusci* of the Adriatic sea are said to be complete. In the cabinet of minerals there are many volcanic productions and fossile bones. In the anti-room of the library are the portraits of the greatest Bolognese scholars, with the monument of Count *Marsigli*. The library, said to contain 200,000 volumes, is under the superintendance of *Mezzofanti*, one of the greatest linguists in Italy. The remaining apartments contain the archæologic museum, presenting specimens (although not always the most distinguished ones) of the arts progressively through all ages. One great room is entirely appropriated to the art of the middle ages, ruled, as it were, by the colossal copper statue of some pope of the twelfth century. Another apartment contains utensils and dresses of distant nations; and the last (dedicated to architecture), plans and elevations of remarkable buildings, and models of columns, famous obelisks, &c.

On the top of the building is an observatory; and, at a little distance, the botanical garden. Thus I have furnished you with a sketch of some of the excellences and treasures of this city, inviting every friend of the arts who may visit it, to make his stay here as long as possible.

Florence.

From October 1, *to the middle of November*, 1815.

The City.

Every thing in Florence bears testimony of its former repub-

lican grandeur. Its palaces are the mute witnesses of those stormy ages of family quarrels; their massy walls, their Gothic windows, so high above the ground-floor, give them the appearance of so many fortresses; but, nevertheless, a cheerfulness, which pervades every thing here, is also spread over these inaccessible walls. The style in which they are built is generally noble and majestic, without any thing gaudy about it. The streets are mostly wide, and beautifully paved. Four bridges lead over the Arno, all of which, but particularly that of the goldsmiths, who keep their shops on both sides of it, afford delightful views over the city and river, towards the well-cultivated hills.

Piazza del Granduca.

This place is neither large nor regular, but it shows the most interesting monuments.

Here we find the Palazzo Vecchio, a very antiquated, irregular, but yet a venerable edifice. Its thick walls seem to mock the efforts of time. Over the battlement, round the roof, the wonderful steeple, which seems to bear a second palace on the top, rises in front. On the entrance to the palace are two colossal marble statues, David, by M. Angelo, and Hercules conquering Cacus, by Bandinelli. They represent the victory of the just cause over its enemies, appearing in Hercules as the human, and in David as the divine power. David, a youthful form, of rather a meagre appearance, was finished by the artist in his younger years, from a single block already spoiled by another. And thus the work, although defective, is valuable as prophetic of future greatness. The Hercules, rather a clumsy-looking, grim-faced fellow, with a club on his shoulder, is the same against which Cellini so often aims his satirical shafts. But, happily for Bandinelli, he has left better works than this. The following epigram is put in the mouth of Cacus, by the witty Florentines:

> Ercole, non mi dar, che i tuoi vitelli
> Ti rendio contutto il tuo bestiame,
> Ma il bue l'ha avuto Baccio Bandinelli!

Near this is an open hall, or *loggia*, so common all over Italy. Only open on two sides, it has three magnificent arches in front, supported by four pillars. It was Acdrea Orcagna, who, in the middle of the fourteenth century, astonished the world, that had hitherto only been accustomed to pointed arches, with this noble construction. It was about this time, when the study of the ancients was resumed, that, by gradually leaving the Gothic, they also approached their style of architecture. And, although the Florentines are very proud of their Arcagna having given the impulse, I wish we were indebted to them rather for any thing else, than this new antique architecture, which, with some forms

of antiquity, has also appropriated to itself all the shallowness of our ages. This hall, however, which has now no particular destination, contains several statues of marble and bronze. Some valuable statues of Roman ladies, in the back-ground, have been brought here from the Villa Medici, in Rome, together with the lions on the steps. Under the side arch is a Judith on the point of performing the amputation, an esteemed, but rather mean and meagre work, by the *earnest* Donatello. Under the front arch, however, is the excellent group of John di Bologna, the rape of the Sabines; and, under the third arch, Cellini's Perseus. It was this statue which, after a great deal of labour, at last consumed all the artist's brass utensils. It is, nevertheless, not free from some affectation and heavy clumsiness; the body of the hero, particularly, seems to me to be too short and compressed, and his whole position rather unnatural. It is only a small space which separates it from Bandinelli's Hercules, which is certainly inferior to it.

A fountain near the palace is built after a drawing of Aromanti's, and with a profusion of tritons and naiades, has still a want of water. Of the Neptune in the centre, I can say no more than that it is composed of marble.

The place derives its name from the equestrian statue of the first Grand Duke, Cosmus I. of bronze, an excellent work of John di Bologna. There is nothing remarkable about the place, except, perhaps, the small palace of Uguccione for its architecture; but the whole bears the stamp of noble grandeur.

The Tombs of the Medici in St. Lorenzo.

Having advanced through the nave of the church, between the columns, to the foot of the high altar, we find before us, in the pavement, a bronze plate with the inscription: *Decreto publico Patri Patriæ.* This is the grave of *Cosmus the Great.* For him and his still greater grand-son Lorenzo, a simple tomb-stone, marked with their names, is enough: their greatness can dispense with splendid monuments. Not so the others of that family. In a chapel on the side, are the splendid tombs of Julius and Lorenzo Medici, Duke of Urbino, by M. Angelo. Julius, a brother of Leo X., is represented sitting in a niche on the right, as a slender youth, in a Roman dress. Under him are the famous statues of Day and Night, resting on a *tumba.* Notwithstanding the bold position of the latter statue, notwithstanding its grand forms, this singular and obstinate sleeping female always appeared to me as a plump, coarse figure. It was Angelo's intention to give his Night a maternal appearance, in which he perfectly succeeded; having left her with few traces of virginal bloom and roundness, particularly in parts

where we do not like to miss them. The Day, however, is a strong powerful man, who is just leaving his comfortable position, and about to shake off the heaviness of sleep. It is quite what it ought to be; but, unfortunately, left unfinished. Lorenzo's tomb, commonly called *Angelo's Thought (il pensiero)*, is opposite. The statue of *Lorenzo* represents him sitting with his elbow on his knee, supporting his head in his hand, one finger of which is lying over his cheek.

Under this statue are lying on the monument the Evening-dawn, in the shape of an old man falling asleep, and the Morning-dawn, in the form of a virgin, rousing herself from sleep; the latter, also, unfinished.

The later Medici have adorned their tombs with the greatest splendour, hoping to transfer the brilliancy of the stones also to their names. The chapel, containing the tombs of the Grand Duke, was intended to surpass every thing in richness of *materials*, but, I might say, happily, it has not been finished. But whoever coming from Angelo's sanctuary, can there be enraptured with any thing (which has not been our case), deserves, for the rest of his life to see—nothing but splendid coats of arms, and polished stones.

The Cathedral and its Neighbourhood.

The Cathedral S. Maria del Fiore, formerly S. Reparata, is an immense building, which, notwithstanding the mixture of ancient and Gothic architecture visible in it, leaves a great impression on the mind. The front, rather badly executed, has remained unfinished, but all the rest is covered with black and white marble, almost turned yellow by age. Arnolfo di Lapo, a pupil of Cimabue's, laid the foundation of it in 1298; but it was Brunelleschi who, in the fifteenth century, erected the wonderful octagonal cupola on it, which even M. Angelo confessed might be imitated, but could not be surpassed. There is a beautiful Annunciation in Mosaic, after Ghirlandojo, over a side aisle, under a neat Gothic tabernacle, and opposite it a Madona with two angels in marble, by Nic. Pisano.

There are several remarkable monuments and inscriptions in the interior; among the rest a remembrance of Dante, the only monument which his ungrateful country had raised to him. It consists of his portrait, not so large as life, by Orcagna, standing between hell, purgatory, and paradise, holding the book of his divine comedy open in his hand. A Latin inscription underneath is unworthy of the great poet. This modest age-worn monument is strongly contrasted by a modern one of marble, erected opposite it, in honour of the director of the gallery, Pelli, and his foster-

daughter, Theresa Fabroni. The old monuments, however, do not seem to be injured by these modern apotheoses.

The three naves of the church answer to as many tribunes in octagonal forms, each containing five chapels. Over the cupola is the choir, which is likewise octagonal, and surrounded with galleries and columns; upon whose pedestals the twelve Apostles are represented in basso-relievo; in my opinion, the best performance of C. Bandinelli. The beautiful figures are but little raised from the surface of the marble, yet seem to be perfectly round, and show, by their positions and features, as much of the depth of character, as they do of the taste and genius of the artist, by their easy and bold management, and the majestic flow of the draperies about them. On the high altar, in the middle of the choir, is another marble group, by the same master: God the Father sitting, with the dead Christ, supported by an angel at his feet; but this is a cold and stiff performance. Behind the altar is an unfinished work of M. Angelo's, the dead Christ in the lap of his disconsolate mother; but even in its rough state the chisel of the great artist is perceptible on it. The paintings on the windows are of no great value.

In the cupola, Fed. Zucheri and Vasari have painted heaven and hell, with gigantic figures, which, seen from below, do not appear above the common size, yet the little toe of a devil measures above a span. It is not pleasant to see them near; and we were, therefore, glad to get on the top of the cupola, from which we enjoyed the most delightful prospect over the city and the country round it.

Near the front of the cathedral, the unconnected belfry, built after a drawing of Giotto's, raises its noble head. It is covered with marble of various colours, and adorned with statues and basso-relievos, mostly by good masters. The sound of its bells is peculiarly harmonious.

Opposite the cathedral is the old Battisterio S. Giovanni, a remarkable monument of the thirteenth century, of an octagonal shape, and covered with black and white marble. It has three entrances, with bronze doors, but only those facing the cathedral, by Ghiberti, are "worthy of paradise." A gallery, supported by sixteen granite columns, runs round the whole inside of the building. The ceiling is adorned with five rows of old Mosaic representations from Scripture and the Legends, running round the cupola. Over the arch of the chief tribune is, likewise, in Mosaic, the figure of Christ, nearly twenty-eight feet high, engaged in the Last Judgment, enthroned over tombs and corpses. In the niche over the high altar is the *Lamb* with the inscription, *Hic Deus est magnus, mitis quem denotat agnus*, and, on the sides of it, Moses, the four chief Prophets, and three Patriarchs.

These Mosaics are, for the most part, by Andrew Tofi, a pupil of Cimabue, who died before his master in 1294. To acquire this art he had gone to Venice, where, at that time, Greek artists were engaged with the Mosaics in the church of S. Marc. And he succeeded in persuading one Apollonius to accompany him to Florence, where he was taught by him the art of preparing glasses and colours. Jac. da Turrita, who has also left some works in Pisa and Rome, worked at the same time with him. They all, however, bear the stamp of age, i. e. Byzantine meagreness, mixed with western rudeness and clumsiness. But the polishing of the rude materials, and the ancient fidelity of execution, are respectable. A statue of Donatello's, representing a repentant Magdalen is shocking to the sight. A miserable skeleton, emaciated as if it had been long mouldering in the grave, wrapped up in rags and her long hair, presents a horrid idea of a disgusting hectic, without giving any idea of the contrition of repentance or the operation of grace. Thus they imagined a Magdalen before the time of Correggio. It is in this beautiful christening chapel that the young Florentines are received to the holy font.

Near Ghiberti's doors are two columns of prophyry hung with heavy chains; a symbolic present of the grateful Pisanese, for the protection of their city by the Florentines, when its inhabitants were gone to the conquest of Minorca. On the other side of the chapel, stands a solitary column to commemorate a miracle operated by the corpse of the holy Bishop Zenobia, which, on being carried to the cathedral, accidentally touched against a withered elm-tree, standing on this spot, and made it thrive afresh.

The Church of S. Crose.

The rough unfinished front of this large edifice contrasts powerfully with the grand sublimity within, which fills the stranger with awe on his first entering it. Altars, tombs, and the most exquisite works of art follow here in succession. Turning to our right we met first of all with the tomb of *M. Angelo*. The statues of sculpture, painting, and architecture, are sitting in melancholy postures, on his sarcophagus, which is surmounted with the artist's bust.

Further on is the monument of *Alfieri*, by *Canova*. Mourning Italy stands near the sarcophagus, the corners of which are adorned with tragic masks, and his bust leaning against it, with the inscription: *Victorio Alferio Astensi Aloisia e principibus Stolbergis Albaniæ Comitissa M. P. C. MDCCCX.* Close by this we perceive the name of *Nicol. Macchiavelli* cut in marble, with the few suitable words, (although in bad Latin,) *Tanto nomini nullum par elogium.* Other and more humble monuments mark

the graves of the jesuit *A. Lanzi*, the learned author of the *Storia Pittorica*; *P. Nardino*, the famous violin player, and the mathematician *Fantoni*. Between them, in a niche, is the tomb of *Leon. Bruni*, by a pupil of *Donatello's*.

On the other side we find the monuments of the physician and antiquary *Cocchi*, of *Carlo Marzuppini*, a poet of the 14th century; those of the great *Galilei*, his pupil *Viviani*, and of several other distinguished men.

In the chapel *Baroncelli* we find the life of the Virgin, in *fresco*, by *Taddeo Gaddi*, with rather clumsy figures. The altar-piece, a coronation of Mary on a gold ground, with many angels and saints. The chapel *Rinuccini*, in the vestry, is painted by T. Gaddi, the life of the Virgin on one side, and some events of that of Mary Magdalen on the other. In a passage leading to the chapel *de' Medici del Noviziato*, are also many old paintings, among which we distinguished a gloomy colossal crucifix by *Cimabue*. Some remains of old paintings are yet to be found in some smaller chapels, but the best are in the choir behind the high altar, by *T. Gaddi*.

The chapel *Nicolini* contains some good specimens of modern art. Of which five statues by Francavilla, particularly those of Moses and Aaron, two altar-pieces by Aless. Allori, and some *fresco* in the cupola, are deserving of notice.

Vasari has greatly injured the dignity and style of the old edifice, by building the chapels and altars in quite a different taste. The paintings in them are partly by him, partly by other pupils of *M. Angelo*, or at least *Vasaresque* artists, and for the most part relate to the suffering, death, and resurrection of our Lord. There is a beautiful Trinity, by *Cigoli*, yet not in his usual strength of colouring. The martyrdom of S. Laurence, by Ligozzi, is a fresh and lively composition. Christ at Emmaus, and his resurrection, by di Tito, particularly the latter, are distinguished performances.

The Library of S. Lorenzo.

The charm of most churches in Italy is the place called Chiostro, which, enclosed by the buildings of the church or convent, is mostly planted with trees in the middle, and enclosed with a cool silent colonnade. In the delightful Chiostro belonging to the church of S. Lorenzo, we met with the statue of the historian Paul Jovius, by Francesco da San Gallo, in our passage to the library. This is built after a plan of M. Angelo, and is a moderate hall of a grand yet cheerful appearance. An antiroom, with the staircase leading to the library, have never been finished, although it was frequently attempted. M. Angelo after having begun the edifice on his own connected plan, was obliged

to leave it in its unfinished state. And when afterwards Vasari and Tribolo were called to finish the staircase, the plan of the master whose object they were unable to guess from his beginning, could not be found; and he himself, being then very old, had lost all recollection of it when Vasari questioned him about it. "Believe me," he writes in his answer, "that there would be no need of soliciting me, if I could recollect any thing of my plan. I have certainly a faint notion in my head about some staircase, yet certainly of a different one to what I then intended, because the thing now appears to me so unbecoming; however, I will put it down." And after some indistinct explanations of the unfitness of which he was probably aware, he briefly concluded his letter by saying: "I write ridiculous stuff, but trust that you will hit the right mark." However, it has not been done yet, nor have any of the stones been touched, which the deep mind of the great master has so strangely joined.

The windows, ceilings, and floors are painted by John d'Udine, with light arabes, and the arms of the Medici. The books are all MSS.; from between 6 to 7000 volumes are lying open on 44 desks with benches before them. It was Clement VII. who united them here from the different collections of his ancestors. We saw some very curious things here; for instance, a Ptolemy of the 15th century, with splendidly coloured maps; a contemporary codex of Homer, in the most beautiful character and with excellent miniature paintings; the P. Orsius from the eighth century; Quintilian, the famous Pisanese or Florentine pandectes; the document of the Florentine council held in 1439, under Pope Eugen IV. and the Emperor Palæologus, with a view of uniting the Greek and Latin churches, with the signatures of the two princes; a codex of Cicero's letters from the hand of Petrarch; Petrarch's lime, by another hand; with the poet's and Laura's portraits, to whom the painter has given a very beautiful mild countenance; a beautiful MS. of the Decamerone. A Bible from the 16th century, written by a monk for the holy Pope Gregory; a missal from the cathedral, of the date of 1390, with exquisite miniatures, attributed to P. Perugino; a codex of Dante written by Fil. Villani. It is impossible to enumerate all the other curiosities displayed before our astonished eyes; yet we cannot omit mentioning Galilei's forefinger, which is preserved here under a glass cover, and the original noted ink spot on the Codex of Longus, which we had only known before by print.

S. Marco and S. Annunziata.

The church and convent of S. Marco belong to the Dominican Friars, who are now again returning to their property. The interior of the church is worthy of some notice. It contains several

paintings of Fra. Bartolommeo. But an old Mosaic Madonna, completely in the Byzantine style, is most remarkable, although not for its perfections. The chapel of S. Anthony, built on the plan of G. di Bologna, is a splendid edifice, adorned with columns, paintings, and statutes, by Francavilla. The cupola is painted by A. Allori, and the lying-in-state and burial of the Saint, by Passignano. A naked gigantic fellow, in the fore-grounds of both paintings, seems, with the sacrifice of decency, only to be introduced to display the plainter's knowledge of the naked forms. Nor ought the tombs of Pico di Mirandola and Angelo Poliziano, to be overlooked, since their names, as the inscription on the former has it, are even known to the Antipodes.

It was in this convent where Fra. Giovanni da Frisolo worked, and spent his holy life. The collection of the Louvre possessed only one of his paintings, the admirable coronation of the Virgin. Every cell in this convent, however, has been adorned by him with a large fresco-painting. Paintings of his are, also, found in the *chiostri*, and on the walls of the passages. Fra. Giovanni's art, however, is most brilliant in smaller paintings and miniatures, of which he finished an immense number, although a great many have been destroyed by time. The humility and piety of this man, which made him even refuse a mitre that was offered to him, were almost unequalled. He would never paint any thing else but holy subjects. And it is said of him, that he never painted any scene from the life or sufferings of Christ, without weeping bitterly, and that, in the simplicity of his faith, he could never be induced to mend any fault in the painting, considering every touch of his pencil as the effect of higher inspiration, and himself only as the instrument. The energetic Savonarola, as well as the immortal Fra. Bartolommeo, issued from this convent.

The church of S. Annunziata, close by this, is rendered famous by an alleged miracle performed here, in 1252. The artist, engaged in painting an Annunciation on the wall of the church, had finished every part of it, except the face of the Virgin, about which he was still doubtful. One day, when he was revolving the subject in his mind, he fell asleep, and waking again, he beheld, to his admiration, the beautiful countenance of the Virgin, completed with the most heavenly colours. It has been an object of worship ever since. But, probably, in order to keep it from being injured by the eagerness of devotees, it is always kept covered with a curtain; but copies of it may be seen in other Italian churches, and even on a medal which had been taken from it.

The small *chiostro*, before the entrance, contains some lovely

fresco-paintings. The birth of Christ, by Alessio Baldovinetti is, probably, the oldest; rough and stiff, but yet innocent and tender. The vision of Filippo Benizzi is in the same style, by Cosimo Rosselli. The former, a physician, is induced, by the Virgin, who appears to him on a car drawn by the lion on the lamb, to enter into the order of the Servites. Some excellent fresco-paintings are from the youthful hand of Andrea del Sarto. They mostly refer to the history of S. Filippo: one represents him giving his shirt to a leperous man; in another, the lightning striking a tree, is scattering a crowd of people, who, gambling and swearing, had been despising the Saint's exhortations; fright, confusion, and the fear of a flying woman, and the terror of a capering horse, are expressed in it in a masterly manner;—in another, the saint is driving out a devil from a girl;—in another, a dead child is revived by touching his bier;—and the last represents a priest before the altar, handing some reliques to kneeling women with children on their arms. The two last paintings excel in every respect; there is a peculiar innocence and grace expressed in the children, and a truth and simplicity in the compositions, which baffle all description. Besides these, there are also here, by the same master, a birth of Mary, and an adoration of the kings. We also found here his tomb, surmounted by his marble bust.

In the splendid chapel Vell Annunziata, which contains the miraculous picture, every thing is covered with silver and precious stones; perpetual lights are burning in numerous silver lamps, one mass follows close upon another. From the midst of all this splendour we were attracted by a mildly-smiling head of Christ, by del Sarto, on the tabernacle. Among other works of art, the church contains, by Bandinelli, a dead Christ in the arms of Nicodemus, in marble; the noble, manly countenance of the latter being the artist's portrait. The chief tribune is the work of L. B. Alberti, and, among several fine altar-pieces, contains one by P. Perugino. The fifth chapel was built by G. di Bologna, at his own expense, and the bronze crucifix in it is of his workmanship. The beautiful cupola of the tribune is painted by F. di Volterra, with an ascension of the Virgin, surrounded by a multitude of Saints, for which one pair of eyes is not enough.

Between the church and the convent is a beautiful *chiostro*. Over the door which leads to it from the church is the famous Madonna de Saccho, by del Sarto. It is the sack against which Joseph is leaning which gave the name to the painting. The peace and comfort which is spread over this holy family is delightful; yet I could not help finding fault with the heavy, clumsy dress of the Madona. The twenty-four other *lunettes* con-

tain representations of the deeds of the seven founders of the order, by Poccetti, Rosseli, and Salimbini, some of which are excellent. Between the *lunettes* are the portraits of the most distinguished members of the orders, in an uncommonly fresh and warm colouring

The Grand Duke's Gallery.

From the almost daily remarks which I made during a residence of nearly seven weeks, I will try to convey an idea of this incomparable collection; hoping to renew, by it, some pleasing recollections in those who are acquainted with it, and even to give, by this short sketch, some satisfaction to those who are not.

The gallery is in the upper story of the Loggiato degli Uffici. After having ascended part of the convenient stair-case, the visitor is stopped by some well-dressed, but rather impudent, female beggars, who, with outstretched arms, prevent his progress till he has satisfied them. Then he ascends the fourth stair-case and enters a floor, where he will meet, in a passage, with all the busts of the grand-dukes, down to John Gaston.—The anti-room contains some excellent pieces of sculpture. Among which, the statues of Trajan and Augustus, two trophies, a rampant horse, a half-lying boar, two sitting wolves, at the entrance, are admirable; a bust of Leopold, and an inscription over the door, deserve attention.

I.

On entering, we look down a long corridor, of which the gallery contains three, representing a Greek II. A host of sarcophagi, statues, and *hermæ*, are ranged along the walls, which are, themselves, covered with paintings. Behold, quite near the entrance, two Roman matrons in the easy posture of Agrippine, sitting on their *cathedra*, as if they were enjoying the spectacle presented by a marble Hercules, who is slaying Nessus. Further on you will admire the sublime attitude of a *Urania*. How neatly the tender drapery casts its plain and beautiful folds round the virgin-form of that vestal! Look at those emperors and philosophers, and read their virtues and vices, their wisdom or profligacy, from their brows. Tender Ampelos wilt thou be a sufficient support to thy god Bacchus? Here is the mother of love; and yonder Paris, still holding the apple in his hand. We behold Marsyas tied to a tree, and Narcissus still wrapped in self-admiration. Such were the creations of the ancients; but the moderns, too, have here shewn themselves worthy of the laurels. At the end of the third corridor, stands a lovely Bacchus of M. Angelo's, another by Sansovino, and an excellent repetition of the Laocoon, by Bandinelli.

The paintings in the corridor are most interesting from presenting the history of the Tuscan school. The oldest picture is a Ma-

donna by *Andreu Rico di Candia*, from the 13th century, quite in the Byzantine taste. Cimabue is missing. Giotto is followed by several masters of the 14th century; among these we distinguished a tabernacle, by *Fra. Giovanni Angelico*, with a Madona and the four Evangelists, above the size of life. He is followed by *L. di Credi* and others, from whom we come, by a sudden leap, to the school of *Angelo*, to *Salviati*, *Allori*, *Vasari*, *Stradanus*. How a woman, *Artemisia Gentileschi*, could paint the murder of Holofernes in such an exaggerated, butcher-like style, is inconceivable to me, but it is evident that the graces had turned their backs on the good *Giv. di San Giovanni*, when he painted his Venus combing Cupid.

The ceilings of the corridors have beautiful allegorical *fresco* representations of arts and sciences, each of which is surrounded by the portraits of those that have distinguished themselves in them,

Thus we see in the compartments of painting, *Cimabue* receiving the visit of Charles of Anjou in his study; *A. del Sarto* engaged with the painting of his *Madonna del Sacco*; *Brunelleschi* holding the plan of the cupola of the cathedral, &c. Besides these there are real or allegorical representations of subjects tending to add to the glory of the city and the Medici family.

II.

The sanctuary of the gallery is the *tribunal*. It receives its light from above, and is the depository of the bloom of ancient and modern art. We address ourselves first to the latter, and are immediately received by her high-priest, *Raphael*.

Close by the door is the portrait of the artist's mistress, *Fornarina*; a proud, conquering, and yet tender beauty, with a fulness of charms, tempered by virginal grace; these are the charms which Raphael offered to the admiration of posterity. Close by hangs the famous *Madona del Cardello*. The Madona is sitting in a landscape with small, slender trees, and a city in the back-ground. In her left hand she holds a book, and with the right one she embraces the child, which, standing between her knees, is stretching out his hand for a bird which his companion John is offering to him. John in the desert displays the energetic style of the artist, after *Fra. Bartomeo* and *M. Angelo* had influenced it. The portrait of pope Julius II. is painted with such warmth and energy that one can scarcely persuade one's self of its being merely a painting.

Another holy family, which is likewise ascribed to *Raphael*, seems to me, by its arrangement, appendages, and more earthly physiognomies, rather to belong to *A. del Sarto*. The last of Raphael's paintings is the portrait of *Maddalena Doni*, a lovely serious countenance. It is undoubtedly one of his earlier performances, approaching more the school of *Perugino*. From the treasures of the Tribune we mention the following subjects. Madona on the

throne with John the Baptist, and S. Sebastianus, is a delightful painting by *P. Perugino*. An Angel's head, and a small Madona, worshipping her child, with maternal joy and deep devotion, by *Correggio*. In a *reposo*, by the same artist, besides some defect in the drawing, we cannot well conceive how the "master of colouring" came to dress the Virgin in yellow and blue. A painting by *M. Angelo*, we are told by *Vasari*, represents a holy family, although we do not know what to make of the strangely-grouped figures, and the number of naked people in the back-ground. The murder of the Innocents, by *D. da Volterra*, although, savouring of the school from which this master issued, yet evinces his energy and independence. Job and Jeremiah, by *Fra. Bartolomeo*, are two grand and majestic figures. Two Venuses by Titian, one of which is the famous one. An adoration of the kings, by Durer, an Ecce homo by Lucas of Leyden.

It was in this tribune, too, that the Venus de Medicis resided, the place of which, till her return from Paris, is occupied by another Venus, made by Canova for the city of Florence. It is a neat puppet, which, to say the best of it, is not badly executed. There are besides, in this tribune, the tender ethereal Apollin, the two Wrestlers, the Dancing Fawn, and the Grinder, which has given occasion to so many explanations.

III.

In the two rooms to the left of the tribune is a selection of paintings by Tuscan masters. Two miracles of S. Zanobi's, by R. Ghirlandajo; the resurrection of a dead body, and the reviving of a withered tree, are remarkable for their freshness of colours and energy of expression. A Madona surrounded by saints, by D. Ghirlandajo, is a grand performance. There we distinguished also a remarkable sketch of da Vinci's; the adoration of the kings, and three or four excellent paintings by M. Martinelli, a friend and pupil of Frate's, whom he is very much like in style. There are but few works of this artist left, and these are seldom met with beyond Italy. The next room contains a great number of small but exquisite paintings; the most interesting of which is perhaps da Vinci's public-house sign, of which Vesari gives us the history. Ser. P. da Vinci, Leonardo's father, was requested by a countryman to have a sign-board, which he gave him, painted for him in town. Ser. Pietro begged his son to do it, who showed himself immediately willing, and had the tin plate properly bent and prepared for his purpose. He collected upon his walks, all the frogs, toads, lizards, snakes, &c. which he could get, from which living originals he represented on the plate a head of the Medusa, with dreadfully cold and inanimate features. The zeal with which he carried on his labour did not

allow him to perceive the stench of the putrifying creatures with which his father found him surrounded. The latter procured the countryman another sign, painted, probably, more to his taste, a heart pierced by an arrow. But he sold the performance of his son to some merchants for a hundred ducats, and the Duke of Milan bought it of them for 300. Florence is now again in possession of this treasure.

A third small room contains sculptures. Here an hermaphrodite sleeps in voluptuous dreams; a Ganymede (repaired by Cellini) is stretching out his arms to heaven: and a heavenly genius of death is lowering his torch. Besides there are some excellent busts and colossal heads.

IV.

We now went through the rooms to the right of the tribune. The first contains subjects from the Venetian, Lombard, and Neapolitan schools, among which we distinguished the rape of Europa, by Albano, and a landscape by Salvator Rosa. In the two following rooms are performances of Flemish and German artists. Among the latter there are many beautiful paintings, by A. Elzheimer, and two excellent heads of Apostles, by Durer. Among the Flemish paintings we noticed a great deal by Mieris, and that divine landscape by Claude Lorrain; the palace on the sea shore with the sinking sun. The next room, that of the French school, is badly provided, it scarcely possesses a painting of N. Poussin's. It contains a fine statue of a *Spinario* (a person pulling out a thorn.)

V.

In the corridor opposite the tribune, is the entrance to the two rooms of the Venetian school, containing some masterpieces of Bellino, Giorgione, and Titian. Next to these are the two rooms containing 400 portraits of painters, all done by the respective artists. The marble statue of their founder, Cardinal Leopold Medici, is added to them, and the second room also contains the famous Medicean vase.

The adjoining room contains Greek and Roman inscriptions, tomb-stones, tombs, basso-relievos, heads, and busts. Here is also M. Angelo's unfinished head of Brutus, with Bembo's notorious inscription. The next room is called Stanza del Frati, from a painting of Fra. Bartolomeo, which, although not quite finished, is, in its simple chiaro-oscuro, a grand performance. Besides, the room contains works of Sodoma, M. Abertinelli, Allori, Gio. Bellino, A. del Sarto, and other great artists.

VI.

One room is entirely appropriated to Niobe and her children.

The apartment is splendidly adorned; but the grand tragedy which is exhibited here of a whole race crushed by the wrath of heaven, and of a disconsolate mother deprived of all her children, leaves no room for further observations. Even her youngest, who is flying to her bosom, she cannot save against the omnipotence of the Gods, to whom she in vain raises the agonized look. The timid daughters attempt to fly; the sons show more courage, particularly one sunk on one knee, and supporting himself on one arm, is looking up with scorn and wrath, and the dress of the other two, by the swift motion, is flying picturesquely over his head and shoulders.

Frequent but ineffectual attempts have been made to place the group of the Niobites as they originally stood. They now stand against the walls of the room in a semi-circle. Mr. Cockerell, a young English architect, who had been long engaged with the excavation of the temple of Jupiter Panhellenios in Argino, by comparing what he had seen and read on the subject of groups and statues in the fronts of temples, arranged them in a manner which offers the group as a perfect pyramidal picture, filling the space of a pediment. Niobe is in the middle, and six figures on each side.

VII.

After a small collection of Hetrurian vases, follows a room with modern bronzes; containing, among the rest, the helmet, shield, and bust of Cosmus I. by B. Cellini, copies of the best statues in the tribune, and Gio. di Bologna's famous Mercury, which a lady in my presence called *une belle désse.*

The adjoining apartment preserves, in 19 cases, the most remarkable bronze collection of old Hetrurian and Roman family and temple utensils, ornaments, and warlike instruments. In the centre of the room are the famous Hetrurian Chimera, an orator, a Pallas, and a beautiful horse's head of the size of life.

A small circular closet with a cupola, supported on columns of verde antico and oriental alabaster, contains the most curious works in precious stones. Vases of *pietre dure*, mostly with handles and lids of the finest gold ore enamel; large cups and saucers of chalcedon, lapis lazuli, heliotrop, and crystal. There is also here the unfinished tabernacle of the princely chapel of S. Lorenzo, which was to represent a small temple. The pavement of the steps is mosaic; and the sixteen columns, above two feet high, are of crystal, agate, with capitals of gold, enamel, and precious stones. Another room contains a valuable collection of engraved stones.

Theatre.

At our arrival they had been performing for some time at the

theatre del Cocomero, the house for the opera buffa, La Contessa di Colla erboso, a versified absurdity with some pretty music by Generali, in which we were delighted by the beautiful performance and tasteful singing of the Signora Testa Maffei. The ballet, between the two acts, was likewise of long standing, and was well executed.

After some time, however, they began the Contessa with the second act, and finished it with the first; in order to let the majority of the audience that used to leave at the finishing of the ballet, see the end of the opera. The fable and music are, however, so arranged that the whole may be turned and twisted without making it better or worse. The invention and management of all the ballets is by Gioja, who is so much thought of by the Florentine people, that we heard a young gentleman apply to him the words from Macchiavel's tomb: *Tanto nomini nullum par elogium.*

The opera seria is in the theatre della Pergola, a large, beautiful, and well lighted house. Signor David, the first tenor, and a favourite of the public, contributed most in disgusting us, by the nonsensical exaggerations with which he garnished his song. But it is just this barbarous custom which creates him his admirers. As soon as he has duly commenced, the noise so prevalent in Italian operas, and particularly in this theatre, ceases and all is attention. The ballet Cesare in Egitto, also by Gioja, was performed with great eclat, and rapturously applauded. Instead of play-bills they use a board, which is suspended by a rope across the street, and on which, the name of the play is written in large characters. In the serious opera, too, the acts are inverted after the piece has been performed for some time.

The merry theatre della Guarconia, where the performers are made of wood and wire, draws a great many people, particularly from the lower orders.

Dante's Stone.

Opposite Giotto's steeple, by the cathedral, is a row of houses with a kind of stone balustrade before them, the usual stand for brokers. Here a white marble slab is seen on the ground, which is called Dante's stone. On this spot, it is said, the great poet was frequently seen in the evening, lost in lofty contemplations.

Then the cathedral had not its present appearance, but the same heaven, with its numberless stars, was stretched over it. Here the great man, seized with holy inspiration, saw the great phantoms pass before his mind's eye, which he has preserved in his divine poem. Here, on this stone, his ardent heart was, perhaps, in many a night, agitated by wishes and cares for his ungrateful country, that unmercifully banished him.

S. Maria Novella and other Churches.

S. Maria Novella, which M. Angelo used to call Sposa Novella, is an ancient but noble and cheerful edifice. It is particularly remarkable for fresco-paintings, in some of its chapels, by such old masters as Cimabue, F. Lippi, D. Ghirlandajo, and others. The choir contains besides the representation of the Virgin and John the Baptist, by the latter artist, the portraits of many of his contemporaries, such as A. Poliziano, Lorenzo Medici, and also his own. One chapel is painted by the brothers A. and B. Oreagna. One wall shows a representation of hell, after Dante's description, that opposite the paradise; it is remarkable for its want of perspective. Round the throne of Christ and Madona, are about 400 beautiful heads of saints, one above the other, the lowest of which only have their full figures. A Chiostro contains some damaged paintings, by P. Uccelo, an old Florentine master, who made some great improvements in perspective. Here is also the entrance to the chapel da' Spagnuoli, which is entirely painted by T. Gaddi and S. Memmi. One side represents the contending and victorious church. Round a dome are sitting various popes, prelates, fathers, and other doctors, in the middle of whom are a number of sheep, guarded by dogs, on a bier. What the dogs can mean is not very clear. Some sheep, separated from the main flock, are devoured by the wolves, with which the dogs are, however, still struggling. There are also some groups of disputing heathens, Turks and Jews, to whom the fathers are demonstrating the faith by their fingers. Over the dome is heaven, with all the saints, and Peter at the gate, receiving the elect and turning back the reprobate that cannot stand the rigorous examination, which, as Dante informs us, every celestial candidate has to undergo before he is admitted. On the other side we see St. Thomas d'Aquino, surrounded by angels, with all the sciences, represented by female figures, at his feet, each of whom has one of the chief doctors of her branch sitting on a low bench before her. On the wall over the altar is a crucifixion, with many figures. And on the ceiling are, in four compartments, Christ on the Lake, the Resurrection, Ascension, and Effusion of the Holy Ghost. The scene of the latter is laid on the loggia of an Italian house, to which the people below are looking up with admiration, and one, to get better at the truth of the mystery, is peeping through a gap in the door. It is true all these drawings are coarse and harsh, and the figures clumsy and uncouth; yet in all these compositions there is a peculiar energy and unaffectedness, a faithful regard to nature, which is evinced by truth of expression, good colouring, and the elegant cast of some of the drapery.

S. Madonna del Carmine contains one famous chapel, painted

by Mosaccio, who, by a sudden leap, brought the art almost to its highest perfection. The paintings represent the life and martyrdom of St. Peter in grand frescos, which were admired and studied by da Vinci, M. Angelo, and all other great masters; and are still the refuge of the real disciples of art. During a conflagration which consumed the whole church in 1771, this chapel was spared.

The chapel Sassetti, in Trinity church, is entirely painted by Ghirlandajo the elder. Some miracles of St. Francis and his burial are wonderful performances, bespeaking energy, truth, and innocence. His heads are excellent.

The church of Orsamnichele (San Michele in Orto in horreo,) one of the oldest in Florence, is most striking in its exterior. In 14 elegantly ornamented Gothic niches, it possesses as many statues of marble or bronze, from the hands of the most renowned ancient artists, such as Ghiberti, Donatello, A. Verochio. Within the church is a marble tabernacle by A. Orcogna, with some very good basso-relievos, which experienced great veneration after the plague which afflicted the city in 1348. Some old figures, by L. di Credi and T. Gaddi are almost entirely mouldered.

The Museum of Natural History.

This museum is contained in 40 large apartments. It cannot be said to be complete in all its branches, particularly in that of zoology. But on the whole it is incomparable, and leaves the deepest impression on the mind. Its greatest worth, however, it receives from its collection of wax preparations of human anatomy, which are diffused over eighteen cabinets. Susini, by whom they were for the most part made, under the direction of Fontano, is now dead, but Calenzuoli, an equally clever man in his line, is yet alive. The collection is now increased with preparations from comparative anatomy. There is, for instance, a dog's head with the nerves of smelling and tasting; a calf's head, with natural and enlarged lingual glands; some of the coecum of birds; the anatomy of a fish, a snail, a leech, and the changes of the silk worm.

In the vegetable department it contains many copies of plants in wax. Next to the mineralogical collection is a room for fossil bones, which is very rich.

One small apartment contains the labours of the Sicilian Zumbo (from the end of the 16th century.) He has represented, in small masterly groups of wax, all the gradations of dissolution, and all the horrors of the plague, particularly of that which raged in 1348, under the name of the black death.

Behind the building is a well-stocked botanical garden. A Magnolia Grandiflora rises beautifully in the middle of it, between

palm-trees and other rare plants. The hot-houses were building. A coffee-tree and a pisang that were there, were "without honour."

The Palaces of Riccardi and Pitti.

On a corner of the Via Larga, one of the finest streets in Florence, stands a beautiful, solid, and majestic edifice. It was built by Michelozzo for Cosmus I. This palace, Pitti, afterwards came to the family of Riccardi. The court-yard is ornamented with busts, inscriptions, and a marble slab, on which the names of all the high personages are inscribed, that were ever received within its hospitable walls. A beautiful staircase leads to the part called the gallery, the ceiling of which is painted by L. Giordano, and is, perhaps, one of his best performances I have yet seen. It represents the apotheosis of the Medici, in the presence of the assembled gods. The library adjoining the palace contains about 60,000 volumes, with some of the first editions of printed books.

The palace Pitti has its name from Luca Pitti, a noble Florentine and friend of Cosmus, who had it first built, and of whom it was bought by Cosmus. The breadth of the edifice is almost too great for its height, and its exterior is still more simple than that of the other Florentine palaces of that time; a plain rustic style, which, with its grand features and great masses, give it a majestic appearance. The interior, or the court side, is handsomer. Three orders of columns with proper ornaments, and resting on a rustic foundation, rise one above the other. Opposite the portal of the palace is a grotto with a spring and a statue of Moses. Close at hand, in a corner, is the basso-relievo of a mule, the original of which, according to the inscription, carried all the stones and materials to the building.

Although 60 paintings, belonging to the gallery of the palace, are yet expected from Paris, it is still one of the richest in Europe. There are several distinguished performances, by A. del Sarto, Fra. Bartolomeo, Titian, and L. da Vinci. Among the older painters there are some of Fra. F. Lippi and Perugino.

The Relics of M. Angelo.

A friend took us to signor Cosimo Buonaroti, a lawyer, descended in the fifth or sixth degree from M. Angelo. He showed us every thing of him which is yet in the possession of the family. The bust of the gigantic man, by G. di Bologna, cast in bronze, is here revered like a palladium. We first saw some sketches and drawings of the great master, among which a small Fortuna, and a crucifix in red chalk, the head of a Cleopatra, with a real Ethiopian physiognomy in black chalk, and a large Madona with a lovely infant at her breast, both finished, were the most remarkable. An unfinished basso-relievo in marble, represent-

ing a Carita with several children, is kept here as the document of his mastership in sculpture. A collection of his MSS., consisting mostly of madrigals and sonnets. All these detached scraps are neatly pasted on the blank leaves of a folio volume. The writing is manly, firm, and very legible. The poetry is mostly of the tender kind, and frequently accompanied with playful notes to some friend or other, drawings with the pen, of caricatures, whimsical heads, and the like. Thus he signs himself on the same paper for the second time, *Vostro Michelagnolo dello stesso macello.* At the end of the volume a number of sonnets and letters, directed to him by some of his distinguished cotemporaries, such as Gio. d' Udine, A. Bronzino, &c. are added, beside a letter of his from Rome to the prebendary Ricci, in Florence, in which he speaks with great modesty of the praise bestowed on him by Varchi, in his History of Florence. A second codex contains a copy of his poems, with amendments, from his own hand. His house is situated in the Via de' Ghibellini, and was let, by the father of our Cosimo, to a publican, from whom he will have it back again, to form a gallery in it of good paintings of other Florentine masters, which he possesses.

On our return we came through the street Borgo Allegri, a name which it received from the exultation that was excited by Cimabue's Madona. It was in this street where he had his study, and whither the Duke of Anjou was triumphantly led by the citizens, to give, by his presence, an additional splendour to this wonderful performance.

Hospitals.

S. Maria Nuova, the chief hospital of the city, always contains above 1000 patients. They lie on iron bedsteads with white furniture, in large and lofty rooms, which, however, are not remarkably clean. But their treatment and keep is good, and the house well arranged, although its situation, in the centre of the city, and built round on all sides, is not advantageous. It possesses a physico-surgical library, a small botanical garden, a pathological cabinet, with several wax preparations, and a kitchen, remarkable for its simplicity and economy. The fire, which for the size of the coppers is not very large, is in the middle of the hearth. The steam and smoke from it are caught in five tubes, and are used for the heating of the water. Five cooks are found sufficient for the whole; every thing is handed in and out through windows, which keeps the patients, as well as the nurses, out of the kitchen.

On the entrance to the yard is a tombstone, fixed in the wall, in which the figure of a Madona Tessa is very rudely cut. She was, in the thirteenth century, a servant to one Folco Portinari,

whom she induced to build this hospital, adding her own savings to defray the expense. This Folco, however, was the father of Dante's *Beatrice*.

This hospital also possesses, under an arcade in a small garden, a beautiful fresco painting of Fra Bartolommeo's, representing the Day of Judgment. He commenced it before he entered the order of the Dominicans, and it was finished by his friend, M. Albertinelli, but it is much damaged.

S. Bonifacio hospital contains about six hundred patients. The lower rooms are large and lofty, but those above, rather narrow. A particular part of the house is appropriated to those who suffer from mental diseases, about three hundred in number; where maniacs are kept in airy clean cells, and enjoy a humane treatment. Opposite this institution is the friendly palace Pondolfini, built after a plan of Raphael's.

The foundling hospital Innocenti receives between 1300 and 1400 children annually. A lying-in-hospital is about to be built. The children in the house, where they are brought up by the hand, look very unhealthy; but most are brought up in the country, by wet-nurses, and thrive no better. The small hospital-church contains a heavenly altar-piece, the adoration of the kings, with a large retinue, in a delightful landscape, by D. Ghirlendajo. The energy and freshness of the colouring, the grandeur and loveliness of the figures, the truth and purity of expression, are quite indescribable.

This hospital is situated in the Piazza dell' Annunziata, of which it occupies one side; the church and a palace occupy the two others, having arcades in front, built by Brunelleschi. The equestrian statue of the grand Duke Ferdinand I. is standing in the middle, between two small fountains.

The Academy of Arts.

Three garlands of laurel, oak, and olive, over the entrance, announce the three plastic arts. In the small court-yard we perceive several round basso-relievos in the walls, made of burnt clay, the like of which are frequently seen in Florence. All these works are by L. della Robbia, a clever sculptor of the fifteenth century, who, after having invented this sort of composition, gave up his original profession, entirely devoting himself to his new lucrative art. Vasari says that his works were spread all over Europe; however, what remains of him in this city evinces him as a good draughtsman, with the pious simplicity of his age.

The collections of the academy are considerable. A great room contains casts from the most distinguished ancient statues, in plaster of Paris; the doors of the room being casts from

Ghiberti's gates of heaven. In the room for the cartoons, are some excellent large drawings, in chiaro oscuro, by Fra Bartolommeo, del Sarto, and Raphael. One cabinet contains the small paintings of old Florentine artists, particularly of Fra Giovanni Angelico, who displays here, in the life of Christ, all the charms of his art and mind. A large apartment contains the other larger paintings, all interesting either for themselves, or the history of the art. Cimabue opens the list of the venerable names, among which scarcely one of the older Florentines is missing, and who are associated with the master-pieces of some others, such as B. Perugino. At the upper end of the apartment is M. Angelo's bust, with the beautiful words from Petrarch:

Levanda terra al ciel nostro intelletto.

The former convent of S. Catherina, which now contains the schools for music, mechanics, and other arts, is connected with the academy. This convent was inhabited by the Sennor Plau. Nelli, a friend and pupil of Fra. Bartolommeo, of whom the Academy possesses some paintings. They have, with a good deal of merit, the peculiarity that all the male faces in them are perfectly female, and only covered with beards, this being the only idea the good sister could form of them.

The academy is also in possession of the *chiostro* of the reduced Campagnia di S. Giovanni Battista, *alias* dello Scalzo, famous for its beautiful frescos by del Sarto, representing the life of the Baptist in *chiaro oscuro*. Near the entrance soar the beautiful figures of Faith and Hope; over it the artist's bust; on the door opposite, Justice and a Carità, the loveliness and charm of which, are indescribable. The Sermon in the Desert is full of inspiration and devotion. The meeting of John with Christ, equally excellent, is by Francabigio, a friend of Andrea's. But these incomparable paintings are decaying so fast that there will be soon nothing left of them.

St. Luke's day, on the 18th of October, is sacred to all painters as that of their patron. In the chiostro dell' Annunziata, is a proper chapel of that saint, where we to-day assisted at the commemoration of his name. The small place was properly ornamented for the occasion; but, besides a fresco painting of Vasari's, S. Luke painting the Madona, it contains nothing remarkable. All the professors of the academy breakfasted in the refectory of the convent, upon chocolate and cake, and then went into the chapel, where a musical mass, sung by eunuchs, finished the solemnity.

Modern Artists.

Several paintings of young men, which we had seen in the

studies of the academy, displayed both talent and skill. We were, therefore, desirous to see Benvennti, the director of this institution; but he being then in Paris, we were compelled to be satisfied with seeing his works.

His death of Priam, a very large painting, in the palace Corsini, deserves to be mentioned. The whole is undoubtedly composed with much knowledge, and is rich enough to furnish materials for several paintings. But this seems to be its fault; for, to direct the eye to the chief group, he was obliged to use some violence, which produces no good effect, though in our days it is the main object; the central scene has so many distortions, extravagancies, and theatrical turns in the position and character of the figures, that it is unpleasant to look at it. The artist has followed Virgil very faithfully in every point. And to be quite correct, he even went so far as to introduce the best known models into his picture, for his Priam, his Laocoon, his Polites, the dead son of Niobe, and many of his female figures, are copies from the daughters of Niobe. There is some energy in the colouring, but little warmth; the treatment is secure and bold, only the objects in the centre and back ground are too grey and appear as through a fog. This may be in some measure excused by the smoke of the temple, yet it seems to be in general the fault of the moderns that have studied in Paris.

This painting, if I am not quite mistaken, gives a clear idea of the spirit and state of the modern art. The elements of her productions are not warmth and feeling, not enthusiasm and poetry, but a cold calculating study, a national, sober prose. The very choice of his subject does not seem to me to be a good one: the mythological subjects are too far removed from us; with Hamlet we may ask: what is Hecuba to us, or we to Hecuba, that we should weep for her? Another time stands before us, whose calls are nearer to us; a new, higher world has been opened, with which our whole existence is closely connected. The beauties of classic antiquity will always serve us as models; but the images of our phantasy are of a different cast, and our hearts can only be touched by a truth of a higher kind, and by the expression of holy inspiration. We do not blame those who adhere to strict rules of the art; but they will seldom produce any genial work, which may touch our feelings. It is the French school in particular, which has introduced this dominion of pure reason in art, as they had long before done in poetry. For all their compositions, they have but the same types, which are only differently arranged and fitted up with some new extravagance, to give it effect. David, in particular, has favoured this system, which has also been transplanted to Florence.

Barzuoli, a clever pupil of the academy, we found occupied

with a large painting, the subject of which, although nearer to us, seemed yet unhappily chosen, because the poet has left too little room for the phantasy of the artist to work upon. It was Dante's Francesca d'Ariminio with her brother-in-law stealing a kiss from her, while her enraged husband in the back-ground is ready to break forth with a drawn sword. Although a good deal of merit must be allowed to this performance, it has yet the stamp of modernism also impressed on it.

In the study of the sculptor Ricci we found some very valuable productions, many of which seemed to us to surpass some of the best works of Canova.

Raph. Morghen is still one of the most excellent engravers.

The Gardens Boboli and Stiozzi.

The former is behind the palace Pitti, which with its variety of hill and dale, laurel and cypress bushes, forms an agreeable spot. The numerous statues in it are for the most part of an indifferent kind. On an island surrounded by fountains and orange-trees, stands the colossal statue of Okeanos, by Gio. di Bologna.

The garden Stiozzi is remarkable in the history of literature. For here where the famous Horti Oricellarii, where B. Ruccellai used to collect all the numerous scholars of Florence, where Machiavel used to read his discorsi, and from which every profane person was excluded by the singular inscription: *Absit dolus malus, et Juris consultus!* The present possessor has laid it out, in the English style, in a very beautiful manner. The prospects from some of the hills are charming. The wall of the convent adjoining the garden has been very properly made to represent the front of an ancient abbey. There are also a great number of grottos, ponds, &c. The statue of a Saturn eating his children, formerly a fountain, inspires ridicule mixed with horror.

The Church of S. Miniato.

A narrow path along the city walls, outside the gate, led us to another, marked with the stations of the passion, by which we reached this old church, situated on a hill, on which M. Angelo had erected some fortifications. It was built in the year 1013, by the Emperor Henry I. and is now generally locked up. The front is covered with black and white marble, and the walls within are covered with decayed fresco paintings. Two marble staircases lead, after the ancient manner, to the presbytery. This has five windows of transparent marble, with a semi-circular lunette, in which our Saviour, in as colossal a size as in the Battisterio, is represented in mosaic, with the Madona and S. Miniatus. There is a fine chapel built here by Cardinal James, of Portugal, in which he was buried. His marble tomb is a very elegant and

neat work, by A. Rossellini. Opposite is the episcopal chair made of marble and porphyry, and an Annunciation, by Pallajolo. On the ceiling are, on four round shields of terra cotta, the Evangelists, by L. della Robbia.

Manners of the People, Climate, &c.

Cervantes says, he was delighted with Florence, not only by its beautiful situation, but also by its cleanliness, splendid edifices, its cheerful river and bright streets. Its cleanliness is still to be admired; it is pleasing to see with what eagerness old and young people are constantly employed in collecting every kind of rubbish, which they carry on donkeys into their fields. But at the same time, the people take care always to provide for a new stock, by satisfying every call of nature in the public streets, and before every body. To protect themselves against this nuisance, the lower parts of the exterior of the houses and churches are seen frequently marked with crosses, with the superscription: *Rispetto a Marias, a Jesù, &c.* (respect for the holy Virgin, for Jesus;) but they seem mostly invitations for what they are to prevent. The interior of the houses, however, are for the most part clean, elegant, and comfortable.

The people are laborious, lively, witty, well made, and have a peculiar charm in their language. It is only to be regretted that they always pronounce the K like a strongly aspirated H, a fault from which even the higher orders are not free.

There is an abundance and a variety of fruit, vegetables, meat and fish here, which leaves nothing to desire, particularly as their style of cooking is excellent. The coffee-houses are well managed, providing excellent chocolate in the morning, refreshing beverages during the day, and in the evening, when they are splendidly light up, and even visited by well dressed ladies, *orgates* and ices. Also the Hetrurian wines are excellent. The autumn is the most delightful season of this happy country. Then the air is so mild and clear, so soft and balsamic, and breathes so delightfully through the ever-green oaks and laurel, that every breath fills the inhabitants with new vigour. The evenings are heavenly; long after the sun has set, a holy stream of light covers the firmament, and vanishes late under the sparkling stars. Then songs and the sound of the guitar are heard, humming through the silence of the night, which covers, under its trusty veil, the adventures of emboldened love. The lively streets are crowded with happy people, and are brightened by the numerous lights in the shops, coffee-houses, and before the holy images. The autumn too is the happy time of the Villeggiatur, which only finishes towards Christmas.

The winter seldom lasts very long. On the day of Simon and

Jude, the showers of rain were incessant. It is the grand day for chesnuts, which are then selling in every street, piled up in large bags. Rich and poor eat them on that day, boiled with fennel.

Some bright cold days, which happened in November, the inhabitants called the weather freschetto, and remained dressed as if it were in July. But it seemed to us a bitter frescaccio, and made us sigh for a German stove. We envied the peasants, who had put on their cloaks, the colour and picturesque folds of which often gave them a fantastic appearance. The beau-monde, that on Sundays used generally to walk under the Loggiato degli Uffizi, now preferred walking under the rays of the sun, near the river. Among the ladies we could not perceive any absolute beauties, but yet a great deal of grace; burning eyes under dark locks, tenderness and fulness of shape, and loveliness of figure, were not rare among them. But youth fades here quicker than in the north, and wrinkles and all the concomitants of old age appear very soon, often under disgusting forms. The voices, too, of the women are here rather too deep and manly. For the rest, they are witty, cheerful, lively, easy in conversation, full of feeling, and of lively imagination. The husbands are by no means jealous, and their wives, therefore, put themselves under very little restraint. Yet this is not the consequence of coldness and indifference, for most couples seem to live in concord and mutual satisfaction, and the name of Cicisbeo is scarcely known. Superior information is seldom to be met with among the women, and in their amiable ignorance, they are without any pretensions. In their hearts, God, a few saints, their husbands, their children, with the rest of their family, together with their love of dress, and the theatre, and other worldly trifles, dwell peaceably together, and completely fill them; their minds are not tormented by any roving curiosity; they know that the world beyond the mountains is inhabited by some curious nations, among the number of which are the Germans, drinking beer and smoking pipes. But, nevertheless, women of a truly learned education, such as the late Teresa, P. Fabroni, are yet to be met with. The art of poetry is more common among them. The talent of many is only known to their domestic circle; but the reputation of many has gone abroad, and among the improvisatori of the present day, Fantastici and Mazzei, two Florentine ladies, are deservedly distinguished.

Pisa and Siena.

Towards the end of Nov. 1815.

We left the beautiful Florence with heavy hearts. Our road lay along the Arno. In the pretty villages on its charming

banks, we often found the pretty country girls sitting before the houses, plaiting those straw bonnets which are worn through all Europe; besides, the people in them were carrying on other operations of industry, particularly in some, where they have manufactories of pottery and earthenware.

We found this large fine city solitary and silent, for the number of inhabitants is comparatively small. The well-paved streets are frequently overgrown with grass; many houses are locked up and uninhabited, a melancholy solitude prevails every where. But every thing bears the mark of pristine grandeur and power.

The place of the cathedral is a brilliant witness of that time. The buildings which surround it are the most remarkable of their kind, and, strangely enough, they mark, at the same time, the degrees of the cyclus of human life. For the place is occupied by the Battisterio, (christening chapel) by the cathedral, with its steeples, the call from which marks the different occupations of mature life; by the hospital and campo santo (burying-place.)

The cathedral is one of the oldest buildings in Italy. It was built by a Greek, Buschetto da Dulicchio, and still bears evident traces of the Byzantine style. The interior of the church is solemn and grand, receiving a venerable twilight through the painted windows. It is built in the form of a Latin cross, has five naves, and is supported by fifty-six columns of granite and fourteen of marble. In a niche in the choir, is a representation of our Saviour in mosaic, sitting with a book in his hand, with the words *Ego sum lux mundi!* Madona and St. John are standing near him. In the lower part of the choir are some excellent paintings, among which a copy of the Sacrifice of Isaac, by Sodoma, deserves to be distinguished. There are some good paintings of A. del Sarto's. The paintings on the walls, representing the life of the patron of Pisa, S. Ranieri, are very inferior. A bronze gate, at the back of the church, is remarkable for its antiquity; the Pisanese are said to have brought it from Constantinople, in 1070. Before we leave this edifice, let us recollect the swinging lamp, which gave Galileo the idea of using the pendulum for the division of time.

The hanging steeple of Pisa is well known. Its shape is cylindrical, and the eight rows of columns, one above the other, of which it consists, give it a very pretty appearance. It is a hundred and sixty-eight Parisian feet high, and the heaviest bell in it weighs ten thousand pounds. The columns, of which there are two hundred and seven of good marble, support arcades, and are far enough from the circular main wall to suffer one to pass conveniently between them. The top of this steeple forms with its base an angle of twelve feet. It has been thought by some that

it was originally so constructed; but it is more probable that the foundation on one side has gradually given way, and with it the whole of the steeple, although it appears from the third story upwards to be tolerably perpendicular. But it is also oblique within, which, however, has been denied by some people. Besides, a sinking may be noticed in all the large buildings of this city, particularly towards the sea-side, which produced the Italian proverb, there is nothing straight in Pisa. The prospect from the top of the steeple is delightful. We saw Leghorn, with its light-houses and ships, and the sea, with the islands of Capraja and Gorgona. The fruitful plain of Pisa is bordered, to the east, by the hills,

Perchè i Pisano reder Lucca non ponno,

at the foot of which we saw the white buildings (Dante, Inf. C. 33) of the famous baths. An inscription near the door of the steeple places the date of its erection in the year 1174; the architects are called Buono Buonanni, and Gulielmo Tedesco. The former is mentioned by Vasari as a man who, in the middle of the twelfth century, formed a new era in architecture. It is difficult to say who William the German may have been. But it is certain that, at that time, German masters were employed in Italy, and brought their style into fashion.

The Battisterio, a circular building, separated from all the rest, was founded in 1152, by the architect Diotisalvi, who I am inclined also to take for a German, who translated his name of Gottheif into that more melodious one. But be this as it may, he has displayed great beauties in some parts of his constructions, particularly in the ornaments, and about the columns on the entrance. The interior has eight granite columns standing in a circle, bearing smaller ones, which support the cupola. In the middle are the ancient marble fonts, which are very large, with a place in the middle for the priest to stand in; four basins, like wells, surround him, large enough to drown even grown people in them. And it is likely that such cases have occurred, as may be seen from a passage in Dante (Inf. xix. v. 19, &c.) who once saved a person that was to be christened from drowning. The marble pulpit, standing on eight columns of granite, with rude basso-relievos, representing the day of judgment, is by Gio. Pisano, who, like his father Nicola, in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, gave a new and happy turn to the art.

It was night when we arrived near the bridge of the Arno, where we found a crowd of people singing a litany before the image of a Madona. In a coffee-house on the Lungarno, we found many students. We soon discovered that they had no trait of the German students about them. Instead of that blunt can-

dour, and pensive cheerfulness, which is the ornament of German youth, we found here, almost without exception, uncouth school-boy manners, coupled with a shallow insignificance, unacquainted with every superior feeling. After having taken our ice, we went to pay our visit to Dr. Tantini, to whom we brought Letters of recommendation. This gentleman, who had been long studying at German universities, speaks the language fluently. His lady is a native of Hamburg; and we found German manners so highly respected, that they kept even a stove in their room, the only one in Pisa. It was in their pleasing society that we spent the rest of the evening.

Pisa.

I take you to-day to a spot which has not its equal in Italy and the world—the Campo Santo, at Pisa.—Picture to yourself this oblong burying-place, surrounded with a high covered gallery, the inside of which is formed by beautiful Gothic arches. It was began in 1278, by Giovanni Pisano, but was only finished in 1283. The ground in the burying-place the Pisanese are said to have fetched from Palestine, in fifty galleys. The walls, inside of the gallery, are covered with the most exquisite paintings, by the most distinguished artists of that age. But time, and barbarous usage, within the last fifty years, have very much injured them. Lasinio, father and son, both renowned as excellent engravers, have, latterly, been entrusted with the care of the place, and have done every thing to restore the Campo Santo to its proper dignity, and to preserve the works of art that are yet left, from further destruction.

Of all the old painters that have distinguished themselves in this holy spot, I will only name A. Orcagna and Benozzo Gozzoli, the former as the M. Angelo, and the latter as the Raphael of his age. Orcagna's greatness we had already seen in Florence, where we had admired the architect in the Loggian in the great place, and the imaginative painter in S. Maria Novella. But, in the Campo Santo, he appears on the summit of genius, in a wonderful painting in the spirit of Dante. It is commonly called the Triumph of Death. He is seen as a horrid figure, with sparkling eyes, bristly hairs, broad bat's-wings, holding the scythe between his fingers, soaring over a heap of dead bodies, that have already fallen under him. Their dresses designate them as kings and queens, bishops, cardinals, warriors, and among them a nun, who, by the full purse which she is still grasping, shows how badly she has kept the vow of poverty. Their souls are issuing from their mouths, in the shape of babies, and are either received by angels, and carried upwards to heaven, or grasped by devils, and dragged to the punishments of hell. Each of these spirits

has a different form, and the manner in which they hold their prey is as various; but they appear most dreadful by the malignant expression. On the other hand, the bright beauty and heavenly innocence of the angels, although a little roughly handled, is as remarkable. To the left of the dead bodies, is a group of blind, crippled beggars, stretching out their miserable hands for death, which they are invoking, this being indicated by a verse which the painter wrote over them. But death neglects their call, and turns toward the side where he is least expected. On the right, however, we perceive, in the shades of an orange-grove, through which cupids, with bows and arrows, are fluttering, a joyous company, resting from the exertions of the chace, which is indicated by their falcons. Their clothes are of the richest materials, and all their countenances are beaming with pleasure. A troubadour in rich clothing, is playing on the fiddle, and a lady seems to be tuning a guitar. Vasori says, that the heads of the ladies are portraits; a man in the middle has been ascertained to be Castruccio Castracani, the famous tyrant of Lucca. On the left, the same idea, that death is always nearest, where it is least expected, is expressed by a great number of people of rank, who are returning from the chace, and stumble on the dead bodies of three kings, whilst a hermit, with some verses that are issuing from his mouth, reminds them of the inconsistency of all earthly bliss.

This group is particularly beautiful. There cannot be any thing more true and expressive than one horse, attracted by the smell of the bodies, stretching out his neck, with open nostrils, while others seem startled, or are capering. According to Vasari, there are also some portraits among this group. The three bodies are to indicate the rapid dissolution which is said to be effected by this holy earth; one is swollen, the other in a state of putrefaction, and the third reduced to a skeleton.

While the triumph of death, and his victories over power and greatness, fill up nearly the whole picture, one corner of it displays tranquillity, security, and indifference against his darts, among several hermits, at the top of a hill. They are either engaged in the innocent enjoyments of a country-life, or in devotional practices, undisturbed by any fear of death, who seems to spare this asylum of peace. What simplicity, nature, and truth in every one of them! one is milking a goat, another holding a book closely up to his eyes, evidently weakened by old age; a third moving with difficulty upon crutches, forced upon him not by disease, but by his advanced years; a fourth, who protecting his eyes with his hands against too vivid a light, is attentively contemplating the bodies of the kings below, and seems to repre-

sent the idea, that virtue, sobriety, and tranquillity of soul, are the best protections and comforts against death.

Our artist follows up this painting with that of the Last Day, from which even M. Angelo seems to have borrowed, unless the same subject might have suggested the same ideas. Surrounded by angels, who are holding the instruments of the passion, Christ is standing, his angry countenance turned towards the damned; his mother timidly leaning against him (just as in the Sixtine Chapel), is starting at the dreadful curse. *Ite maledicti!* To his right and left are sitting, in a half circle, the elect of the old and new covenant, an arrangement in which the artist has been followed by Fra Bartolommeo, and afterwards by Raphael, in his *disputa*. King Solomon is standing in the middle of the foreground, yet in his grave, doubtful to which side he may be called. For, at that time, they were doubtful respecting the salvation of the wise king, as they also were about that of the other patriarchs. A monk who is risen with the elect, is pulled back by the hair among the damned, by an angel, whilst another angel is leading a sprightly youth, in lay dress, to the blessed. Certainly a bold allusion for the age.

The Hell, which follows the former painting, was only drawn by A. Orcagna, and coloured by his brother Bernardo, but rather indifferently. Afterwards, all the lower part of it was covered with paint. Those are certainly mistaken, who view this as a copy of Dante's Inferno. Orcagna has scarcely preserved any thing of him except the terrible gigantic Imperador del doloroso regno, who is crushing a sinner between the teeth of each mouth of his three faces.

I should like to give you a sketch of the Hermits in the Desert, a strange performance, by P. Laurati; of the life of S. Ranieri, by S. Memmi and Antonio Veneziano; of the wonders of S. Ephesus, painted by S. Aretino, and of the paintings of Buffalmaco and Giotto, which latter are, however, almost entirely destroyed; but, faithful to my first plan, I take you immediately to the long wall, which is entirely painted by B. Gozzoli.

Gozzoli was a favourite pupil of Fra. Giovanni da Fiesoli's, whose loveliness and grace he seems to have entirely inherited. But, in the twenty-four paintings which we see here of him, there is more grandeur in the composition, and a perspective in the houses and fields, admirable for his age. Art seems to have performed the same leap from Buffalmaco to him, as it did from Masaccio to Raphael. Not enough that each of his paintings contains a world of figures, animals, plants, buildings, executed in a masterly style, they have all borders of the richest and most elegant arabesks, in which we perceive here and there heads of angels and saints, of a truly sublime stamp. All the subjects are

taken from the Old Testament; but the improbable tradition that the artist had only employed two years in painting them, has been contradicted by documents. The first painting represents Noah's drunkenness, famous for the figure of the Vergognosa, or Modestina. This is the name given to one of the daughters-in-law of the patriarch, who, in the right corner, is covering her face with her hand, to avoid seeing the indecent position of the old man. But, rather roguishly, the painter has put her fingers in a manner that the poor woman sees far more than she ought. The next painting, which represents the cursing of Ham, is full of indescribable grace and cheerfulness. A woman, who is dressing a child's hair, is a pattern of lovely innocence and grace, as is also another, with a pitcher of water on her head, and a third, with a child in her arms. The building of the Tower of Babel is in the best state of preservation. Among Nimrod's retinue, the artist has furnished many cotemporary portraits, among which those of Cosmus I. his son Peter, and grandson Julian, are easily distinguished. In the conflagration of Sodom, the expression of the most opposite emotions, such as hope, resignation, fear, madness, despair, are exceedingly well delineated in its innumerable figures, and the group of the flying Lot, with his two daughters, is drawn with a masterly hand. In the wedding of Jacob and Rachel, the groups of the dancing maids, musicians, and spectotors, express such a lovely truth and nature, that every beholder is charmed by it. On the floor, under the history of Joseph, is the painter's tomb. Of the next six paintings, which represent the life of Moses, only four are left. They are followed by the fall of Jericho, the giant Goliah; the last is the Adoration of the Kings.

Pisa.

Lasinio the younger took us this morning to the church della Spina, close, and almost in the river Arno. It bears its name from a thorn from Christ's crown, a relic which the Pisanese have lost from time or accident. The exterior of this small church is built with the greatest gothic elegance, and richly adorned with statues of saints; but owing to the sinking of the ground, there is not a straight line to be seen in the whole edifice. In the interior, there is nothing remarkable, except a fine painting of Bazzi (or Sodoma,) a Madona with several saints. The rest of the day we spent in the company of our friend Tantini.

He shewed us the spot where once stood Ugolino's famous tower, of which nothing is now left, although the ciceronis still point it out in some old ruins. We were amused with Tantini's patriotism, which made him break out into curses against the Ghibelline Dante. He even defended the cruel martyrdom of

Ugolino and his sons, who intended to betray their country, although he could not approve of that of the innocent grandchildren. But his zeal became almost laughable, when he wanted to substitute for the famous verse of Dante: O Pisa vituperio delle genti, &c. the more appropriate reading: O Pisa vita e imperio delle genti!—He then took us to the hospital, where nearly two hundred patients are kept under the faithful care of the merciful sisters. We then saw Rosini's printing establishment, from which the most splendid typographical works are issued by the Bodonian press. Rosini, a professor of the Italian literature, and known by several writings, received us with all the urbanity of a well bred Italian, and took us, not only all over his establishment, but also to his house, where he keeps a very good, small collection of paintings. After dinner, we went to see Savi the professor of botany, a jovial old gentleman, in whose company we visited the botanical garden. It still wants our northern fir (Pinus albus) and birch. The former, however, Savi thinks to get from the summit of the Apennines, where it is sometimes met with. But the tropical plants were in their greatest beauty. The Magnolia grandiflora, which we had seen in Florence, is a descendant of the one here. Among the trees, the cedar proudly raised its head; we also distinguished several palm-trees, and among them the dwarf palm (Chamaerops humilis,) which is found along the shores of the Mediterranean sea.

After having been present with Tantini at a horse-race, we spent the evening at his house, and having taken leave of this amiable family, we retired to our inn, prepared to leave this town the next morning.

Siena.

With a swearing captain of the Grand-duke's troops, and a singing French mercantile traveller, we left Pisa at four o'clock in the morning. It rained the whole day, and it required the whole stock of the Frenchman's liveliness to keep us in good humour, and to make us put up with the supper and beds in Castel fiorentino. The next day was bright, yet the roads and fields were yet almost inundated with yesterday's rain. The road which leads alternately over hills and vallies, is mostly bordered with olive and vine plantations, yet rather monotonous, and we particularly missed the ornament of high, leafy trees. We reached Siena at nine in the evening, and took up our quarters, together with our Frenchman, at the inn of the Golden Sun. The captain, who had towards the last become rather mild, went to his family.

Siena scarcely contains any remains of Roman antiquity, but the monuments of her power, in the middle ages, are more splen

did. Yet, from her former population of 150,000, there are scarcely 15,000 left.

The city is situated on a hill, which makes the streets rather uneven. They are, for the most part, paved with brick, which, being damaged in many places, makes it rather inconvenient to walk on them; the main street only, which cuts through the whole city, is accessible to carriages. The streets, however, are clean, and the city has, notwithstanding its antique appearance, a friendly and cheerful air.

The cathedral is the most splendid place of worship which I have yet seen. The outside was built in the middle of the thirteenth century, by Gio. Pisano, but more richly ornamented in the beginning of the fourteenth. Alabaster, and marble of all colours, statues and columns, tabernacles and galleries, are here so wonderfully divided and mixed, that, notwithstanding our veneration of the noble simplicity of the ancients, we cannot help paying our homage to this beautiful variety. The porch, built of red and white marble, is really splendid. Through its three gates, one enters into the enchanting precincts of the temple.

Here our eyes are attracted on all sides, from the ceiling to the pavement, so that one is for a long time at a loss where to fix them. The whole is grand and solemn; the black and white marble which covers the interior, in alternate stripes, gives it, perhaps, a gloomy aspect. By two rows of elegant pillars, the whole space is divided into three naves; in the middle one, not far from the high altar, next to the columns, there are six bronze angels by Mecchirino, or Dom. Beccafumi, and next to the others the marble statues of the twelve apostles, by Giu. Mazzuoli. Over the chief entrance is an old representation of the institution of the Lord's Supper, painted with the most glowing colours, on a circular window. Over the arches, between the pillars, are the busts of the emperors; but the sides are overloaded with the rude busts of the popes, from Christ down to Lucius the Third. The vault is of an azure blue, and the golden stars with which it is covered give it a cheerful appearance.

In our review of the chapels and altars we begin with the chapel Chigi. The great splendour which reigns in it cannot indemnify us for the want of taste which characterizes all the plans and works of Bernini. The two caricature statues of Hieronimus and Magdalen are also by him. The gilt basso-relievo on the altar, which is quite incrusted with lapis lazuli, is his work. I mention also two paintings of Maratta's, a Visitation and a Flight to Egypt, the latter of which is even copied in Mosaic. If we see here the excrescences of modern art, we also find, on the altar del Ciborio, a remarkable monument from the first times of her restoration: a painting on a gold ground representing several

histories of the Old Testament. It is by an old Sianese painter, Duccio di Buoninsegna, who, in the thirteenth century, strove to free himself from the harshness and dryness of the Byzantine school. What is more interesting in the choir than the frescoes by Salimbeni, are the seats of the Prebendaries, on which the most beautiful paintings are composed in wood mosaic. They were done by Gio di Verona, a monk of Mont' Oliveto Maggiore, in 1508. The vestry contains some excellent paintings, particularly by old Sianese artists. The altar S. Ansano, within the body of the church, contains on the side the other half of Duccio di B.'s painting, representing a Madona with angels. It was finished in 1310, and shows us several saints of both sexes in the habiliments of a monk, which were then called, by the Greeks as well as Latins, the dresses of the blessed, (Abito angelico.) Besides, they carry a small Greek cross, and the dressed angels hold in their right hands a kind of staff, such as were wielded by the eastern emperors and consuls. Before entering the chapel of St. John the Baptist, we noticed an antique pedestal of one of the external columns, which is covered with some of the most excellent and tasteful basso-relievos. On the altar of the round chapel stands the bronze statue of the Baptist, by Donatello, expressive, yet still meagre and hard, like his other works. Within a grate over it are some reliques, among which is the arm of the saint with which Pope Pius the Second presented his native city in 1464. Of eight fresco paintings, with which Pinturichio had adorned this sanctuary, only five are yet in a state of preservation, and these are, for the most part, tender and beautiful performances. Between the two following altars, one of which contains the statue of Christ risen from the dead, by M. Angelo, and the other some smaller pieces of sculpture, which are attributed to the same artist, is the entrance to the famous Libraria. It bears the name, from twenty-nine immense music books, in folio, which are lying on large desks, and contain on their parchment leaves, with splendidly-coloured miniature paintings, the melodies of the ancient church-song (canto fermo.) They are from the pen of B. da Matera, a monk of Monte Cassino. But the Libraria is peculiarly famous for its ten great fresco paintings on its walls, from the hand of B. Pinturichio. They represent the life of Aeneas Sylvius, from the Sianese family Piccolomini, who afterwards ascended the Pontifical chair under the name of Pius the Second. In these paintings, which are neatly bordered with arabesks, and in excellent preservation, reign, with many defects of the old style, high splendour and freshness of colouring, feeling, grace, and rich composition of very expressive figures in the variously-coloured dresses of that time. The artist has frequently used gold, and even attempted to work the ornaments in

relievo, which Vasari properly calls a chief transgression against the art. The drawings of these paintings are said to be, for the most part, by Raphael, whose friend and companion, Pinturichio had been in Perugino's school. The manner of the master is therefore very perceptible, and Pinturichio was attached to it, all his life-time, while the genius of Raphael steered his own career to immortality. In the middle of the Libraria we perceive, on a neat pedestal, the headless statues of the three graces, a precious relique of the Grecian chisel, which, strangely enough, found its place here. Besides, the sexton employs this place for his school-room.

We return to the cathedral, and examine the splendid pulpit. It is entirely built of marble, in a Gothic style, and presents on each of its eight sides, in basso relievo, very richly composed, and laboriously executed, representations from Scripture, by Nic. and Gio. Pisano. It stands upon nine columns of oriental granite, under which is a socket; four columns, however, do not immediately rest upon it, but are supported by lions and lionesses of natural size, that are either playing with their cubs, or are worrying lambs, an allusion to the power and victories of the Sianese in the middle ages. The pavement of this cathedral is unequalled in its kind. Here scriptural subjects are so wonderfully composed, by the best masters, of white, black, and grey marble, that they resemble the most finished compositions in chiaro oscuro. The deception is yet increased by the peculiar kind of shade which is produced by rays cut with the chisel. Ages passed away before this costly work was completed, for which Druccio laid the ground-work by the most admirable drawings. Also the later artists, and among them Beccafumi in particular, have continued it in the same grand style. There are also subjects from the prophets and the Sibylline books, and the arms of some Tuscan cities then in alliance with Siena, besides the scriptural subjects.

After dinner we went to see Pater de Angelis, the librarian of the university, to whom we brought a letter of recommendation. We met him in the library, and found a friendly old gentleman in him, who, with the greatest cordiality, offered himself as our guide through the city, and began his office by showing us the rarities of the library, which contains nearly forty thousand volumes. We saw some very remarkable codices and manuscripts, and among them, a collection of letters, which were either written, dictated, or received by the two Sianese saints, Catherine and Beruhardinus. One room contains a collection of old paintings of Sianese artists, which were obtained from reduced convents and churches, and are destined for the school of painters which is about to be established. From the library we went to see the

great market-place (*Piazza del campo.*) It is situated in the valley, is of a tolerable size, and quite in the shape of a muscle. Eleven streets meet here, and the old senatorial palace (*Palazzo della Signoria,*) with its high steeple, forms the principal side of it. A richly ornamented fountain, at which Gio. della Geurcia worked for twelve years, and by which he acquired the honourable surname della Fonte, stands in the middle. The most antique looking buildings, many of which still bear their steeples, surround it; the palaces Chigi, Sansedoni, Stasi, and the Cosino de' Nobili are the most distinguished ones among them. A quack was just offering his drugs with a torrent of eloquence, and seemed to find a number of customers.

De Angelis, in our rambles, took us also to the house belonging to the academy di Rozzi. It was customary for the literary societies, which, during the last century, were so numerously formed in Italy, to select such phantastical and often ludicrous names for themselves and their members. There were, for instance, academies de'Informi Ombrosi, Selvaggi, Smarriti, nay even de'Insensati. Siena alone possessed those of the Intronati, Innominati, Ardenti and Rozzi, which latter have made themselves most known. They chiefly occupy themselves with dramatic poetry, have their own theatrical performances and merry meetings, where they employ themselves with playing and dancing. Their device is: *Chi qui soggiorna acquista quel che perde!* a pointed allusion to their name, the *rude ones.*

In the evening we visited the small theatre del Saloncino, near the cathedral. The inscription over the entrance is: *Terror et Misericordia,* which tragic effect the actors seem also to try to produce in the comic opera. For the Fanatico di musica, and Adelina, with the music by Generali, were really pitifully performed. But nothing could damp the spirits of our French companion, who, after having amused us with his fun till late at night, took a merry leave, intending to set out to-morrow for Florence.

Siena.

We have here spent four days most pleasantly and instructively, of which I owe you some account. The morning before yesterday we breakfasted with de Angelis, and had an opportunity of observing his urbanity and good breeding, as well as his scholarship, and uncommon industry in the promotion of science. He showed us nearly 30 MS. volumes of his own composition, on history, archeology, and the belle-lettres. We first went to the church S. Domenico, which is very large, and rich in paintings over its numerous altars. But I will only mention two of them. A sitting Madona with the infant, the size of life, by Guido da Siena, the oldest Tuscan painter. For, according to the inscription,

he painted this picture in the year 1221, therefore 19 years before Cimabue, whom the Florentines wish to consider as the father of modern painting, was born. With all the imperfections, defects, and hardness of this rude performance of Guido's, an expression of a mild graceful grandeur is yet paramount in it. The paintings of Sodoma (or, as his real name was, Guinantonio Razzi, 1554,) in the chapel of S. Catherine, in which her head is kept, are certainly of a very superior order. The scene, where a vision throws her in a swoon into the arms of two nuns, is a master-piece, in the full signification of the word. Sodoma belonged certainly to the higher order of painters, and we should doubtless possess still greater works of him, if he had not lost his time and labour in his foolish amusements with monkies, squirrels, &c. Vasari calls him a fool and even a beast---but it was impossible for any one who could paint as he did, to be such an abject being as he describes him.

The house of S. Catherine, which is still in existence here, has been transformed into several oratories and chapels, by the veneration of her countrymen. Her miracles are represented in large fresco paintings on the walls, and devotion still visits the closet, where she used to sleep on the floor; it is a pity that it has been so much adorned in modern times. The adjoining building, where her father, Jac. Benincasa, kept his dyeing manufactory, has also been transformed into an oratory. Here too her miracles are immortalized by excellent paintings on the walls. Over the altar is the reception of the wounds of Christ, with angels holding a curtain, beautifully executed, by Sodoma. The healing of the sick is by Pachiarotti; her contempt of death, with which she is threatened by the Florentines, by V. Solimbeni; the rescue of the Dominicans from assassination, effected by her prayers, and her pilgrimage to the body of S. Agnes of Montepulciano, are likewise by Pachiarotti. The last painting is particularly beautiful, and several heads in it express the grace and ideal beauties of a Raphael.

A few steps from here is Fonte Branda, in a picturesque situation, mentioned by Dante (Inf. CXXX. v. 78.) This venerable fountain was, so early as 1193, surrounded with an edifice, which is opened in front by three Gothic arcades. From here the water is conducted to the lower parts of the city, and the valley, where it sets mills in motion.

I will only mention now a few objects which struck us in the other churches. In S. Maurizio and S. Spirito are several paintings of old Matteo da Siena. In the latter is a most beautiful coronation of the Virgin, by Pachiarotti, and in the vestry an annunciation and visitation, in one painting, by the same artist. In the corridor of the convent, to which this church belongs, we were sur-

prised by an excellent fresco painting of Fra. Bartolommeo's: Christ on the cross; Madona, Mary Magdalen, and John, all very noble and expressive figures. In the chiostro of S. Francisco is a representation of our Saviour, painted as far as the knees, and tied to a column, by Sodoma; the naked body is painted with a truth and knowledge of nature which can only be met with in the admirable works of M. Angelo. S. Maria Maddalena posse, possesses, besides some very old paintings, in the choir, by M. da Siena and S. Memmi, a beautiful crucifixion, by P. Perugino, the adoration of the kings, by Sodoma, and the baptism of Constantine, by F. Vanni, painted when he was but seventeen years old. Going to the church del Carmine, de Angelis pointed out to us two fresco paintings on the outside of some houses, an excellent Pieta, by Sodoma, and a holy family, by B. Peruzzi. Peruzzi belonged to the famous architects of the 16th century, and was also distinguished as a painter. In the church Di Fonte giusta, we found in his Sybil, communicating her oracle to the Emperor Augustus, a very excellent painting. Opposite the Carmine, his simple, but tasteful house is yet standing. This church is remarkable for one chapel, which possesses a holy family of Sodoma's, a painting as beautifully conceived as it is tenderly executed. A ward in the great hospital contains some great fresco paintings, by some of the oldest Sianese artists, but they are scarcely discernible now, under the smoke and filth which covers them. The tribune of the high altar in the hospital church contains a large fresco painting, by S. Conca: the pond of Bethesda, which is admired by connoisseurs, on account of the art which is displayed in the perspective of the architecture.

Some of the palaces are also very rich in paintings and other works of modern art. Our friend took us to the palace Sarracini, whose massive forms, and Lombardo Gothic exterior, command respect. The court-yard is adorned with the marble busts of the most distinguished members of the family; a corridor and a small apartment near it are ornamented by some beautiful arabesks from the hand of Gio. da Udine. The gallery contains a great many paintings, but without any choice; the most of them are worthless, yet boldly attributed to some great master or other. The most interesting things in it are the drawings and pictures of B. Peruzzi, and a small but very beautiful tabernacle, by Fra. Bartolommeo, with the Marys and John near the crucifix. The gallery of the Chevalier Piccolomini Bellanti is smaller, but much better selected. We had a letter for him, which we gave to one of his servants, as he was in the country. But he came to town immediately, and having found us out, he took us, with the greatest politeness, over his newly fitted up palace. Even in the passage we were greeted by the casts of the best statues of antiquity,

which, standing in separate niches, formed a friendly circle around us, whilst a porch in the back-ground opens a delightful prospect on the surrounding country. Among the paintings, I only quote a holy family of Raphael's, in his first manner, a delightful landscape of Claude's, two holy families by Frate, one by Borroccio, the birth of Christ by A. Durer, a Madona lost in the contemplation of her lovely infant, by P. Fattorn. There are also some interesting original paintings, particularly Petrarch's Laura by S. Memmi, the genuineness of which Belanti is even ready to swear to, Savonarola, by Fra Bartolommeo; Socinus and Bianca Capello, by A. Allori; and Pope Paul III. by Titian.

We also visited the interior of the great senatorial palace, with pleasure. In the lower apartments, we admired a large fresco painting, which covers the whole wall of a room, and represents the coronation of Mary. It was painted by Pietro Ansano, in 1400. The drawing of it is more free than in other works of that age, the expression true and lively, and the draperies are cast in a masterly manner. Another very old painting on wood attracted our attention, by its simplicity. The Madona is requesting Pope Calixtus to assist the good city of Siena in a famine, which he promises, as may be seen from the words issuing from their mouths. In the foreground, asses loaded with corn are already seen approaching the gates of Siena. The council-hall, in the second story, is painted all over al fresco, by old masters. The saints Ansano, Victor, and Bernardo Solommei, over whom the most lovely figures of angels are playing with a curtain, are admirably painted by Sodoma. Over the door, is the rude gigantic figure of an old Sianese General, G. R. da Fogliano, painted in 1328, by Sim. da Lorenzo, with all the harshness of his age. On the side-walls are the representations of several victories of the Sianese in chiaro oscuro; but opposite the entrance, is a Madona enthroned between angels, the grand work of Allemanno di Simone, an old master, as little known abroad as the others mentioned above who have worked in this palace. The adjoining chapel contains, upon all its walls, fresco paintings by T. di Bartolo, in the year 1407, artificially wrought choir-seats, and a magnificent altar-piece by Sodoma. Madona, with S. S. Joseph and Calixtus. The Sala del Consistoro is painted by D. Beccafumi, of which Vasari gives a full description.

From the high steeple of the palace, where the bell is freely suspended in the air, by an iron bar, we had a delightful view over the city, which appears in the shape of a star, and the neighbouring country. The climate of Siena is very salubrious. During the earthquake of 1798, in which the cathedral particularly suffered, we were told by Angelis that this steeple moved for some seconds, like a pendulum, without suffering any damage.

Towards the evening, we visited La Lizza, a public walk, where we had particularly the opportunity of admiring the charms of the Sianese ladies. Regular beauties are here as scarce as they are every where else; yet we saw a great many fine figures, that were rendered still more agreeable by a certain grace and frankness which they possessed. The ladies here are accused of great curiosity, a reproach which is perhaps not merely confined to Siena. The men are lively, valiant, and candid. Both sexes speak their beautiful language with a peculiar purity and elegance.

To-morrow we set out for Rome.

ROME AND NAPLES,

From the end of November, 1815, *to the end of May,* 1816.

The Seven Hills.

We have been a full week in Rome, and yet have not been able to obtain, or give a clear idea of all the grandeur we have seen, so much did we feel overpowered, by the great idea of *being in Rome.*

I will not weary your patience with the recapitulation of our ideas and feelings, when we approached this city of cities; when we entered the dreary Campagna di Roma, as in a holy precinct, and when, at last, our vetturino, pointing to the right, exclaimed, Ecce Roma! and we beheld in the glimmering of a mild evening sun, the dome of St. Peter proudly rearing its head over a host of lower domes and steeples. Silently we drove along the Ponte Molle, the old Via Flaminia: not a soul was to be seen near the houses and villas on both sides of the road. It was not till we had actually entered Rome, through the Porta del Popola, that we saw any human beings again; but our eyes were riveted to the ancient obelisk, which here points to heaven. A soldier of the guard near the gate took us along the Corso, to the Dogana di Terra, where our luggage was examined. This being done, we drove through some dark streets, to the Via de Condotti, where we took up our residence in the German inn of Monsu Franz. Philip went immediately to find out his brother Francis, who, for these five years, has been practising the art here, and who the next morning served us as a guide.

After a good breakfast in the Café Greco, the rendezvous of all the German artists in this city, he took us to St. Peter's, through bye streets, that we might not see the edifice till we stood before it. We went at last through the high columns of an open hall, and suddenly stood on the place St. Peter, before the obelisk, the murmuring fountain, and the immense cathedral. We even entered it, but we saw so much that our minds were overpowered,

and we were obliged to recover our exhausted senses in the open air. We therefore hastened to the neighbouring Janiculus, at the top of which is the church of St. Pietro in Montorio, where Raphael's Transfiguration, at one time, collected the pilgrims from all parts of Europe. But to-day we had enough of the prospect about us.

That same day I took lodgings in Trinità de' Monti, with a widow and her two daughters, in the same house with the brothers Schadow and Thorwalson. I am now already at home here; and shall gradually be able to give you a sketch of our residence in Rome. Let us begin our rambles with the Capitol.—Scarcely a shadow of its former greatness and significance now remains, and even its name is degenerated into the soft Campidoglio. On the spot where once stood the great temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, now rises, in gloomy grandeur, the church and convent Ara Cœli. Nay, the antiquaries are yet doubtful about the spots, and cannot conceive where all the edifices, mentioned by the ancients, may have stood, and they find no truth more certain than that

Capitoli immobile saxum!

The modern Capitol, however, is one of the greatest ornaments of Rome, but instead of its former frown of majesty, it presents a cheerful aspect. The palace of the senator, with the statue of a *Dea Roma*, over a murmuring spring, before it, alone reminds us that this spot still retains some shadow of ancient power. On both sides of it, are the Capitolian Museum, and the palace of the Conservatori, both built after the plans of M. Angelo, whose small house is pointed out at the foot of the hill, towards the north. On this side, too, he laid the splendid foundations of the Capitol, the foot of which is adorned with two Egyptian lions of basalt, from whose mouths, streams of water run into marble basins.

But we now descend to the Forum, which opens a distant prospect of ruins behind the Capitol. Of the two triumphal arches of Tiberius and Septimius Severus, which formed the entrances to it, only the latter is standing, but it is mutilated, and surrounded with rubbish to a depth of fourteen feet. Temples, curiæ, rostra, have all vanished; some solitary columns, interspersed with fragments of the most beautiful friezes, and broken shafts of pillars, are all that remains of the Roman Forum. Nature has covered these ruins, in a picturesque manner, with ivy, intermixed with violets and marigolds; which, notwithstanding all the care taken by the French to clear the ruins, have grown again, whilst the laurel-trees, which they planted on the Capitol, would not thrive. The deepest silence now reigns in these places of former bustle and grandeur; for here you seldom meet with any

but strangers examining these glorious remains, or some monks creeping to their convents; but bulls and buffaloes, peaceably ruminating near their carts or waggons, may be seen nearly at all times. Such has been the fate of the Forum, which has even changed its name for the undignified appellation of Campo Vaccino.

Round all these remains of Roman antiquity, Christianity has drawn a holy circle, by means of a great number of churches, which are built about here. One of the most remarkable, seems to me to be, the little subterraneous one in the vaults of the ancient Mamertine prison, near the arch of S. Severus. The Scalæ Gemoniæ lead down into it from the Capitol. The prince of the apostles is said to have been kept here for nine months by Nero, and to have performed a great miracle, for which it is now called S. Pietro in Carcere. S. Luca, of a modern architecture, borders closely upon the unsightly ancient church of S. Adriano, which is followed by S. Lorenzo in Miranda, concealed behind the porch of the temple of Antonine and Faustina. S. S. Cosmas and Damian have established themselves since 527, in the temple of Remus, which is joined to a temple of Venus; their bones are kept in a subterraneous church, which formerly communicated with the catacombs. Next to the temple of peace, stands the nunnery of S. Francesca Romana, and at the foot of the Palatine hill, opposite the three columns of Jupiter Stator, is the silent chapel S. Maria Liberatrice!

We proceed through the triumphal arch of Titus, which, even now, shows us, in exquisite sculpture, the victory of this Emperor over the Jews, and arrive at the Colosseum. Even in the thirteenth century this admirable edifice yet stood, in its pristine beauty, uninjured in spite of all the attacks of the Barbarians during their great migrations. But then it was attacked by more powerful enemies, stupidity and vanity, which succeeded where the savage conquerors had failed. When Rome rose again from its fall, when its popes and nobles wanted palaces, they found no quarry nearer than the Colosseum, and, therefore, plundered it from all sides. But, notwithstanding this crying sacrilege, it still stands a grand and majestic edifice, and seems to scoff at men, and their little habitations, although they might call them palaces. Pope Clement XIV. erected, in the middle of the arena, where once the blood of so many martyrs had flowed, a cross, and fourteen small chapels around it, but they are built in a bad taste, and too puny. Pious fraternities frequently perform here the procession of the *Via Crucis*, and a hermit is the constant inhabitant of these romantic ruins.

Through the triumphal arch of Constantine, we went to the Palatine-hill, once the cradle of Rome, then the habitation of the

emperors, now the seat of two villas and a convent. The villa, with the gardens *(orti Farnesiani)*, which was built here by pope Paul III., is nearly a ruin again, and the gardens, once so renowned, are almost turned into a wilderness; yet they still offer some fine views and prospects. Through weeds and shrubs, we cut our way to some small subterraneous chambers, which are said to have formed a part of Livia's baths. The ceilings still show some neat gilding on a white ground, and some small, well-preserved paintings, in blue compartments. This ceiling is all which has been preserved, under rubbish and ruins, from the ancient splendour that used to cover this hill. There is yet one interesting spot where many remains of columns, friezes, and sarcophagi, are scattered amongst shrubs. A large piece of an architrave is used as a table, and capitals of pillars are placed round for seats. It was here, in the shade of ever-green oaks and laurels, where some time ago, the Prussian artists commemorated the birth-day of their king.

Between the Palatine and Aventine hills, are the ruins of the great race-ground, which present some wonderful grottos and vaults, several of which are most picturesquely over-grown with shrubs. Nothing is left which made Mount Aventine once remarkable. On the spot which is said to have been occupied by the temple of Diana, now stands the ancient church of S. Sabina, with twenty-four antique fluted columns of Parian marble, and a fine painting of Sassoferrato's. On the spot of the temple of the Bona Dea is now the church and garden of the Priorato di Malta. We found the latter very beautiful; and were gratified, for the first time, with the sight of a palm-tree in the open air.

Our wandering over the seven hills takes us from Mount Aventine back again to the Cælian hill, where the ruins and monuments of more modern times will occupy us, at some future visit. This day, we went to see the enormous ruins of the baths of Caracalla, in which we could discover or guess but few traces of their former splendour and shape. It was among them that were found the Farnesian bull, Flora, the famous Hercules, and many valuable marble columns, and who knows what they may yet conceal? For the lower story of the Thermæ is yet entirely buried by them; and it is only the second, although of considerable height, which appears above the rubbish. These walls now form the inclosure to gardens and meadows, where goats and sheep are brouzing in undisturbed silence, and the wanderer is seized by Osianic melancholy when the wind whispers through the leaves, and "bends the solitary head of the thistle."

Not far from hence is the Esquiline hill, and close by this, the ruins of the Thermæ of Titus. They were smaller than those of Caracalla and Dioclesian, yet they were in great reputation for

the beauty of their architecture, as well as for their rich and tasteful ornaments, and we even now see that it was well founded. The lower story is likewise buried, and of the upper one only thirty-six apartments are yet laid open. Precious marbles, mosaics, and remains of paintings on the walls and ceilings, in the style which has been since denominated arabesk, every where testify their former splendour. Raphael has been accused of having caused these apartments to be covered again, that the world should not know from whence he took the idea of the ornaments in the boxes of the Vatican. As if the rooms of the ancients, of which there probably existed more in his time than now, had not been thus painted; as if Vitruv had not minutely described them, although with disapprobation; and as if a noble mind could descend to such low artifices. The bathing-rooms had no windows, and were probably lighted up with candelabras.* One of these is azure blue, ornamented with small columns of rosso antico; another is red, and divided into compartments by gold arabesks and small gilt columns. It is the same where, in 1506, the group of the Laocoon was discovered. But here there are ruins upon ruins. For in the entrance to the baths are the remains of an old chapel dedicated to S. Felicitas, where the portraits of the saint and her seven sons, in rude frescos, may yet be traced on one wall, whilst on another are the still more faded figures of our Saviour, with the apostles Paul and Peter.

To these baths belonged Sette Sale, seven vaulted chambers, originally built for reservoirs, from which, perhaps, the Colosseum was provided with water when there was to be a representation of a naval contest in it. Their ruins are situated in a vineyard, where we met some women, who were ravenously devouring some coarse maize bread and raw brocolo leaves, and strongly reminded us of Macbeth's witches.

Ascending this hill farther, we met with the ruins of the temple of Minerva Medica, where some urns yet faithfully preserve the ashes that were formerly confided to them. But there is no trace of the palace and gardens of Mæcenas, no vestige of Nero's tower, from which he beheld the conflagration of his capital, nor of the habitations of Virgil, Horace, and Properce, if indeed they ever stood here.

On the spot where the Viminal and Quirinal h lls meet, on the Piazza de Termini, the greatest remains of ancient splendour

* The corridors received their light from openings made in the ceiling. In one of them we could still distinguish the following words written on the wall—"*Duodecim Deas Dianam et Jovem Opt. Max. habeat iratos quisquis his minxerit aut cacarit.* Thus the ancient, as well as the modern Italians were compelled to have recourse to the heavenly powers to protect themselves against such nuisance.

have been preserved in the baths of Dioclesian, now turned into the Carthusian convent of S. Maria degli Angioli. They are said to have been built by 40,000 christian slaves, within the space of seven years; in extent and splendour, they were probably never surpassed by any edifice, or perhaps whole city. The former Pinacotheca is now the Carthusian church, which received its present form, viz. that of a Greek cross, from M. Angelo. On account of the dampness, he was compelled to raise the pavement, by which the sockets, and part of the shafts of the eight colossal columns of granite, that are in it, were covered. They were, indeed, supplied by pedestals of white marble, which, however, destroyed their proportion, they being now too big in circumference for their height. The cross nave of the church was the proper Pinacothek, and is also now ornamented with paintings, although of inferior value. The vestibule, a beautiful rotunda, is fitted up from a former Calidarium, and now contains the tombs of the two painters, Carlo Maratti and Salvator Rosa. In the tribune of the high altar is a martyrdom of S. Sebastianus, painted al fresco, by Dominichino, and over the marble floor runs Bianchini's brass meridian, between the signs of the Zodiac. The chiostro of the convent is truly grand; it was built on a plan of M. Angelo's, forming a large square, with its colonnades supported on a hundred travertine columns. They surround a kitchen-garden, in the centre of which, a cluster of three large old cypress-trees, with some orange-trees, near a limpid spring, which falls in a marble basin, form a picturesque group, such as we are often delighted with in the landscapes of Poussin and Claude.

The conclusion of my peregrination is mount Pincio, formerly called Colis hortulorum, situated without the city. Here used to be the gardens and villas of Pompey, Sallust, and the later emperors, from which they enjoyed the most delightful prospects on every side. The evenings, after my daily rambles are over, we generally spend at the Caffé Greco, in conversation with our smoking countrymen. In the midst of them I met with Philip, whom I do not now see so often, and whom I shall be obliged to leave in this city, where he intends to stay for four years.

Ruins and Monuments.

Mild and clear days, such as you probably do not now see beyond the Alps, succeed each other, and greatly favour our rambles through ancient and modern Rome. Some of them I undertook in the company of some German friends, of which I will try to give some account. On a bright morning we proceeded cheerfully from our coffee-house; crossing the forum, and passing by

the Colosseum and the baths of Caracalla, we made the first stop at the tomb of the Scipios. It is situated in a vineyard by the Porta S. Sebastiano. An orange-tree, with its golden fruit, stands at the top of it. A young woman showed us with her lamp into the interior of the tomb, from which the old sarcophagi have been removed to the Vatican, but are replaced by well-imitated casts, in tolerable preservation. We now passed through the gate on the Appian road. So far as the eye reaches, nature, with close webs of ivy, victoriously covers the ruins of the works of men on both sides of this desolated road, and the deep silence is scarcely interrupted by the chirping of a bird. But swift lizards and hissing snakes are constantly darting through the grass. We perceived a large conglomeration of vipers, which, at our approach, quickly disentangled themselves, and like arrows darted into their holes. After having crossed the small brook Marana, formerly called Almo, and dedicated to Cybele, we turned to the left, to the chapel Domine quo vadis. When St. Peter was going to Rome, says the legend, he rested on this spot. As he was lifting up his eyes, lo! our Saviour was standing before him. The astonished apostle asked him, *Domine, quo vadis?* (Lord, whither art thou going?) To which he replied, *Eo Romam ut iterum crucifigar!* (I go to Rome to be crucified again!) Upon which he disappeared; but Peter knew what fate awaited him in Rome, and fell down and worshipped. In the chapel with this strange name they even exhibit the stone on which they say the marks of our Saviour's feet were imprinted. Leaving the road entirely, and proceeding in the same direction in the Campagna, we met a small square brick building, in a good style. It is called the temple of the God Ridiculus, who is said to have frightened Hannibal in a dream, exhorting him to retreat from Rome. Others, however, attribute it to another divinity, whilst others again make a tomb of it. Without stopping at their hypotheses, however, we proceeded to the grotto of the nymph Egeria, a very lovely and romantic spot. Thick foliage surrounds the entrance of the cave, at the back of which, a clear murmuring spring breaks forth from under a lying statue. Juvenal complains about their having destroyed the original simplicity of this delightful grotto by the introduction of artificial ornaments, which he wishes to see removed. His wish is fulfilled; nature has resumed her seat; marble statues and columns have vanished, with the exception of some few little perceptible remains. On an eminence behind the valley of Egeria, we found a handsome temple of the Camoenes, changed into the church of St. Urbanus; the Corinthian pillars of its portico are still beautiful, although they are barbarously enclosed within a wall.

The neighbouring ruins of the Circus of Caracalla give a

distinct idea of these kind of edifices. The walls of the enclosure and the seats for the spectators are still in tolerable preservation; the trace of the spina and bar (carcereo,) before which the cars took their stations before the race, and opposite them, the large triumphal gate, through which the victor went out to the *via Latina* are also discernible. Probably the neighbouring ruins are those of stables which is made more likely by their doors being placed opposite the race-ground. A round building in the middle of them, is, to judge by its architecture, older than the stables, thought by some to have served as a riding-school, and by others, as stables for the prætorian guards that used to accompany the emperors to the races. Probably there was also a temple on this rotunda, which is said to have served, in the middle ages, as a fortress for the family Borgia. But this has been the fate of many ancient edifices, particularly one, which we saw, on returning from here to the Appian road. Here a large, massy, circular building was pointed out to us as the mausoleum of Cæcilia Metella, which her husband Crassus erected to her honour. In the feuds of the middle ages the family Gætani transformed it into a kind of bastion, and found it a very excellent strong hold. Close by it we saw the ruins of some houses and churches built by the same family. After having amused ourselves for awhile with the famous echo on the tomb of C. Metella, we proceeded farther on the road. Among other ruins of monuments, we also found the tomb of the Servilian family, which was discovered by Canova, and which, ludicrously enough, is now called in Rome, il sepolcro di Canova, in honour of its discoverer. On the tomb, we read the words: Quartus Servilius pecunia sua fecit. It was rather late when we reached the town again.

The next day we left the city by the porta Pia, formerly Nomentana, as far as the church S. Agnese, at a distance of a Roman mile. It was built by Constantine the Great, on the spot where the body of the saint was found. Forty-five steps lead down into the interior of it. Here we were surprized by the beauty of 16 fluted columns, two of which in particular, are admirable; an equal number of smaller ones is raised above them; the whole is in the shape of an ancient basilica. The satue of the saint is enthroned, under a canopy supported by four columns of porphyry on the high-altar, under which her body is buried. On a side altar, a beautiful marble head of Christ, said to be the work of M. Angelo, and not unworthy of his chisel is worshipped. The walls along the stair-case are lined with old inscriptions and tomb-stones, which had been found in the former catacombs of this church. This holy place is, however, very solitary and unfrequented.

A few steps from it is the church of S. Constantia. It is this that they call a rotunda, which, on account of its remains of mosaic, relating to the cultivation of the grape, is thought, by many, to have been a temple of Bacchus. It is certain, however, that S. Constantia had been buried here, since her splendid porphyry sarcophagus, which is now in the museum Clementinum, was found in it. The beautiful church, with its twelve couples of Corinthian columns of granite, is now desolate and abandoned.

A mile farther we came to the river Teverone, the Anio of the ancients, over which is a bridge, whose name, Nomentus, has been most shamefully altered into Lamentanus. Nor far beyond it we saw the Holy Mountain, now a dreary hill, without a single tree or monument.

We then returned to Rome, where we occupied ourselves with some monuments of antiquity. The column of Trajan is a master-piece in its kind. Resisting the ravages of ages, it still presents its marble history of the victory over the Thracians. Its top is no longer crowned by the statue of an emperor, but it is replaced by that of a poor fisherman, the apostle Peter. The space round it is dug up, which laid open a part of the Forum Trajani, and the foundations of the Basilica, perhaps, too, of the Bibliotheca Ulpia, where the precious fragments of columns, that had been found there, have been restored to their original places. But these are scanty remnants of the old splendour and majesty of those edifices. The Antonine column, on the Piazza Colonna, which now supports the statue of S. Paul, is very inferior to that of Trajan, in proportions as well as sculpture, but it is still a beautiful and venerable relic of antiquity.

The old Campus Martius is entirely covered with buildings, and shows but very few traces of its former dignity. Its chief ornament was the mausoleum of Augustus. Of this monument, two walls, and the large vault, in which the imperial ashes were deposited, are yet left. The inner space was, for some time, used as a garden, but is now turned into a kind of amphitheatre, with seats, and serves for the occasional exhibition of bull-fights, fire-works, &c. The walls are also deprived of their marble columns, and every other kind of ornament.

The splendid mausoleum of Hadrian is now included in the fortress of S. Angelo. Even Belisarius used it as such, and the precious statues, that were in it, as missile weapons, to drive off the besieging enemies. Under Pope Boniface IX. it was first made into a regular citadel, to which later popes added bastions, out-works, &c. Urban VIII. took the bronze from the Pantheon to supply this fort with guns. It bears its name from an angel that appeared here to St. Gregory, during a plague, putting his sword into his scabbard, to indicate that the divine wrath was

appeased. The chief use of the fort now, is to announce the great church-feasts, by the roaring of its guns, whilst a large flag is waving on its walls. On the feast of Peter and Paul, it is the place for the exhibition of one of the grandest displays of fire-works.

Churches.

Rome is the city of churches, and, at their head, is S. Peter. But I will not attempt a description of it till I shall be better acquainted with the wonders and secrets of this immense edifice. In the mean time, I shall put down the observations which I have made on some of the most distinguished religious buildings in this city.

The churches here are, in many respects, interesting and instructive. Many which have been built in the first ages of christianity, having preserved their original form, remind us of the manner of worship of the first communities. Others that had been *basilicæ*, or temples, explain to us the arrangement of such fabrics. But, almost in all of them, we may follow the history of architecture, its blooming with the ancients, and its decay and revival in the more modern ages. We see how at first the noble forms of Greek and Roman elegance were neglected and then forgotten, how they then gradually attempted to substitute grandeur for beauty, until, at last, the taste for the antique was revived, and soon produced a hope of even surpassing the ancients. Thus arose the pitiful extravagances of a Borromini and Bernini, who, unfortunately, lived in an age when the rage for building among the popes and Roman nobles was at its height. Hence the tastelessness, and extravagance of style, of so many churches. But even these are not quite without interest, and, in some of their parts, even excite our admiration.

The first which we enter is S. Maria Maggiore, or Basilica Liberiana, on Mount Esquiline, one of the most magnificent temples in Christendom. It is standing free, having two fronts, one with a rich double colonnade, the other more simple and dignified; two domes and a steeple distinguish it at a distance. Opposite the chief front rises a beautiful marble pillar, taken from the Temple of Peace in the Forum, supporting the gilt statue of a Madona; opposite the other, stands an Egyptian obelisk of the highest antiquity. But it is the interior which presents the grandest sight. Thirty-six marble columns, of the Ionic order, divide it into three naves, in which there is nothing to intercept the eye from being immediately cast on the altar. This is formed by an ancient porphyry sarcophagus, covered by a marble slab, and overspread by a gold canopy, supported by four marble columns. Behind the altar, the niche of the chief

tribune, together with the seats of the bishop and the prebendaries, form a large crescent, the roof of which is ornamented with Mosaic representations of the fifth century. But the real splendour of this church is contained in two chapels, situated opposite one another, that of the sacrament and the chapel Borghese. The former built by Sixtus V., whose tomb it also contains, although rich and splendid, is, in every respect, surpassed by the latter, which is considered the most beautiful one in Rome. Here the eye is dazzled by the splendour and variety of the stones, and the mind is nearly overwhelmed by the crowded number of works of art.

A solitary road, between garden walls and dilapidated houses, takes us, at no great distance, to the Basilica of S. Giovanni Laterano. It is the church of the Bishop of Rome, and, as such, every new pope takes solemn possession of it. Therefore, it is also called by the proud name of 'Mother, and chief of all the churches in the world.' It was founded by Constantine the Great, but the high obelisk, which stands before it, was brought here by his son Constantius. It is to be lamented, that the majestic interior of the immense temple, at last fell into the hands of Borromini, to be finished and disfigured by him. The vault before him, was supported by a host of three hundred antique pillars; Borromini, urged by a demon of tastelessness, walled them up in heavy pilasters, and, probably, thought he had performed a master-piece of art, when he covered them with a load of ornaments, and provided them with niches, in which he placed the rather indifferently-executed statues of the twelve Apostles. The high altar, in the shape of a Gothic tabernacle, preserves, among other relics, the heads of SS. Peter and Paul. Four fluted columns of gilt bronze on the high altar, are very remarkable and beautiful, although their origin is yet doubtful. Among the chapels, that of the family Corsini is unique, and if that of Borghese be considered as the most beautiful in Rome, this one may, without exaggeration, be considered as the most beautiful in the world, but I will attempt no description of it!

On leaving the church, we first behold its majestic southern front, where, under a high portico, are its five entrance-portals. Then we glance at the beauties of the distant landscape, terminated by the Albanian hills. It would be of no use to remove the Roman monuments, of whatever branch of the arts they may be, to another spot of the earth. Let your museums be ever so brilliant, in which you think you are in possession of the ravished divinities, they will always remain gloomy and dull abodes, if the holy splendour, and the loving breeze of the eternal city does not shine upon, and waft around them!

Near the church of the Lateran is the Battisteria, in which,

according to tradition, Constantine the Great is said to have been baptized by Pope Silvester. It is small, of an octangular shape, plain without, but interesting within. In the centre is an octangular basin, into which the catechumen used to descend by four steps, to receive baptism; now an antique basalt-vase is used for this purpose. Eight beautiful columns of porphyry, on which are raised as many smaller ones of white marble, support a beautiful architrave and the cupola; in a side chapel, two immense columns of porphyry are closed up in the wall. In a beautiful chapel, with five entrances, by the side of the Lateran, built by Sixtus V. is the scala-santa, the marble stairs from the house of Pilate in Jerusalem, on which our Saviour went so often up and down. The steps are covered with boards; the veneration of the faithful, who only venture to ascend it on their knees, having nearly worn away the marble. Besides many relics, they worship, when arrived at the top, an ancient image of Christ, and descend by another convenient stair-case in the usual way.

Nearly opposite the Lateran stands, in solemn grandeur, the church of S. Croce di Gerusalemme, which bears its name from the third part of the cross, which was deposited here by the Empress Helen. The church S. Clemente, between the Lateran and Colosseum, is remarkable for its antiquity, and may be considered as the original form of the christian church. Four columns of granite support the portico, and twenty old marble columns divide the body into three naves. The choir begins in the middle of the nave, having, on each side, a desk from which, originally, the gospels and epistles were read; they are called ambones. Some steps lead up to the tribune, in the centre of which is the bishop's chair, two rows of marble benches for the priests, run along the walls; the choir was appointed to the minor clergy and the choristers. The side naves terminate in two vaulted niches, which are now used as chapels, but were originally under the denomination of Cellæ or Exedræ, set aside for private devotion and meditation. The shape of this church entirely corresponds with that of the Basilicæ, as described by Vitruvius, and as it may, in part, yet be traced in some other Roman churches, that have actually been Basilicæ; it is the shape which is used as the base of all large Roman churches, and all the Italian cathedrals and conventual churches. In an old chapel of S. Clemente, are some fresco paintings of Masaccio, unfortunately too much injured by time.

On Mount Esquiline, not far from the baths of Titus, is S. Pietro in Vincoli. Twenty-two antique Doric columns of Parian marble, of uncommon beauty, although standing a little too close to each other, partition the body into three naves. Halting a little near the tomb of some cardinals, we immediately

go to the tomb of Julius II. Behold here a masterpiece of Buonaroti's, his statue of Moses. How he is sitting in the bold consciousness of his power, with the commanding looks which are even flaming in marble, and demand of every one obedience and respect towards that God whose laws he holds in his hands! How the beard, descending in soft living waves down to the middle, appears shaken by the holy emotions which are agitating the man of God, and entering into the heart of every beholder. How the sinewy foot, unconcealed by the rich drapery, betrays the beauty of the whole body, and shows itself as the firm support of the firm unbending man! Woe to you if he should rise, and should pronounce in wrath that which now is only hovering as a thought over the sinking brow and round the lips of the mighty man!

S. Martino, likewise on the Esquiline hill, is very old, and built from a part of the baths of Titus, but it is a magnificent church. It is also filled with splendid marble columns of the Corinthian order, and the walls are covered with admirable landscapes of both the Poussins. A staircase under the high altar leads to a chapel, from which we reached a subterraneous church, with a mosaic pavement and other old monuments, which the chill of the damp air did not allow us to examine.

S. Stefano's rotunda, whether it has been an ancient temple or not, is a very old remarkable building. It is an enormous rotunda, as indicated by the name, disclosing an extensive interior surrounded by a double row of granite columns. Fresco paintings round the walls, by Pomarancio, represent the first persecution of the Christians with horrid truth but lively imagination. If any part of Rome may be called solitary, it is this, where the almost constantly locked church is standing in the midst of ruins.

From S. Gregorio, on the Cælian hill, the prospect is delightful. In the midst of it, is the convent S. Bonaventura with its garden, of whose greatest ornament a high palm-tree, the French have left nothing but the dry stem, having torn off all the branches for walking sticks. Three chapels, adjoining the church, I found more interesting than the church itself. In the first is the statue of S. Silvia, mother of Gregory the Great; in the second Guido and Dominichino have rivalled each other in talent. The conducting of S. Andrew to martyrdom is by the former, and the flagellation of this saint is by the latter. These two valuable fresco paintings have been cleaned and restored to the world by the art of Palmaroli.* In the third chapel is a

* Palmaroli, a Roman painter, has taught the world the art of cleaning old fresco paintings, and restoring them to their original colours.

statue of S. Gregory, and the stone table, at which he used every morning to entertain twelve pilgrims.

We now turn to the incomparable Pantheon or Rotunda. Notwithstanding the spoliations and disfigurings of eighteen centuries, it still stands in its pristine beauty. Still its portico, supported by 16 colossal columns of granite, is one of the grandest vestibules in the world, although Urbanus VIII. deprived it of the bronze, with which its ceiling was covered, and had a couple of puny steeples saddled on it by the wretched Bernini. The niches that used to contain the colossal statues of Augustus and Agrippa are empty, but the old bronze doors still turn heavily on their hinges. And the old sanctity and solemn grandeur still resides in the rotunda, once devoted to all the Gods, now to all the martyrs and the holy virgin. A mild light is received through a single round opening in the centre of the cupola, and throws on all the objects an indescribable magic charm.

The Pantheon is now more devoted to the remembrance of men famous in art or science. C. Maratta was the first who, at his own expense, placed the busts of R. Sanzio and H. Carracci in this sanctuary, to which soon a number of others were added, and which Canova now considerably increases by performances of his pupils.

Of some other churches within Rome, I may perhaps have something to say in my future letters, as they may come in my way during my excursions. Now I shall merely give an account of a few ancient churches which I visited in the solitude of the Campagna. On an excursion to S. Paolo without the walls, we came, at the foot of Mount Aventine, to a spot remarkable for several of its buildings. Here is an old beautiful temple of Fortuna Virilis, which time and barbarism have not been able to deprive of its dignity, now turned into the church of S. Maria Egiziaca; here stands, now called Madonna del Sole, an elegant temple of Vesta on the shore of the Tiber; and the sanctuary of Pudicitia Patricia is now dedicated to S. Maria in Cosmedin. Of a marble disk representing a human face, with openings for the eyes and mouth, which is now lying in the portico of this church, it was said, that persons taking an oath were compelled to put their hand in the mouth of this face, and if they had perjured themselves they could not withdraw it. It is, therefore, called Bocca della verità, but was probably nothing else but the rude mouth-piece of a spring or aqueduct, which certainly never pinched the hand of a perjurer.

Through the gate of St. Paolo, by the Pyramid of Cestius, we went to St. Paul's church, at about a Roman mile's distance. The road was formerly covered by a rich colonnade, which reached from the gate to the Basilica. Now all about is silent and unfre-

quented, and during the summer months the insalubrious state of the air even makes the monks leave their convent. Constantine built on the spot where the apostle Paul was buried, a temple, which was extended to its present grandeur by later emperors. The outside, with its mosaic pictures of the fourteenth century, and its splendid portico, inspire respect; but how surprising is the sight when the bronze gates, which were cast in 1070, are opened to display the interior of the sanctuary. The eye beholds a forest of columns, through which passages are open to the high altar, over which is a Gothic canopy resting on four columns of porphyry. Eighty, for the most part precious, columns divide the church into five naves, the pavement of which is composed from fragments of ancient marble inscriptions. On the walls, supported by the columns of the central nave, are the remains of some very old paintings, and among these the portraits of all the Popes, from St. Peter to Pius the Seventh. The wood-work of the roof, admired for its workmanship and antiquity, appears as it does in the Campo Santo at Pisa, quite uncovered, and contributes, if not to the beauty, yet to the peculiarity, of the appearance of the whole. But yet its desolate and forsaken state inspire the wanderer with an unpleasant feeling, and urge him to leave its silent halls. We also visited the chiostro, the small arcades of which are supported by small columns of various shapes and colours.

About two miles further we met, in a country of a serious cast, formerly called ad aquas Salvias, three ancient churches. The middle one, S. Paolo alletre fontane, is on the spot where the apostle was beheaded, and where his head, leaping three times from the ground, called forth the three springs which are shown within the church. S. Vincenza e Anastasio bears on its pillars the nearly-obliterated fresco images of the apostles, painted after drawings of Raphael, and is interesting by the mystical cloisters and halls of the former convent. S. Maria Scala coeli stands on the graves of the twelve thousand christians whom Dioclesian murdered after he had made them work in the building of his baths. They are all three, however, empty and desolate, and are hastening to decay.

Yesterday I visited the basilica S. Lorenzo, likewise situated without the city. It is about a miglia from the former porta Tiburtina. Like S. Clemente, it has still preserved its primitive venerable form and splendour. Its portico rests on six wreathed columns; its nave is formed by twenty-two columns of oriental granite, and the choir, with its two ambones, begins in the centre. Its tribune, or rather presbytery, which is ascended by means of steps, rests on twelve splendid fluted columns, with rich Corinthian capitals of the most costly species of marble, called pava-

nazzetto; yet they are half sunk in the ground. Below them is a smaller row of columns, of white marble. Below the high altar, whose canopy is supported by four porphyry columns, in a chapel, is the tomb of the saints Laurence and Stephen, and an old Roman sarcophagus, close by the entrance, with an exquisite basso relievo, representing a wedding; it now serves as the tomb of a cardinal. This church is little frequented; still it is not so dreary as that of S. Paolo.

The basilica S. Sebastiano lies in the midst of the ruins of the Appian way. The statue of the saint is formed after a model of Bernini's, who probably had the dead son of Niobe before his eyes, when he made it. This church also forms the chief entrance to the catacombs of Rome. The catacombs are deep subterraneous passages, originally dug by the old Romans to extricate the puzzolana, a volcanic sand used in building. They afterwards became an asylum for the first Christians during their cruel persecution. It was here where they met, kept their worship, and buried their dead. The bodies were laid in niches of the same size practised in the side-walls, and after adding instruments of their martyrdom, and frequently a bottle of their blood, they closed it either with a brick or a slab of marble. Sometimes they wrote on them the name of the deceased, with some pious words; sometimes they only put a cross, or the initials of the name of our Saviour on them to distinguish the grave of a Christian. For many graves were found without any sign or inscription. They were probably those of poor people, or slaves, that could not afford a decent burial. Thirteen Popes, nearly 170,000 martyrs, and S. Sebastianus among them, are said to have been buried here. Thus the catacombs became a rich source of relics, with which the successors of St. Peter supplied the world. No one else has a right to them; an inscription at the entrance threatens every one with excommunication and the eternal curse, who should take any thing away with him from here; but there is scarcely any thing left.

Villa Borghese.

This beautiful villa is without the Porta del Popolo. It stretches over a part of mount Pinceo, wherefore it is also called Pinciana. It offers a most beautiful prospect over Rome and the Vatican, and contains within its immense domain, woods, pastures, lakes, and excellent gardens, with some of the most valuable specimens of art.

The Casino, built, like all the rest, by Cardinal Scipio Borghese, to whom the land had been given by his uncle, Pope Paul the Fifth, is so overloaded with basso relievos, statues, and other ornaments, that it is impossible to perceive the beauty of the

building. The interior, not less rich and costly, contained the most valuable collection of antiquities that ever was possessed by a private individual. But Prince Camillo Borghese preferred taking eight millions of francs for them, and thus the Gladiator, the Hermaphrodite, Cupid and Psyche, and the other master-works of ancient art, have remained in Paris. I never wished to see what has remained in the Casino; among which is Bernini's famous group of Apollo and Daphne, always preferring a ramble through the grounds. There is now a dead silence round the Casino.

The grounds are really magnificent, and constantly open to the public. Broad shady walks, with fields and thick groves, various buildings, monuments, lakes, and fountains, are placed on the fittest spots; clusters of the most beautiful trees form the most delightful groups. In a bosquet of ever-green oaks lies, in the middle of a lake, an island, with a neat temple of Æsculapius, whose statue honours the Greek chisel. Farther on are extensive grass-plots, covered with large herds of black and red deer; then follows the thicket of the park, all in a noble and princely style.

On Sundays these grounds are much visited by the Romans, who come either on foot, horseback, or in carriages. Yet there are still silent spots where the lovers of repose will always find an undisturbed and delightful retreat.

Trastevere.

This is the part of Rome situated beyond the Tiber. Its inhabitants bore rather a low character even among the ancients, and it is now considered an insult among the Romans to be called a Trasteverian. These, on the other hand, make a boast of their genuine Roman descent, and of having kept their blood pure and unmixed. There is in fact something characteristic, a certain pride and gloomy seriousness, marked in their countenances. The women are distinguished in their dress, by their hair-nets, large ear-rings, and immense shoe-buckles, but mostly too, by a certain bold beauty and freshness.

With the exception of the street Lungara, all the others in Trastevere are narrow and crooked. Solitude and silence almost prevail every where, and some parts seem to be entirely abandoned; and the empty houses there, in the walls of which may be seen many excellent pieces of ancient sculpture, mixed up with the most common materials, seem near falling down.

The churches in this district are very ancient and interesting. S. Maria in Trastevere is the oldest church of the Virgin in Rome, having been built by S. Calixtus as early as the year 224. Formerly the spot contained what was called Taberna Meritoria, where invalid soldiers used to be supported by the state, now turned into this church; with many irregularities, it is a venerable splendid

pile. Twenty-two Ionic columns of granite divide it into three naves; four columns of porphyry bear the canopy over the high altar. Old mosaics of the year 1143 adorn the tribune; the richly gilt painting bears a beautiful Ascension of the Virgin, by Dominichino; whilst the floor is splendidly inlaid with marbles of various colours. On the left side of the tribune is a precious remnant of antique mosaic, representing aquatic birds sporting among the reeds. In the front of the church stands perhaps the oldest fountain in Rome, it having been built by Hadrian I. in 790. Not far from this church is another S. Crisogno, which is very similar to it. Instead of the Ionic columns, there are here as many of the Doric order; the canopy of the high altar is supported on columns of alabaster, and the great arch of its tribunes, by two enormous Corinthian columns of porphyry.

The conventual church of S. Cecilia is remarkable and attractive at the same time. Through a beautiful colonnade one enters a yard, which displays an antique marble vase of a peculiar size and beauty. Next to the high altar within the church is the richly ornamented tomb of the saint. Its greatest ornament, however, is the prostrate marble statue of S. Cecilia, by S. Maderno. It is in the same position, they say, in which she was found, in the year 821, in her grave, the head, which was separated from the body, being wrapped up in like manner. But she does not repose in the cold bands of death, but in the gentle sleep of virginal innocence and grace. To the right of the altar is a chapel, with some leaden tubes fixed to the walls; it is revered as a bathing-room of the saint, where she died the death of a martyr.

On the old Janiculus, on the spot where S. Peter was crucified, now stand the church and convent S. Pietro in Montorio. A small round temple with Doric columns, built by Bramanti, in the middle of the chiostro, is said to have been on the same spot whereon the cross stood. The church once possessed Raphael's Transfiguration. But besides the paintings of S. del Piombo, after the drawings of M. Angelo, in a chapel, a Holy Family, by P. Perugino, and the conversion of S. Paul, by Vasari, it has preserved several good paintings and statues. The fontana Paolina, the ancient aqua sabatina or alsietina, brought hither by Augustus through an aqueduct of 35 migli in distance, falls a few steps from here, from five niches into an enormous marble basin. Paul V. having restored the aqueduct gave it its present name.

Among the few palaces in Trastevere, I distinguished that of Corsini in the Lungara. Its exterior is less splendid than its interior, where an excellent gallery of paintings is worthy of special notice. For want of space I can only mention one piece of it, a divine landscape of C. Poussin's, of which Gmelin has

just published a print. Besides, the palace contains a large collection of engravings as also a library; on the back it has a villa, whose delightful gardens run up by the side of the Janiculus.

The Casino Farnesina, likewise in the Lungara, built by B. Peruzzi, and ornamented by Raphael and his pupils, is a delightful place. The Vatican excepted, Raphael's genius has perhaps no where so divinely displayed itself as here, in the fable of Amor and Psyche. Immediately on entering we are received in a gallery, the arched ceiling of which presents the whole Olympus in two fresco paintings. In one we see Venus and Cupid, pleading their cause before the throne of Jupiter; in the other, the wedding of Cupid and Psyche, celebrated by a great festivity of the Gods. On the centre of the arch, we see in ten triangles, formed with garlands of flowers and fruits which betray the hand of Gio. da Udine, representations of the chief events in the fable. What can be more tender than those three Graces to whose admiration Amor is offering the charms of his favourite; what can be more heavenly than that neck of Aglaja, in the full blossom of life; what more lovely than that group of Cupid and Jupiter, who is paternally caressing the unhappy child, and appears to grant his request; what more excellent than that Psyche, borne by two Amorines, who is handing Pandora's box to her enemy!! Between the ten triangles there were also fourteen compartments left, which the imagination of Raphael filled up with amorettos in the most delightful positions and motions. Although the painting may have suffered by age and Maratta's repairs, although the colour may in some places be too sharp, yet the whole is an immortal performance.

The adjoining room contains another masterwork of our artist, his Galathea. Unfortunately some places have been very unskilfully restored by Maratta, he has particularly ruined one of Galathea's legs. The Polyphem, which he painted near her, makes us still more dissatisfied with the artist. The ceiling presents the histories of Medusa, Diana on her car drawn by bulls, and very expressive ornaments in the style of basso-relievos, by D. da Volterra, S. dal Piombo, and B. Peruzzi. Finally there is in a lunette, the famous head, which as it is said, M. Angelo drew here one day with black chalk, in the absence of Raphael, in order to ridicule the little manner of this artist. However we doubted very much the truth of this story, since M. A., if this deformed head be actually by him, could never think of eclipsing Galathea by it.

The upper apartment contains no less excellent paintings. The first has architectural perspectives; a forge of Vulcan, and re-

presentations from Ovid's Metamorphoses, on the borders of the ceiling, are from Raphael's school. In the next room, some scenes from the life of Alexander, painted *al fresco*, are from the hand of Sodoma. The Macedonian hero is offering his crown to Roxane, who, half naked, surrounded by Cupids, is sitting in a timid posture, on a splendid couch. Her whole form, the head of the King, a youth standing behind him, the numberless little genii, are enchantingly beautiful. On the other wall he painted the tent of Darius, with many beautiful figures and heads. The third wall presents Alexander breaking in Bucephalus, from an unknown hand, and which will suffer no comparison with any of the former.

On the Janiculus are the beautiful villas Pamfili and Lante. The former is said to be five *miglie* in circumference, and is one of the grandest in Rome. The beautiful *casino* is the work of Algardi. The shady walks between laurel and lecci-trees, the elegant fountains, the prospects over Rome and the Campagna, the lake with several cascades, separating two hills covered with pine-woods, are beautiful beyond expression.

The *casino* of the villa Lante is by Giulio Romano, who has also painted some ceilings in it *al fresco*, with arabesks, and small representations from Roman history. In one room there are four female portraits by him, one of which is that of the Fornarina. Besides, there are here some excellent prints, and a valuable collection of drawings, taken by Dominichino, from his paintings in the Grotta Ferrata. The beautiful gardens contain a very large lemon plantation.

The church and convent S. Onoforio, on the Janiculus, is a place of great pilgrimage. The large gardens offer some brilliant prospects. Under an old large oak, at their highest extremity, a small amphitheatre is dug out, where a sermon is sometimes preached on Sundays. In one of the cloisters is a lovely picture of da Vinci's. A Madona, with the infant Christ extending his little hands in blessing over a priest who is kneeling before them. In the church, a stone in the pavement indicates, with a few words, that it covers *the grave of Tasso.*

Fountains and Palaces.

The fountains in the palaces, villas, &c. contribute materially to beautify modern Rome. From the forty aqueducts of the ancients, there are only three that are serviceable. They supply the three chief fountains of the city, from whence all the others, which are very numerous, receive their water. They are, for the most part, built in a noble and beautiful style. To give but one example, I select the fountain from the Piazza Novana. In the entre of an immensely large bason rises a rock, perforated on

four sides; and upon this an Egyptian obelisk of red granite, which had been found in the circus of Caracalla. On the corners of the rock are sitting the colossal statues of the four chief rivers in the four parts of the globe, the Ganges, Nile, Rio de la Plata, and Danube, which are constantly pouring an immense quantity of water into the marble bason; a circumstance which peculiarly distinguishes the Roman fountains from most of those beyond the Alps, which, with their puny streams, look like wretched playthings.

The three chief fountains are the *Acqua Paolina*, described above, the *Fontana Felice*, and *Fontana di Trevi*. The former receives its water from the Aqua Claudia, which, conducted from the Tusculan hills to Rome, flows out, under an Ionian arcade, from a rock, near which stands rather a clumsy statue of Moses with a staff. Four lions of marble and basalt, by the side of the bason, also emit a vast quantity of water; however, the whole is neither grand nor beautiful. The Fontana di Trevi is, notwithstanding many defects, an admirable work. Over a wild rock rises a palace, adorned with Corinthian pilasters, columns, and symbolic statues. A statue of Neptune, drawn in his car by sea-horses and tritons, stands in a richly-ornamented niche in the centre of the edifice, and seems to call forth the water. Obedient to the commands of its god, this is bursting, in rich torrents, from the chasms of the rock, filling an immense bason, surrounded by blocks of granite, and provided with marble steps to descend into it. If this fountain were situated in a more open place, its effect would be greater. The load of ornaments, the choice of the Corinthian order, and the artificial, divided, and broken style of architecture, however, do not agree with the silent grandeur of water-scenes. The statues too, are, for the most part, in that exaggerated, inflated style, which characterizes the age.

The defects noticed in this edifice are perceptible in the Roman palaces which I am now about to review. They want the peculiar dignity of the Florentine palaces, and the noble greatness and splendour of those in Venice and Vicenza. Yet they are larger in circumference, and richer in ornaments and furniture; and, with the exception of a few, there is little comfort in the large solitary apartments, where not only the rich furniture, but even the most valuable works of art, are mouldering into dust.

The palace Farnese is considered as the most beautiful, and, no doubt, it is deserving of this reputation. Begun by San Gallo, and finished by M. Angelo and Della Porta, it occupies a whole side of a beautiful place with two fountains. Twelve Doric columns of Egyptian granite support the porch; three rows of arcades, one above the other, surround the court-yard, which

retains from its former treasures of antiquity, now in Naples, nothing but the sarcophagus of Cæcilia Metella. From the endless number of apartments, some of which are entirely empty, only the gallery with fresco-paintings, by H. Caracci and his pupils, deserves peculiar attention. I take them to be the master-pieces of that school, so happy is the composition and colouring, so pure and noble in the style of these, for the most part, mythological subjects. I only notice, however, a small painting of Dominichino's over the door, which offers a very tender and lovely representation of a girl playing with the unicorn, a symbol of virginity.

The palace Colonna is particularly remarkable for the richness of its gallery. But I mention only a few of the paintings. Madona with the infant at her breast, in Raphael's best manner, is coupled with a horrid caricature of a Gormandizer, by A. Caracci. Correggio's Leda, and the Ravishing of Europa, by Albano, do not deny their respective artists. Among many excellent landscapes, shines one, like a star of the first magnitude, an enchanting production of Claude's. The gallery, properly speaking, to which we arrive after the eye is almost wearied with seeing, is an enormous hall, of the most brilliant kind in Rome. It rests on two arches, supported by four columns of *giallo antico*, and is covered with paintings, statues, and looking-glasses. The upper stories, too, contain paintings of the best masters, the enumeration of which would, however, afford no interest.

From the palace a bridge leads to a garden, rising in terraces on the Quirinal hill. Under a high beautiful pine lie the colossal ruins of a marble front, said to be from a Temple of the Sun, or the *Dea Salus*. Besides, the garden contains the ruins of the baths of Constantine, which some persons take for the remains of the habitation of the Cornelian family.

The palace Rospigliosi, close by the former, contains a great number of good and bad paintings. But we experienced the greatest gratification in the casino of the garden. Here is Guido's master-piece, painted on a ceiling, viz. his famous Aurora, well known by an excellent print. It is a truly poetical composition, and is seen to best advantage lying on one's back.

The immense and splendid palace Doria in the Corso, contains one of the most brilliant galleries. But it would be useless to give you names; and description among such vast stores of excellence would be impossible.

The palace Braschi in the Piazza Navona is not quite finished within. The stair-case of it, composed of the noblest marbles and columns of oriental granite, is splendid although not perfectly beautiful. Among the paintings Benv. Garofalo's wedding at Cana takes the lead, and it is undoubtedly the master-piece of

this artist. The clever arrangement, the cheerfulness of life, and fresh warm colouring make this picture one of the most wonderful of its kind. Among the antiques, the colossal statue of the Indian Bacchus is worthy of the highest admiration.

On the outside of the palace the trunk of a once beautiful statue is leaning, without shelter, against a corner of it; it is the remains of a Menelaus carrying the body of Patroclus. In the sixteenth century the name of the notorious Pasquino was given to it, and it became its office to publish to the world the satires and libels that were invented by the wits of Rome. Usually he was made to answer to the queries of Marforio, a statue of the Rhine in the capitol, but this witty correspondence has ceased long since.

Without mentioning any of the other palaces that deserve to be visited, I take you immediately to that of Monte Cavallo. This is the name given to mount Quirinal, on which the palace, besides being nearly in the centre of Rome, has a very beautiful and healthy situation, which induced the popes, since Paul III. to make it their residence in preference to the unhealthy Vatican, situated on an extremity of the city. The place before it is distinguished by the two famous equestrian statues of Castor and Pollux. Their horses, after which the place is called, are insignificant and puny, but the two heroes, particularly the one attributed, by the inscription, to Phidias, is of the most perfect beauty. Between the two statues an Egyptian obelisk rises in the air, the height of which is rather a detriment to them, notwithstanding their own colossal size.

The exterior of the palace consists of two long unadorned fronts, the portals of which are kept by Swiss guards. The inner court, of considerable size, is surrounded on three sides by a high portico, on pilasters, under which an immense double staircase leads to the large anti-room of the chapel, and the pope's apartments. These are for the most part very plainly furnished. One chapel, entirely painted by Guido, contains many good pictures. In one room is a S. George killing the dragon, painted in very glowing colours by Giorgione, and a Madona with six saints, by Titian, in which a S. Sebastianus is a miracle of warmth and truth. Here are also the two apostles by Fra. Bartolommeo, mentioned by Vasari, but they seem to be unfinished. The gardens which contain many ornaments of antiquity, are, like the palace, more remarkable for their extent, than for any particular beauty.

Christmas.

The approach of Christmas is signalized in Rome long before by many joyous preparations. Even before the advent-season

shepherds from the Abruzzos are walking about Rome, under the name of Pifferari, in couples, playing and singing cradle hymns before every image of the Virgin. Their pointed hats, and brown cloaks, which reach down to their knees, give them a foreign appearance. One plays on a fife and is accompanied by the other on the bag-pipe; after the *ritornell* one of them sings a few verses to a most agreeable cradle tune. The nearer the holidays approach the richer are the exhibitions at the fruiterers and victuallers, or pizzicarnoli. In the coffee-houses is a neat set-out of sweetmeats and pastry. But the greatest beauty is displayed in the Piazza Navona, where, under arcades of laurel and myrtle branches, connected by festoons of flowers and fruit, the provisions that are on sale, are arranged with a taste and sense of beauty peculiar even to the lowest orders of the Roman people.

Although, on the first Christmas morning, we were on our way to the church S. Maria Maggiore, as early as three o'clock, in order to be present at the matins, I found the church full, and the heat and smoke of the lights almost unbearable. To get into the vestry, where the relics of the holy cradle were exposed, was impossible. The people, who had been waiting the whole night outside the church till it had been opened at two o'clock, lay, for the most part, in picturesque groups, tired and sleepy, against the walls and the columns, covered with red damask. The singing from the high altar could not be heard from the hum and noise of the people; we therefore went out, and walked through the dark and silent streets till a coffee-house was opened.

We went early to St. Peter's to be present at the celebration of the high mass by his Holiness, and, as usual, to take a new excursion through this venerable pile. No former or present temple can boast of greater splendour, beauty, or extent; none of the co-operations of so many heroes of the art, from Bramante down to Bernini, who have all sought their glory in beautifying this first monument of religion and art of modern times. There is much in its details that may be blamed; we may find fault with the front's resembling more that of a palace than that of a church, and its having too much filagree work; with the inscription, with the composite order of columns in the colonades; we may wish to see in the interior columns, instead of pilasters, other statues, more befitting paintings, and more appropriate ornaments; yet we must confess that it is the grandest temple in the world. On entering the place before the church the eye is by turns attracted by Bernini's semi-circular colonnades, by the obelisk, by the two fountains, and by the church itself, with its immense dome. Ascending the steps, we enter the vestibule, and should imagine ourselves to be in a majestic temple, if altars

were to be seen instead of the five portals. At last we enter the holy twilight of the immense interior of the church, which opens in grand perspectives before the enchanted eyes, that now turn to the golden arch over our heads, then to the beautiful marble pavement under our feet. On both sides tenderly formed angels offer the holy water; we approach, and lo! they turn into giants. But as we proceed, the senses are delighted by the height of the rich Corinthian pilasters, the easy cast of the arcades, from the edge of which the eye beholds rows of elegant statues, and at every turn, surveys niches, chapels, altars, or tombs, till we have reached the high altar and the tomb of the apostle. A hundred and twelve lamps are burning day and night on the railing of the holy spot; costly marble steps lead down into the railed-in tomb. We are astonished at the massive columns of gilt bronze, that support the lofty canopy above the high altar; but what are our feelings when looking up to the heavenly vault of the enormous dome, we behold the mosaic representation of the celestial bands of saints assembled round the throne of the Almighty! When we then consider the pillars on which this dome is supported, we think them worthy of the inscription on their frieze: "On this rock I will build my church." Proceeding till at last we reach the end where the chair of St. Peter is borne on the hands of the four gigantic fathers!

Cool in summer, pleasantly warm in winter, this sanctuary is at all times open to the devout or curious visitor. It was the first time to-day that I saw it animated by people, for there must be thousands in it before any life and motion can be perceived in these immense halls. Every thing was in the most brilliant state of preparation for the arrival of the Pope. It was ten o'clock when he arrived.

The centre gates being thrown open, the splendid procession slowly moved into the church between two rows of Swiss guards in antiquated dresses. In front of it a *cameriere* carried the cross, whilst two others held wax torches by his side. Now follow the prelates, cardinals, with their chaplains, and candatarie, the bishops, the senators, and conservatori, in brocade mantles, with other officers of the court. At last appears the Pope himself, in the tiara, with a superb cloak of heavy brocade, falling down in rich folds, and nearly covering the twenty Swiss that are carrying him on his throne. The insignia of his dignity, among which is the hat of the golden fleece, are carried before him; and on both sides the flabella, or splendid fans of ostrich feathers. Dispensing his blessing to the kneeling multitude, he reaches the altar, where he is set down, and finds prepared for him on the right, a throne, a bishop's chair, seats for the cardinals and the prelates, an elevated choir for the Capella Papale, and a pulpit

covered with rich drapery for the preacher. Now he takes off the tiara, kneels down, has the mitre put on his head, and then takes his seat on the throne, whilst he joins in the psalms and prayers which precede the holy office. Towards the end of them his nearest retinue form a circle round him, dressing him in all his pontificalia, and putting the tiara again on his head. Attended by two deans and two sub-deans, he then steps before the altar, bows down, and makes the usual confession. Then he ascends the Papal throne in all his splendour. Whilst the choir sings the *Kyrie Eleison* and *Gloria in excelsis*, he takes off the tiara, and salutes the assembly with the *Dominus vobiscum*, after which he reads the collect with a loud, yet peculiar voice. When the epistles have been read, both in Greek and Latin, and some verses from the psalms have been sung, he rises again, gives his blessing to the two deans, who, kneeling, are holding the gospel before him, takes off the tiara, and listens, in a devout posture, to the singing of the evangile. After the creed, and the psalms following it, he leaves the throne, proceeds, solemnly escorted, to the altar, goes through the office, moves the golden censor, and washes his hands. Then, after having, by the Orate, fratres! called on the people to silent prayer, he begins singing the Præfatio, being so called from its preceding the most solemn part of the office. The last words, Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus, &c. are uttered with the humblest devotion, and sung by the choir in deep, solemn notes. But then the song ceases, and the greatest silence prevails, whilst the Pope, in a low key, recites the prayers accompanying the consecration, concluding with the Lord's prayer. This being over, he again addresses the community by the Dominus vobiscum, and returns to his throne, whilst the choir sings, in the sweetest notes, the Agnus Dei. Then two deans bring him the sacrament, which, after having worshipped it on his knees, he takes sitting, which is certainly unbecoming and undignified. The deans and sub-deans take the sacrament in both forms, and after some more hymns sung by the choir, a dean dismisses the congregation with the Ite missa est. The Pope then once more kneels down in prayer before the altar, and returns in the same manner as he came. My landlady having invited me some days before with the quaint saying, *Pasqua con Dio, Carnevale con chi vuoi, ma natale con i tuoi!* (Spend Easter with God, Carnival with whom you please, but Christmas with your family,) I spent one of the most pleasant days of my stay in Rome in my lodgings.

In Rome, as in most Catholic countries, they are in the habit of building, at Christmas time, cribs, or præsepia, representing the scenes which accompanied the nativity. Here they are done in a superior style, as they, for the most part, place them on the

roofs, profiting by some visible landscape, or the sky, for an appropriate back-ground. In the fore-ground they place ruins, clusters of trees, and figures, which, although made of pasteboard and the like, make, with the excellent perspective and skilful distribution that is observed in them, a delightful impression. A silent, pensive melancholy and grandeur is even perceived in the sports of the Roman people, whilst the præsepia at Naples are distinguished by their lively variety, cheerful colouring, and vivid splendour.

The next day, on going to the church Ara Cœli, we were surprised by a strange sight at the entrance of it. Six men and women sat here in a circle, and accompanying themselves with guitars, triangles, and flutes, sang cradle hymns on the nativity of the Saviour to the sweetest and simplest, but most impressive, melodies. What could be more touching than these unpretending, pious strains, each stanza of which ended with the words,

Dormi, dormi nel mio seno,
Dormi o mio fiar Nazzareno,
Il mio cuor culla sarà,
Fa la ninna nanna nà.*

Grottoes and Dome of St. Peter.

The grottoes of St. Peter are the remains of the oldest church built on this spot, and in great veneration. Women are forbidden all the year round from entering them, except on Whit-Monday, when men, in their turn, are prohibited from entering them. When the Circus and garden of Nero were situated here, the Christians that found their death in them were buried in some sand-caves near the former, and the body of St. Peter among the rest. Pope Analectus built a chapel over his grave, and afterwards Constantine a church, which, after having stood eleven centuries, was about falling in ruins, when, in the year 1450, Pope Nicolas the Fifth resolved to build a new one. But the plan of building St. Peter's, as it now is, was not accomplished before the times of Julius the Second, and Leo the Tenth. The architects, under the injunction of preserving the pavement which covered the ancient grottoes, raised that of the new basilica sixteen Roman palmi above the old one, and supported it by immense pilasters and arches. Thus the present grottoes were formed between the two pavements, and are accessible by a staircase opening in one of the pillars of the dome, near the statue of S. Veronica.

* Sleep, sleep on my breast,
Sleep, flower of Nazareth,
My heart shall be thy cradle.

A priest leads the way, with a lighted torch in his hand, to those interesting vaults. The number of old mosaics, inscriptions, paintings, and sculptures, is immense, and that of distinguished tombs very large. Here are those of the emperor Otto the Second, Queen Christiana of Sweden, and an unspeakable number of holy and unholy Popes, are reposing in the deepest silence and utter darkness in their marble and porphyry coffins. The holiest spot in these vaults is the rich chapel Della Confessione, under the high altar of the new church, which contains the body of the apostle. Two ancient paintings, on silver, of the apostles Peter and Paul, on the altar, are greatly revered.

From the grottoes we went to the roof, by so convenient a staircase, that even beasts of burden may ascend it. When arrived there, we thought we were in a new city, so great is the number of domes, besides the large one, steeples, galleries, and staircases. The statues on the top of the balustrade, which, seen from below, look like dolls, now appear like so many colossal ones. But that which creates the greatest surprise is the great dome, its surprising firmness and security, which are only to be fully perceived from this place. Convenient steps, between the inner and outer arch lead to the lanthorn, from which we ascended into the ball, where there is space for sixteen people. An iron ladder outside leads to the top of the cross above the ball, but it is only scaled by very bold adventurers.

On leaving this height we saw, in the model room, the model of the dome, by M. Angelo, and that of the whole church after the plan of Bramante and A. da Sangallo. It was the wish of Sangallo to have put two tasteless steeples and a conical dome on Bramante's immortal cupola. It is therefore fortunate that he died sufficiently early to make room for a M. Angelo as his successor. And it is astonishing that, notwithstanding the variety of architects that have worked in the construction of this church, very little, upon the whole, has been altered in the grandeur of the original plan.

The Vatican.

Even in the first centuries of the Christian era, a palace for the popes was built on the Vatican hill, near the old church of St. Peter. Afterwards the edifice was enlarged, and gradually brought to its present immense extent and beauty. It is twelve hundred feet long, one thousand broad, and proportionably high, and the number of its rooms, galleries, staircases, &c. is quite inconceivable. There is certainly no symmetry, or architectural order without; yet single parts of this gigantic palace, or rather assemblage of palaces, are perfectly beautiful, the history

of Roman architecture having scarcely a distinguished name that has not contributed in building some part of the Vatican.

From the porch of S. Peter the magnificent Sala regia leads to the interior of the palace. A double row of Ionic columns, rising in majestic order along the marble steps and terminating near the Sala regia, present the most curious prospects to any one beholding them from below. This hall, which was built by Sangallo, only contains fresco-paintings by Vasari, relating to subjects honourable or advantageous to the tiara. The solemn entry of Gregory IX. into Rome on his return from Avignon is, perhaps, the artist's best performance: the sea-fight of Lepanto is also in its place here, but certainly not the massacre of S. Bartholomew. Yet though the Sala regia were ten times more brilliant, it would be cast in shade by the adjoining Sixtine chapel. A door to the left leads into it, and the eye is immediately struck by M. Angelo's Last Judgment, on the opposite wall. Time has deprived this immortal painting of the freshness of its colouring, yet it has done no injury to its eternal beauties. But it requires a frequent and long observation, before they are found out, and before the eye can arrange those masses of naked bodies, that crowd of saved and condemned people, angels and devils, patriarchs and saints. Here the artist, instead of attracting, proudly repels us; instead of elevating and reconciling, after he has overcome us with his subject, confounds and makes us coldly feel his supernatural strength to which a mortal can scarcely elevate himself. Even the figures in the picture, from which we feel entitled to expect some comfort and calm, do not afford it; for his Christ is not a God of mercy, but a thundering Apollo, and the choir of saints and elect, an assembly of inexorable judges. But, notwithstanding all this, there is such a profusion of beauties in the single parts of the painting, that we are, even in spite of ourselves, compelled to pay our homage to the artist.

On the ceiling the Florentine master has painted the colossal figures of the Sybils and prophets, with all the truth and energy peculiar to him. A world of thought moves on some of these gloomy melancholy brows, whilst others are illuminated by the light of inspiration, or animated by the dawn of joyful forebodings. The scenes from the Old Testament, particularly the animation of the first man, and Eve's humble adoration of the Lord, are so replete with graces of the tender kind, that language would strive in vain to find expressions for them.

The side walls are painted with histories of the Old Testament, by S. Botticelli, L. Signorelli, A. Filippi, P. Perugino, and other Florentine masters of the latter part of the 16th century, with all the unassuming piety and innocence of those days. And although they only seem to be here to mark the immense gulf

that lies between them and a M. Angelo, one takes, nevertheless, a delight in looking at those touching productions of youthful art.

On the other side of the Sala regia is the Pauline chapel, which, on feast-days, when the venerabile is exposed here to veneration, is very tastefully and brilliantly illuminated.

Stanza.

Before entering the boxes and apartments of the Vatican, we were delighted by the sight of an old chapel, the walls covered with the most exquisite scenes from the lives of S. Stephen and S. Laurence, by the pious Fra. Giovanni da Fiesole, to whom we had already had the opportunity of offering our deepest homage in Florence.

The boxes of the Vatican are three rows of open galleries, one above the other in the Castile di San Damasa, of which that in the centre, consisting of thirteen arches, was painted with the most renowned fresco-paintings by Raphael and his pupils. But from the 52 paintings, on the ceilings, representing subjects from scripture, particularly the Old Testament, only four are by Raphael himself, the others are by Giulio Romano, P. del Vaga, and others of his pupils. The drawings, arrangement, and ornaments, however, are all his own; only G. da Udine was left to his own imagination and taste, in the execution of the admirable ornaments of flowers, fruits, and arabesks, but which have all very much suffered from time. This gallery, which had been always exposed to the inclemency of the seasons, has been closed with large glass windows, during the last Neapolitan possession, and a marble bust of Raphael placed at one end of it.

But it is in the stanze (apartments) where Raphael shows himself in his greatest splendor. Here every thing is painted, or at least planned by himself, with the exception of the ceiling in the last apartment, and the battle of Constantine, in the first; death prevented him from doing the latter, and his respect to his master from doing the former. The most of the rooms had already been painted by P. Perugino and other great artists of his age, when Bramanti proposed to pope Julius II. to send for his cousin Raphael from Florence, to have some walls painted by him. He came and painted his Disputa, with which the pope was so struck that he ordered all the famous paintings to be destroyed, and all repainted by Raphael. But the grateful artist could not endure to see the labour of his master destroyed, and it was preserved at his request. The stanze consist of four rooms, which being free from all sorts of furniture, leave to the spectator the full enjoyment of the paintings. When Rome was taken under Charles of Bourbon, the barbarism of the Spaniards and Germans

turned these apartments into guard-rooms, which, together with the elapse of three centuries, has greatly impaired the colours of these invaluable works, and destroyed some altogether. The first room contains the victorious battle of Constantine against Maxentius, which was only sketched by Raphael and executed al fresco by G. Romano. It was Raphael's intention to have painted it in oil, and the goddesses of justice and benevolence, standing on two pilasters were finished when he died. The next room contains the expulsion of Heliodorus from the temple; the apostles Peter and Paul threatening Attila, the mass at Bolsena, and the liberation of Peter from prison by an angel. In the third room which is the most admired one, are the school of Athens, the Disputa, Parnassus, and Jurisprudence; in the last, in fine, the Conflagration of the castle, the justification of Leo III. before Charlemagne, the latter's coronation, and Leo's victory over the Saracens. In these excellent productions there is such an infinity of mind, imagination, and feeling, as have perhaps not yet fallen to the lot of one mortal. The more they are seen, the more one is convinced that here, and here only, the zenith of the art has been attained. If M. Angelo, in the Sixtine chapel, is the herald of the angry and jealous God of the old covenant; Raphael appears in the Stanze, as the heavenly messenger of eternal love and mercy, as the real poetical painter of christianity. It is in this quality that he shows himself particularly in the Disputa, which in point of sentiment I consider as his best work. In the School of Athens he displays more knowledge of the mechanical part of the art, and a more mature mind, which sports with the most difficult compositions.

From the Stanze we enter the room where Raphael's hangings are now fixed. These hangings, which had been wove in Flanders after the design of the great artist, were used at great solemnities in St. Peter's and the Vatican, but will now remain here for fear of ruining them. They are 22 in number, mostly subjects from the New Testament, whose grand and manly style, and mildly elevated character ranks them among the first productions of the artist.

Adjoining to this apartment are the last rooms of the Museum Pio-Clementinum. But before entering this we stayed a few minutes in the Appartemento Borgio. This apartment consists of several rooms, painted al fresco by old masters, pupils of Raphael. The paintings which had been stolen from Rome and other parts of the papal state were now just unpacked and suspended here, and it was delightful to see these treasures returned to their original homes. But they have rather gained by their journey than otherwise, all damages having been mended in Paris with great perseverance; some having even been trans-

ferred from the worm-eaten wood on which they were painted, to canvass, and thus preserved to posterity.

The museums of the Vatican contain every thing which the most lively fancy can imagine. One scarcely knows what to admire most, the immense number of antique monuments of art, or the splendour of the cheerfully grand rooms in which they are preserved. What letters could never teach us lies here all at once clearly and distinctly before us; the private life and practice of the ancients are opened, and all doubts about their excellency, so often praised yet seldom sufficiently valued, are banished. Pope Ganganelli had the first idea of this establishment, but it was the enterprising Pius VI. who endowed it with its present greatness and estimation. It was increased by Pius VII., who founded the Musco Chiaramonti, under the direction of Canova. It consists of a long corridor, at the end of which is the entrance to the Museum Pio Clementino, of whose treasures the observer can only form a notion after many long and repeated visits. In the first square anti-room, the eyes are particularly attracted by the famous torso, which M. Angelo, when grown blind, delighted in feeling. Then follows a small round chamber with the remains of four statues in the most exquisite draperies, and the room of Bacchus. This leads into the yard, in the middle of which is a fountain. It is surrounded by an octagonal portico, supported by 16 columns of granite, and filled with sarcophagi, antique bathing-apparatus, and other curious sculptures. The first of the four rooms underneath contains the statue of Antinous Belvidere; the second and third, the Vaticanus Apollo, and the groups of Laocoon, and the last---the Perseus and two Gladiators, by Canova, together with his bust. This strange exhibition is now the more inexcusable as all the originals are returned, and Apollo needs no longer to be represented by the smooth Perseus. But it does not tend to Canova's honour either, since there cannot be a greater contrast than there is between the flimsiness and sweetness of his figures and the grand energy of the antiques.

From the portico a door leads to the room of the animals, which, besides the beautiful statue of Meleager, contains an immense number of beasts of all kinds of marble. The floor is laid out with antique mosaics, for the most part representing animals still-life, or subjects relating to the chace, and to the breeding of cattle. Then follows the Gallery of Statues, with the famous Cleopatra or Ariadne at their head, and three rooms with exquisite busts. A room at the opposite end of the gallery, is called the Gabinetto. Its ceiling is supported by eight columns of alabaster; the pavement is laid out with the most excellent antique mosaic representing rural scenes; the walls are covered, in the most tasty style, with valuable basso-relievos. Between

the columns stand some exquisite statues, among which is the sitting Venus. On the sides are antique seats, consisting of slabs of porphyry, supported on bronze legs.

Through the room of animals the way leads back again to the Temple of the Muses. This octagonal sanctuary, supported by 16 columns of Carrarian marble, is exclusively devoted to the muses and their Greek favourites. For besides the nine Pierian sisters, found at the villa of Cassius in Tivoli, there are also the Hermæ of the seven wise men, Aspasia, Pericles, Alcibiades, &c. in excellent, and for the most part, unique copies.

Adjoining this temple is the Sala Rotunda, a lofty beautifully arched room, supported by ten columns of Carrarian marble, and receiving its light from above. It is only appropriated to colossal statues and busts, among which the tragic muse is one of the most distinguished; but there is only now a cast of it in plaster of Paris, the original having been left in France, with many other antiques, from a cowardly politeness. In the middle of the room is a porphyry bason of more than 50 feet in circumference, and the pavement is formed of the largest piece of antique mosaic that has been preserved.

Through one of the richest portals we enter the Sala a Croce Greca. The mosaic pavement, the centre of which forms a large armed head of Pallas, was found at Tusculum; besides it is distinguished by the Egyptian sphinxes and idols. But the most remarkable are the enormous porphyry sarcophagi of S. Helena and S. Constantia, daughter of Constantine the Great. The rich sculptures on these polished masses are quite surprising, when we consider the difficulty which there is now-a-days even to polish this species of marble. Another subject of admiration in this room is the beautiful marble stair-case with granite columns, half of which leads downward into the library, and the other part to the upper rooms of the museum. Immediately on the right, we enter into a small marble temple of admirable beauty, in the centre of which is a fine marble Biga with two horses. The Gallery of the Candelabers, a very long corridor, divided by rows of columns, which follows upon this temple, contains an immense number of exquisite candelabers, columns, vases, altars, urns, and Egyptian statues. Its back walls bear representations of Italian cities. At last we come again to the stanze.

The books in the library, which are not by far sufficiently known, are kept in coloured cases, the doors of which have no windows. They are contained in one large room, with two branches of a wide corridor above 400 paces long. The paintings in the large room mostly represent ancient libraries, the inventors of the several characters, and several views of Rome, as it was under Sixtus V. There is also a hanging Greek almanack in

the form of a cross, from the 10th century, upon which are above 400 small, but neatly and nobly executed figures, representing the saints of the whole year; a sarcophagus with a piece of cloth of asbestus, and a beautiful wound column of oriental alabaster are also worthy of notice.

In the left branch of the corridor the bookcases are surrounded by a great number of Hetrurian vases, and the statues of Aristides, of Smyrna, and the holy Bishop Hippolytus, of Porto. The Museum Christianum, a collection of old crosses, cups, papal rings, &c. which is kept in eight cases, is very remarkable. Fifty paintings of old Byzantine masters are very valuable. A contemporary picture of Charlemagne, Madonas by Cimabue, Giotto, and others, will be seen with interest. Adjoining this museum is a very splendid room, the ceiling of which is painted by Mengs and Underberger; here are also ancient papyri and two bronzed candelebra the gift of the French government.

This wing, moreover, exhibits a collection of engravings and a cabinet at the end of it, with the most remarkable antique bronzes, in splendid cases. Besides these are some well-preserved hair-tresses, found along with bones in a sarcophagus; and, in addition, two porphyry columns, with two wretched figures cut on them, who are bearing a ball, and embracing each other. They are supposed to allude to the division of the empire, and to represent Honorius and Arcadius.

A great number of inscriptions are fixed in the walls of the library. A great many are from the ages of the first Christians, and their incorrectness is excused by the pious simplicity of their words. Indeed, the recollections of that time, as well as of the middle ages, are very numerous in this library.

Among the famous codices which we saw, there was a splendid Dante, with most beautiful miniatures. Hell and Purgatory are by an old master, but the Paradise by J. Clovius, a pupil of G. Romano's. By the same artist are also the miniatures in the Life of Duke Frederic da Urbina di Montefeltro. The picture of the Duke, a Battle by moon-light, the landing on the place S. Mark, and the tasteful ornaments, rank with the first master-pieces in this style.

There is a fine garden attached to this wonderful palace, which has many charms in its silent shades. The casino, in the centre of it, built by P. Ligorio, is a handsome building. It is divided into two parts, of which one is only a loggia supported by cariatides, and the other a neatly-ornamented small house, with a thick grove behind.

Recollections of Raphael.

Besides the endless beauties displayed by this genius in the Vatican, we delight to follow him wherever he has left a trace.

Thus we see on a pillar of the church S. Agostino, a fresco-painting of the prophet Isaiah, from his hand, which shows the gravity and thought of a Buonoroti, and in S. Maria della Pace, his famous four Sybils over the arch of the first chapel on the right-hand. This excellent painting has also been restored, by the skill of Palmaroli, to its original beauty.

But every spot consecrated by the presence of Raphael deserves our attention. To the first belongs his villa outside the Porta del Popolo, now belonging to Nelli. The front of the casino, supported on three arcades, has a friendly aspect. A room within is painted *al fresco* by Raphael's friends, perhaps in part by himself, after his own sketches. All the paintings celebrate the Victory of Love; and Alexander presenting his Crown to Roxana, is the most delightful among them. Four portraits on the ceiling, represent Fornarina with her friends. They are surrounded by the most beautiful arabesks.

In the Via de' Coranari is a small house, inhabited by Raphael while he was engaged in painting the Vatican. O. Maratta painted his portrait over it, but this is nearly obliterated by time.

In the Via di Borgo, they show in a house, opposite the palace Giraud, the room where Raphael died. He was buried in the Pantheon, but his skull was kept by the academy of S. Luke. But the numerous paintings in this academy show that they have preserved nothing of the noble master but the empty case of his fled Psyche. The skull is kept in a splendid case, which bears the well-known beautiful distich of Bembo's:

> Ille hic est Raphael, timuit quo sospite vinci.
> Rerum magna parens et moriente mori!

A more beautiful monument of Raphael's existence I take to be his S. Lucas, which is hung up here.

The Galleries of Lucian Buonaparte and Sciarra.—A painting of Fra. Gio. Angelico's.

Lucian Buonaparte possesses, in his large palace, a small but well-selected gallery of paintings. At the head of them is Raphael's Madonna de' Candelabri; a round picture, particularly beautiful about the head of the Madona. The expressive portrait of a young man, from the same artist, next to it, is said to be meant for his own, but it is not at all like any of his known portraits. A master-piece of A. Allori's in this collection is his Venus disarming Cupid. The colouring of the painting is excellent, and the upper part, particularly the head of Venus, is an ideal of beauty. N. Poussin's Murder of the Innocents, however it may be admired by some, is one of the most disgusting paintings extant. Passing over a great many subjects, I shall

only mention a Flemish Lady, by A. Moor, one of those charming innocent figures, which one only leaves with regret.

Among the antiques of the gallery, the Pallas Polias, which was found in the ruins of the Temple of Minerva Medica, shines as a star of the first magnitude. But the statues of Hygeia, of Antonia, mother to Germanicus, and of Tiberius, are beautiful; a copy of Canova's Venere Italica, the original of which we had seen in Florence, we merely mention for the sake of contrast.

The gallery Sciarra in the Corso is also one of the first in the world for the quality, although not for the quantity of its paintings. Passing over the master-pieces of the first-rate painters, I will only mention Raphael's young Fiddler. The figure is only seen in profile, but the countenance in full. A small black cap covers the long auburn locks, between which appears a youthful, spirited, yet mild and beautiful countenance. His green great coat trimmed with black, and lined with fox-skin, gives him a genteel appearance. Paintings like these outweigh a world of pictures of the common stamp!

One of the most excellent paintings of Fra. Gio. Angelico's is in the hands of a Roman baker, who knows its value sufficiently to refuse very large sums that were offered to him by several Englishmen. It represents the Day of Judgment. The groups of the elect, angels and saints, are admirable, and their heads are all surrounded by the purest reflection of love and joy. Can there be any thing more touching than that young monk, who, on beholding a beloved sister among the elect, is permitted, after all their earthly trials, to welcome her here with all the marks of heavenly joy? With what happiness she looks at him, while he is pressing her folded hands to his heart! Of such scenes there are many; but for the horrors of the damned and their punishments, the tender mind of Fra. Giovanni had neither sufficient energy nor conception. But no one equalled him in the representation of the tender and pensive; the Dance of the Elect, led by angels to eternal happiness, is incomparable.*

The Carnival.

On the morning of the first day of carnival, a few criminals, commonly highwaymen, are hung in the Piazza del Popolo, to warn the people not to be too extravagant in their joy. When they are dead the *sbirri* (police officers) fall upon their bodies with the greatest eagerness, cut off their arms and legs, mount on horseback with them, and ride as fast as they can to the spot where the robbery was committed, where they fix them up on

* I have since understood, that Cardinal Fesch obtained this picture for his gallery.

high poles. But it is nothing uncommon to be plundered in the Roman States close by these trophies of Themis. As soon as the execution is over, the scaffold is pulled down, and bars and seats are put up in their stead, from which the people, in the afternoon, view the horse-race, probably without thinking of what took place here in the morning. At one o'clock the bell of the Capitol gives the signal for the masquerade to begin; immediately the windows and balconies in the Corso are adorned with coloured carpets to receive the fashionables of all Rome in their best attire, whilst numberless masks on foot, on horseback, or in carriages, crowd the long but rather narrow street, making war upon each other, with the well-known bullets of plaster of Paris. There are few distinguished masks among them; the most of them run about, under the denomination of *Matti*, in linen frocks, and pointed Neapolitan hats, making a terrible noise with horns, bells, &c. The gardeners looked very pretty with their long wooden scissars, consisting of many links, with which they handed their nosegays even to the third floor; they were repaid with pastry, fruit, &c. which was fastened in return to their scissars. In the by-streets, near the Corso, the Trasteverines, and other people of their stamp, practise jokes of a coarser kind, but which are often very witty and amusing. We also frequently saw the *salterello* executed with all possible delicacy and national grace. For the higher orders there are generally masked balls, or *festini*, during carnival. This time they were in the Teatro Alberti, which being most brilliantly illuminated, showed all the Roman beauties to their greatest advantage.

But notwithstanding the masks, the festinos and the beautiful ladies, I was glad when carnival, with all its deafening noise was over. Without delay, I then prepared for my journey to Naples, where I wished to spend lent, so as to be in Rome in the holy week.

*Naples.**

Not unjustly the Neapolitans call their country "a portion of heaven fallen on earth," or tell you, "see Naples and then die!" It is certainly, in every respect, one of the most delightful spots on earth. But the city cannot offer much to any one who has seen Venice, Florence, and Rome. The plastic arts in general seem to have gone astray in this city. Tastelessness, or rather a mixture of all possible tastes is pretty general here, and is particularly visible in architecture. The buildings are either overloaded with foolish ornaments, or where they are missed, they are insignificant

* I pass over the description of the journey to this city, as it contains nothing of general interest.—Translator.

and unmeaning. The churches, particularly their insides, are disgustingly overloaded with gold, marbles, carvings, pictures, &c. The gigantic Roman fountains are copied here in tasteless dwarf-like shapes, and the obelisks are changed into what they call Agauglie, wretched, ridiculous things between the pyramid and column, covered with a load of childish ornaments. Beautiful places (squares) they have none; there are open spots which they very appropriately call larghi. Such are the Largo di Castello, di Palazzo, &c. The Mercato alone makes an exception, by the historical recollections which it offers. For here Conradin of Suabia was beheaded, and here Massaniello raised the standard of revolt. The church S. Maria del Carmine, the steeple of which is probably the highest in Naples, was enlarged and completed by the Empress Margarite, with the money which she had brought to redeem the life of her son Conradin.

The eternal crowd and noise in the streets make the interior of the city at times rather unpleasant for the stranger. But he will be indemnified by the prospect from the Carthusian convent S. Martino, now the abode of the invalids, although he may perhaps not be very much edified by the too great splendour of the place itself, particularly the church. Then he must take an excursion to the Chiaja.

The Chiaja, with its stately buildings, stretches for a long way along the beach, and is the evening promenade of the fashionable world. Opposite it is the young, still, low plantation of the Villa Reale. In the middle of this villa is the famous group of the Farnesian bull. The soft murmuring of the waves, the refreshing balsamic air, the prospect on the coast of Sorrento, and at a distance, the light of Vesuvius, will make him unwilling to leave this delicious spot. At the end of the Chiaja he reaches Mergellina, a part of the city bordering on Pasilipo, the top of which he reaches by a serpentine path ending before a garden gate. He enters, crosses a vineyard, and descending a little, stops before a small, low, unsightly building, with a precipice on one side and an impending rock on the other; myrtle, roses, ivy, and other shrubs, cover its low walls, and hang in festoons down the precipice. It is—*Maro's* tomb!

Not far distant, is the small church S. Maria del Porto, on an eminence in Mergellina. Here it was where Sanazar's villa used to stand, the charms of which are celebrated by the amiable poet. The villa was destroyed during a siege. The injured poet built this church in its place, and named it after his excellent Latin poem, de Partu Virginis. The most remarkable object in this church is the marble tomb of the founder, richly ornamented with basso-relievos and statues of nymphs, fauns, satyrs, and other rabble of Greek mythology, unbecoming a christian church

and the tomb of a christian poet. To obviate this impropriety they resorted to the equally ridiculous plan of placing the names of David and Judith under the statues of Apollo and Minerva. A strange picture in this church, known in Naples under the name of diavolo di Mergellina ought yet to be mentioned. It represents S. Michael conquering Satan, whose head and bust, however, is that of a beautiful woman. This charming devil is the portrait of a lady, Vittoria d'Avalos, who had the misfortune to fall in love with the bishop Diomedes Caraffa (1550.) Untouched by her charms, and abhorring her unholy passion, he had this picture painted and suspended here, the place of his burial, to commemorate the greatest triumph of his life, and even went so far as to add the inscription, *Fecit Victoriam, Hallelujah!* alluding by it to the name of his fair foe.

Environs of Naples.

I made an excursion with some friends to Pozzuoli, Baja, Como, and on the sea. After having past the grotto Pasilipo, we soon left the high road to visit the lake of Agnanon, the beauty of which chiefly consists in the surrounding mountains. From these we went, through a hollow way, into a wild valley surrounded by the Leucoguian rock, at the foot of which is the hot spring Acqua delle Pisciarello (Colles et fontes leucogaci). After having enjoyed the prospect from the rocks, we descended to the Solfatara, the Forum Vulcani of the ancients, an oblong plain, surrounded by sulphurous hills, and heated by subterraneous fire. The hills, deprived of every sort of vegetation, are of a whitish yellow colour, appearing like a cover over a burning abyss. The heat of it almost scorches the foot of the wanderer, who distinctly hears the blazing of the subterraneous furnace; every foot-step or rolling stone produces a dreadful hollow sound. Sulphurous vapours issue from every opening in the rocks, particularly from one, from which during the day a thick smoke, and at night a pale flame, rushes with great impetuosity, and with a hollow sound, into the infected air. On leaving it we went to the delightful road of Pozzuoli, by the sea, along which are the ruins of a fish pond, an amphitheatre, the arena of which very little yields in grandeur to the Coliseum, and the ruins of baths, to which the pond and some aqueducts belonged. One of the vaults of the amphitheatre is changed into a dismal chapel, as it is said to have served as a prison for S. Januarius, the patron of Naples. Farther on there are a great many ruins of tombs into some of which we descended, and found Columbariæ, and rows of small niches for the reception of urns, with some remains of ancient paintings.

The situation of Pozzuoli is very delightful. But nature

wastes her charms on a population that have little sense for a rural life. Its population, formerly extending over the neighbouring hills, is now exceedingly reduced; and the monuments of its ancient splendour have, by turns, fallen a prey to time, the barbarians, and earthquakes. Among the few remains, there is in the market-place opposite the statue of a bishop, that of the consul Mamurtius, whom the people likewise take for a saint. Not far from it is the beautiful pedestal of the statue of Tiberius, which is itself perhaps buried under some of the adjoining houses. It shows, in basso-relievo, the twelve cities of Asia Minor, which, after their destruction by an earthquake, the emperor had generously restored.

Of the large ruins of the temple of Jupiter Serapis, only the foundations and pavements covered with water and mire, are in good preservation; besides, there are also three columns of Apollini marble standing upright, over a mass of architraves, capitals, &c. They formed, together with a fourth, now fallen down, the front of the Cella. The Atrium was, like a modern Chiostro, surrounded by four rows of columns, one above the other, and contained thirty-two rooms, some of which are yet preserved. Many fine statues have been found here, and who knows what might yet be discovered by farther digging; but they do not even think of draining off the stagnant water, which is said to infect the air about it.

We slept that night in a public house, outside the gates, and went the next morning, in a boat, to Capo Miseno. There are few traces left of the ancient buildings, which once shone here, but the stranger is surprised by a great number of grottoes and caves. Not far from here is Bacola, the ancient Bauli, now a poor village. On the other side of Bacola is the Mare Morto, on the shores of which the ancients placed the Elysian fields. Even now tombs and cypresses are to be met with here, and it seems as if this delightful silent retreat had always been devoted to the dead. After having visited the Piscina mirabile, a remarkable ancient reservoir, and the Anto Camerille, a row of subterraneous rooms, we re-entered our boat, and steered along the coast to Baja (Bajai.) This celebrated place of amusement for the ancients is now a deserted, insignificant town. Even before we landed, we were reminded of the lines of Horace:

> Marisque Bajis obstrepentis urges
> Summovere littora,

by distinctly seeing the remains of mosaic pavements under the water. The narrowness of the beach had actually obliged the Romans to carry the foundations of their houses out into the sea, by which they, in some degree, narrowed its limits. There are

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LIGHT HOUSE OF THE MOLE AT NAPLES.

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some ruins of temples, and of which that attributed to Venus Genetrix probably was the largest. Three rooms behind it, called Camere di Venere, which are almost entirely buried, show in their stucco-work many obscene subjects. Another ruin is bestowed on Mercury. Through picturesquely overgrown arcades we entered into a beautiful rotunda, which, like the pantheon, receives its light from above, and has an excellent echo. Another ruin is called the temple of Diana, not unlike that of Minerva Medica in Rome. But probably all these temples had been baths, which may be supposed from their proximity to the sea, but more so by the circumstance of remains of aqueducts having been discovered near them.

On the rocks the remains of thermæ may be seen, which were built there on account of a very hot spring. Among them is the grotto or gallery, known by the names of Stufe di Nero, or Studatorio di Tritola. It it cut in the rock in the shape of a horse-shoe, dark, and full of a hot, suffocating vapour, issuing from that spring. There are a few closets built here for the patients of the Neapolitan hospitals, but they are little used.

From the baths we went to the Lucrine lake, which is now only a small pond. This lake, once eight stadia long, was destroyed in one night (29 September, 1538) along with the canal that united it with the lake Avernus and the sea, and Portus Julius, the works of Agrippa, when the Monte Nuovo rose from the middle of it to a height of 2400 feet. Near it is Mons Gaurus famous for its excellent wines, but in its present bleak and desolate state it is called Monte Barbaro, and bears nothing but Capuchin friars.

Lake Avernus has now lost its terrors, the atri janua Ditis of Æneas is vanished, and the exhalations which used to kill birds in their flight over it, are now harmless. An English admiral, by sounding, found that it is not bottomless, as described by the ancients, its depth being 500 fathoms in the middle. The ruins of an octagonal building by the side of the lake, are considered by some as those of a temple of Proserpine, or Avernus, by others as those of a bath; it is however not probable that baths should have been built on the shores of Avernus, which the dira religio loci never entirely left. The scenery about the grotto of the Sibyl on the other side, is still as gloomy and mysterious as it is described by Virgil.

The ruins of the ancient city of Cumæ, which we now visited, are trifling. An arch, about sixty feet high, called Arco Felice, is best preserved. From a hill on the right we had a view of the whole gulf of Gaeta; on the land we perceived between Volturno and Cuma a large marsh, the Linterna Palus of the ancients, and not far from its borders a tower, almost entirely surrounded with

wood, called Torre di Patria, from the word Patria yet perceptible on it in large characters. Supposing that it might be the remains of the famous inscription, Ingrata patria, &c., it is considered as the tomb of Scipio Africanus.

Vesuvius.

I have returned from an excursion to Vesuvius, which I undertook with a friend. As far as Ressina we went in a curricle. From here the mountain rises in a gentle acclivity. bearing towns, villages, and villas, which, with their gardens and vineyards, afford a smiling picture of fertility, and of a population carelessly dwelling on the brink of destruction, in the lap of abundance. In Ressina we were escorted by a host of *Cicerone* with their donkies, whose services they clamorously offered, together with theirs. *Un Ciuccio*, they cried from all sides, *costa sci carlini e un Christiano altrettanto.** But my friend having been several times before, we proceeded by ourselves, passing by the hermitage of S. Salvator, without tasting of the man's bad wine and provisions, which he sells at immense prices. Here all vegetation ceases and we had to climb, with great difficulty over the loose pieces of lava, till, in about an hour, we reached the top, and seated ourselves in the warm grotto. Here a man, who had followed us from Ressina, came up and offered to sell us various refreshments which he had brought with him, and which we bought with great pleasure, and then ascended to the crater. There are now two openings; the old one, of a conical shape, and another which has been opened these last twelve months; they are both in constant activity. We think we hear the snorting of a giant, first smothered, then quicker and louder, till it is at last followed by a report, like the firing of muskets, and ashes and pumice-stones are thrown up under lightnings and smoke. Then it pauses, till the loud breathing in the abyss is heard again, and the flame is rekindled, which rises from the black gulf.

The vicinity of the two craters is dreadfully beautiful. They are situated in the midst of a wild black valley, formed of lava, full of chasms, and yawning gaps, the borders of which are dyed with green, red, and yellow. From all of them, as well as from the innumerable openings in the rock, which closes the prospect behind the two craters, a hot steam and smoke are issuing. After having enjoyed this grand spectacle for some time, as well as the prospect over the happy *campagna*, the city and the sea, that were lying in solemn peace under our feet, while destruction raged about us, we returned to Naples, our shoes and stockings having been torn to pieces in our descent through the yielding lava.

* A jackass will cost six carlini (about two shillings) and a christian (i. e. a man to serve as a guide) as much.

Voy.t No. XXVI

Neele & Son, fc. 350 Strand.

The People of Naples.

The real capital of the South is the ever cheerful and noisy city of Naples. When Rome suggests, at every step, the thought of the transitory nature of earthly things, Naples, in the possession of all the charms of youth, offers the overflowing cup of life, and the wreathed cornucopia of enjoyment. While in the former, gravity and dignity characterize every motion of the inhabitants; all the actions and proceedings of the Neapolitans are marked by harmless cheerfulness, and a liveliness which frequently appears ludicrous. They have, therefore, often been designated as common merry-makers, without considering that the Southern vivacity of an active and sensual people will evince itself differently from the Northern phlegm. Besides, the desires and passions will appear more violently among the common people, in whom a free and artless nature still prevails, but where education and habit have implanted a sense of propriety. In Naples, too, while the well-educated, notwithstanding all their vivacity, know not only how to keep their motions and gestures within proper bounds, but even to impart to them a great degree of gracefulness, the lower orders obey, without hesitation, the dictates of nature, and do not deserve any blame for it. It is amusing, and even interesting to see two Neapolitans in conversation, which one is frequently tempted to take for a quarrel, by perceiving every feature, hands, feet, in short, the whole body put in motion. And no less surprising is the velocity with which these pantomimes are executed and understood.

Such an activity is incompatible with the reproach of idleness, which has been frequently attributed to the Neapolitans, and every glance upon the country and the city serves to refute this stigma. The former is every where well cultivated, the latter is thronged, not by an inactive set, but by a people variously employed. The circumstance that all trades are carrying on in the streets furnishes another opportunity of admiring the zeal and industry of the working classes. The greatest wrong, however, has been done to the Lazzaroni, by stamping them as an idle, profligate race. Their number is about 40,000, and they form the lowest of the labouring classes. They are employed as porters, rowers, victual-sellers, and are capable of and ready for every occupation which will pay them a few *quatrini*. It is true that they are frequently found stealing; but you quite as often hear of examples of their fidelity, devotedness, and real generosity. In London, too, there are as many or perhaps more who rise daily without knowing how they shall be supported during the day, and in a country too where living is so much dearer. In Naples, maize-bread, a little fish, a few oranges, some goblets of ice-water, or even wine, are easily obtained, and satisfy the frugality of this people, which

is certainly one of their most excellent virtues. Drunkenness, therefore, is a vice, almost unknown here. The Lazzaroni will work till they have earned enough to support them for the day, after which they will lie down under some porch, where they also usually spend their nights, or else they repair to the Molo and Largo di Castello, where for a few *quatrini* they meet with some recreation. Thus their existence is rather harmless and poetical than otherwise, and although we are not inclined to pass them for a patriarchal people, we think it our duty to combat that prejudice which describes them, as the scum of the nation, and the most abandoned wretches.

The Neapolitans are also called an ignorant and superstitious people. This reproach is not quite unmerited, but on the whole rather exaggerated. The higher orders are in possession of that information, which, now-a-days, from Archangel to Cadiz, bestows on its possessors, amongst the different nations, that sort of polish and shallow insignificance, by which the so-called "good society" is every where the same. Real scholarship is, in all places, in the possession of very few; and we find, in every period, that Naples has not been deficient in distinguished men in every branch of knowledge. Among the people, it is true, that sort of cultivation does not prevail, on which in some Northern countries, so much stress is laid; we mean that superficial tint of education, that false light, that exhibition of a slight information, or a mite of knowledge, accidentally caught, and that desire of appearing more than one is. But in lieu of this, their natural good sense appears more strongly, and no artificial colouring destroys the purity and freshness of their character. And although the ignorance of the lower, and even of some among the higher classes is great, sufficient excuse for it may be found in the nature of the country, and the organization of the people. To live and enjoy is there the watch-word of the sensual multitude; the pursuit of which scarcely leaves them time enough to go to church, to return thanks to their Saints, or quarrel with them, much less to apply themselves to study, and to instruct themselves. This is also the cause of the deficiency of religion among the lower orders, by which worship has become a mere form, and the want of devotion in church, particularly during the mass, exceeds all description. Without any thought you see them kneel down, mechanically turn their rosary, strike their breasts, when the host is raised, and then hurry away, or you find them kneeling before the altars, bathed in tears, and telling their misfortunes to the image of some Saint whose assistance they ask with the strangest gestures. Thus we one day entered a small church, on the Mercato, the walls of which were hung round with representations of mutilated limbs, made of plaster of Paris,

that had been suspended as a grateful present, by those who had met with their recovery, like the ἀναθήματα which the ancients offered in the temples of Æsculapius or other divinities. Here we found a great number of Lazzaroni, males and females, kneeling before the altars, who did not so much seem to pray to the holy images, as to be engaged with them in lively colloquies and quarrels. Some were weeping, and made a show of humility, repentance, and submission, as if they wished to make up for all their sins, others had assumed an arrogant and threatening appearance; others again, seemed to reproach the saints bitterly for all their useless offers and prayers; and others at last seemed to exert all their eloquence to induce the saint to grant their request, which mostly is—for good luck in the lottery.

Another sight which we had on St. Joseph's day, was as little qualified to give us a good opinion of religious performance at Naples. We met on the Molo, a procession in honour of that saint. His silver statue, formed like a herma, without thighs, was carried on a kind of bier, by eight fellows, most ludicrously dressed out in night-caps, and yellow silk night-gowns, with blue collars, forming for their bodies, *copri miseria*, in the true sense of the word. They were followed by a noisy rabble, with colours and torches, frequently firing guns, and throwing up rockets. A band of music, playing merry tunes, marched before them.

The accusation that the Neapolitans are immoderately given to sensual excesses, and are born assassins, is likewise unfounded. Their moral conduct is not worse here than it is in all great cities, even in the North; besides, we ought to make considerable allowance for the climate, which once had matured Sybaris; and for the whole manner of living of the inhabitants. Venus is the queen of these shores, yet she was formerly much more worshipped than now, when both laws and religion throw a great barrier in her way. The people are less sanguinary than they are in the Papal territory; and although it frequently has the appearance as if a quarrel were to end in stabs, you, nevertheless, see the people that had been quarrelling, separate good friends. Some men, who have the most suspicious and terrifying countenances, and whom, when met on the road, you would be inclined to take for banditti, frequently prove themselves the most faithful, devoted, and harmless creatures, into whose thoughts the idea of robbing or murder never entered.

If the Neapolitans are accused of uncleanliness, we will not defend them. The throng of people in the streets, would be sufficient to keep them always dirty, although as well paved as they really are; but besides, every one is a market, for the sale of provisions; and, notwithstanding the prohibition of the police, you see here and there a couple of pigs tied up outside the houses.

Every porch, every gateway, every open house-door, is considered by the passengers as devoted to Cloacina, which renders the smell which meets you on entering some houses, very far from being pleasant. Every morning, I beheld from the balcony of my chamber, the women on the neighbouring balconies, shaking their bed-clothes, and then entering into a close search for their contents. Frequently you may see before the doors of houses, or on the steps leading to churches, truly picturesque groups of people, who, without restraint, render each other that service, for which, in other places, ivory teeth are used in the greatest privacy. The filth which covers the faces of the common people, is frequently horrid, since they scarcely think of washing themselves once a week. We once were present at the cleaning of two pairs of dirty hands, in quite a peculiar manner. A cobbler and his wife had obtained from the nearest maccaroni-boiler, a dish full of this favourite food, for their dinner. It was pleasant to see with what skill they let the long strings down their throats with their fingers. They had soon done, and behold! The dish which they had received with jet black paws, they returned empty with hands white as snow!

Where enjoyment is the first consideration, the establishments for satisfying it are manifold and conspicuous. No shops in Naples are more numerous, or more neatly and tastefully set out, as those of the victuallers, or Pizzicaruoli. The cheeses are raised into pyramids and columns; artificial mounts are made of eggs; the sausages and hams are ornamented with gold leaves, and entwined with laurel-garlands. In the back of the shop, a small lamp is seen burning before an image of the Virgin, throwing its glimmer through the provisions before it; and in the evening the whole is splendidly illuminated. The busy shopkeepers themselves, neatly dressed in white, greatly add to heighten the picture. The tables of the water and lemonade venders, *(acquajuoli)* are also strikingly ornamented. Lively colours, puppets, standards, piles of lemons and oranges, regularly heaped up, are visible from a distance. The water sparkling from a small suspended cask, containing ice, is mixed in a clean glass with lemon-juice, or spirit of juniper-berries. One cannot walk twenty steps, without meeting a portable hearth, on which provisions are roasting or boiling. Near St. Lucia, the produce of the sea is offered for sale: all kinds of fish, oysters, sea-pods, (called frutti di mare,) are exposed here in large baskets. The lemons and oranges, coming from Sicily and Sorente, are, on some parts of the coast, seen piled up in huge heaps, forming, with their leaves and stalks, a very picturesque and droll appearance. The taverns and coffee-houses are numerous; in short, the incitements for enjoyment, for rich and poor, are no where so general and inviting as they are here.

Panem et Circenses! is the watchword of the multitude here, as it was among the ancients. Three F.'s, as the proverb says, are wanted to keep the Neapolitans in order. *Farina, Festini, Furca*, (bread, amusements, and the gallows.) The poorest among the Lazzaroni will save a few grani for his amusements. Puppet-shows, jugglers, declamators, ballad-singers, organ-players, dancing and the theatre, in all of which Punch plays his fall part, await him on all sides. Four theatres are open for the higher orders, the largest of which, St. Carlo, that had been burnt a short time ago, we found yet in ashes. The splendour of its operas and ballets is known; the former is now transferred to the Teatro de' Fiorentini. Here we saw Paer's Agnese, rather indifferently performed. In the Teatro del Fondo, which is larger, yet less elegant, we were present at the performance of Paer's Camilla, which we had seen in a much superior style in some of the small German cities. The first female singer, Signora Canonici, neither sang nor played well; and the duke looked like a stiff country justice. We were better amused in the little theatre of S. Carlino, where we saw a touching scene of generosity between an English lord and Dr. Mead; which was followed by a farce, in which harlequin and columbine exhibited a great deal of Neapolitan wit. But, after all, Naples itself, with its crowded streets, squares, and shores, remained the most diverting theatre for us.

If other arts did not thrive here, music has at all times been cultivated with success. And a Vinci, Durante, Leo, Jamelli, Pergolese, Piccini, Cimarosa, Paësiello, have, either as singers or composers, greatly contributed to the honour of the city. And although the higher style of composition has now disappeared, yet a great share of touching melody and exalting energy can not be denied to the moderns. Cimarosa's and Paësiello's productions are stars of the first magnitude in the musical heavens, and will still remain the same, when our present meteors will have long disappeared, and be forgotton. Among these, we think, Rossini ought to be classed, who is just now earning the general admiration of Naples, triumphing with his trifling jingling over Paësiello, who is fast approaching the grave and immortality.

The last Sunday of our residence in Naples we spent at the Villa Heigelin, which has a beautiful prospect on the Capodi Chino. This extensive property, an object of curiosity and admiration, and open to every decent stranger, belongs to one of our countrymen, from Suabia, who has been a resident at Naples these 50 years, is a man of great merit and universally esteemed. Yet for a spot where nature appears with so much grandeur, too much art seems to be displayed. The numerous grottoes, porches, imitations of Pompeian ruins, scattered pieces of columns and broken statues, do not seem to be in their place here, in the midst

of such an immensity of natural scenery, and near some of the grandest ruins in the world. The casino is very beautiful, where, besides a collection of paintings and drawings of Hackert, Pequignon, Kniep, Tischbein, and others, a curious collection of Campanian vases do honour to the taste of the owner, with whose friendly conversation, which received a zest from his long experience, we were more entertained than by any thing else.

Two days before my departure, we went to the convent of Calmaldoli, which, situated above the castle of S. Elmo, offers, perhaps, the finest prospect in the world. We spent here a very pleasant day. I could not cease looking at the beauties which I was to behold that day for the last time. To have a paradise beneath ones feet (for the *troubles of the earth* are not perceived from this light), and the azure sky over one's head—I think the pious monks must some times be embarrassed to which they are to give the preference. One of the brethren, about eighty years old, with a long grey beard. was just joining us. I told him, that I thought him happy in inhabiting a spot where an earthly thought could not easily rise in the heart. "Where is the man," replied he, "in whose heart wicked thoughts will not enter! Even here struggles and resignation are required. I have been forty years in this convent, to which an inward voice called me. But although God has been so gracious to me, I have not always listened to his call. We are all only sinners!" These serious words silenced me; the old man smiling, gave me his blessing, and went away. A calm evening dawn showed us our road down again to the city.

As the holy week was approaching, we could not longer delay our return to Rome; and yielding to necessity, we gave up, for the present at least, the wish of penetrating into the interior of the country, of visiting Sicily and Mount Etna. A Vetturino, who was about setting out for Rome, the next day, gave us the Capana. (A sort of earnest, which, contrary to the general custom, is in Italy given by the coachman to the traveller.) The Neapolitan family with whom my friend had lived, felt great grief at his departure: and I left with reluctance the honest friend of my youth.

[3]

CLASSICAL

EXCURSION FROM ROME

TO

ARPINO.

By CHARLES KELLSALL.

Nemo Arpinas non Ciceroni studet, nemo Sorranus, nemo Casinas, nemo Aquinas: totus ille tractus celeberrimus, Venafranus, Allifanus: tota denique sua illa aspera, et montuosa, et fidelis, et simplex, et fautrix suorum regio, se hujus honore ornari, se augeri dignitate arbitratur.

Cic. pro Plancio. c. 9.

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1821.

TO THE

LOVERS OF THE MEMORY

OF

MARCUS TULLIUS CICERO,

THIS

Classical Excursion

FROM ROME TO ARPINO

IS INSCRIBED.

G. SIDNEY, Printer, Northumberland-street, Strand.

CLASSICAL

EXCURSION FROM ROME

TO

ARPINO.

I ARRIVED at Rome, after having visited Volterra and Siena. The first, one of the twelve Etrurian cities, owes chiefly its celebrity to Persius; the second claims a coeval antiquity with Rome. The view from the heights of Radicofani, and the lake of Bolsena, surrounded by the once sacred and oracular groves of Ciminus, are the only striking objects on this approach to the ancient metropolis of the world; neither will this sheet of water, shaded by the noblest oak-forests, appear insipid to those who have feasted their eyes with the superior scenes of the lakes in the Milanese.

On arriving at the Ponte Molle, by the *Via Cassia*, the carcase of a pauper, who had just died of hunger, and who clenched the railway with a convulsive grasp, inspired ideas not very favourable to the efficacy of hierarchial governments. Of all the European capitals, Rome, during the autumnal heats, is certainly the most desolate and forlorn. A religious, a funeral procession, mendicants livid from the effects of the *malaria*, eating away with an additional kiss the toes of the *pilot of the Galilean lake*, are the objects which principally fix the attention of the stranger; who, at that season, can only hope to derive amusement from sources, which the living world is unable to afford.

But Rome, from its historical recollections alone, presents the richest compensation for the absence of that activity seen in other capitals. Athens, Venice, Genoa, furnish, it is true, the memory with a series of highly interesting events; but they can only be contemplated in reference to one system of civil polity; or if there be more, the differential shades are unimportant, and feebly marked. Not so the ancient mistress of the world; which, from the grandeur and variety of her revolutions, has a stronger hold upon the memory. Dupaty, in a work too enthusiastic, but

not destitute of merit, arranges its history in three epochs. I apprehend that *five* will convey a clearer idea; and that the storing of these divisions in the mind, will be of use to those who may wish to prosecute researches in either of the epochs.

I. *Regal.* From the foundation of the city, to the expulsion of Tarquin.

II. *Republican.* From the establishment of the commonwealth, to the death of Cæsar.

III. *Imperial.* From the adoption of the empire by Augustus, to the death of Constantine.

IV. *Gothic*, or *Middle-age.* Comprehending the longest period, from the incursion of Alaric, to the end of the pontificate of Julius the Second; before which period the papal power, however great in the exterior, can hardly be said to have been firmly established at home.

V. *Papal.* From the accession of Leo the Tenth, to the present day.

Nothing can be more gratifying than to survey from the steps of the Campidoglio, the imposing ruins of the Forum, and to dwell at the same time on the extraordinary energies of that people, who after having subjugated the material world, succeeded no less miraculously in controuling the spiritual!—On the effects of which, different opinions will always be formed; but, I suspect, if duly weighed, the result will, upon the whole, be found far more productive of ill than good.

The five Romes, surveyed from this eminence, almost bewilder the mental faculties; and the statue of the *Dea Roma*, under the upper flight of steps, appears to mutter in the surrounding desolation, the verses erroneously attributed to Erinna:

ΜΟΙ ΜΟΝΑ ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΑ ΔΕΔΟΙΚΕ ΜΟΙΡΑ
ΚΥΔΟΣ ΑΡΡΗΚΤΩ ΒΑΣΙΛΕΙΟΝ ΑΡΧΑΣ
ΟΦΡΑ ΚΟΙΡΑΝΕΙΟΝ ΕΧΟΙΣΑ ΣΑΡΤΟΣ
ΑΓΣΜΟΝΕΥΩ.

The excavations going on in the Forum, the proposal of a subscription for dragging the Tiber, together with a Spanish friar about to be laid on the anvil of the great Saint-manufactory in the Vatican, contributed however to banish the melancholy inspired by the *malaria*, which in the language of the Venusian,

Designatorem decorat lictoribus atris.*

* An altar had been just discovered with the inscription:
ΑΠΟΣΤΙΚΑΧΟΙΣ ΘΕΟΙΣ
Ex Oraculo.
Together with vast fragments of columns, chiefly of Syenite; probably the wrecks of an earlier Forum.

The lofty ilices and pines in the Villas Pamfili and Borghese, and the spacious galleries, afforded, too, a cool refuge from the meridian heat; and none are more deserving of attention than the Albani and Giustiniani collections; the first rich with the spoils of Adrian's Tiburtine villa; the second of Nero's baths. In the last, a bust of Scipio Africanus, another of Alexander, both in *nero antico*, and the best reputed likeness of Mæcenas, are of sufficient importance to give a name to the collection.

Neither did the Vatican and Campidoglio unfold their stores in vain; but the latter will have greater attractions for those who are more struck with the portraits of illustrious characters, than with the *ideal* in sculpture. Here still is seen the frank and magnanimous aspect of Julius, as if in the act of saying: "Amitæ meæ Juliæ maternum genus à regibus ortum, paternum cum Diis immortalibus conjunctum est. Nam ab Aneo Martio sunt Marcii reges, quo nomine fuit mater; à Venere, Julii, cujus gentis familia est nostra.* Here too, in one of the finest busts transmitted from antiquity, is the *acerima mens*, and sedate majesty of Augustus; beside him is a Marcellus,

Cui frons lœta parum, et demisso lumina vultu.

Contiguous stands a Tiberius, *insitâ Claudiæ familiæ superbiâ*; eyes staring, sleepless; ears as if pricked by *motus aliqui in oriente*; or by the question of Asinius Gallus: *interrogo te Cæsar, quam reipublicæ partem mandari tibi velis? Perculsus reticuit.* Beyond is the republican simplicity of his brother Drusus; the beauty and virtue of his wife Antonia; the unassuming merit of Germanicus; and the *pudicitia impenetrabilis* of his Agrippina. By way of contrast, is a Valeria Messalina; elegant, beautiful, but of brazen and disgustful impudence; while a Julia, daughter of Titus, is only remarkable for its vague and singular expression. Both seem tacitly reproached by a neighbouring Plotina and Marciana; while the agreeable and open countenance of Trajan is transmitted in the noblest bust of *giallo antico* extant. Opposite stands the Emperor Julian, a man of such rare endowments, as to neutralize even the criticism of bigots; and who, had he lived another ten years, might have left effects on the religious and political systems of Europe, felt peradventure at this very hour. Adjoining is a portrait of Marcus Aurelius, taken in his early years, and which bespeaks the candour and simplicity of his soul. The likenesses to which we can attach the greatest credit, appear to be those of Adrian, Nerva, Trajan, Lucius Verus, Caracalla, Septimius Severus, and Marcus Aurelius. It struck me, when in the Campidoglio, that the government

* Orat. Julian, ap. Sueton.

would do well to devote the apartments in that building, to the portraits of the great personages of antiquity, reserving the Vatican for the Deities, the *ideal* sculpture, and the *incogniti*.

The architecture of the modern city is so effectually eclipsed by the Pantheon, that while that edifice stands, even St. Peter's must suffer from the comparison. It is easy to find on which side the greater merit lies. The Pantheon was built by Agrippa, and finished by that illustrious minister, in the reign of Augustus; we may conclude that it was surrounded by a portico; for Horace alludes to the *porticus Agrippæ*. It sprung, no doubt, from the mind of one architect; neither can we discover that it was copied from any pre-existing work. Enter this venerable pile, which has been trodden by the great men of the Augustan age; remove, or add any architectural member, and you will ruin its symmetry. The priests, it is true, by converting it into a church, and by the addition of insignificant altars, have done much towards destroying the bold simplicity of the fabric. Now St. Peter's, though confessedly the first modern pile in the world; and though a great genius presided at its erection, occupied the reigns of eighteen pontiffs. Its most striking feature, though considerably altered for the worse, is stolen from the Pantheon. The general drift of the original design, chalked out by Michael Angelo, has indeed been followed, deteriorated however by the *patch-work* of succeeding artists. The arcades are too colossal; the inlaid marbles in small pieces do not correspond with the grandeur of the fabric; the *walled* part of Bernini's peristyle is superfluous; the grand front is positively bad. A consideration of the defects of this colossal pile gave rise to the following architectural lucubration, in a walk one evening, under the colonnade of Bernini.

Strike a circle; let the circumference bisect twenty columns, with the equidistance of the diastyle intercolumniation. Take any intercolumniation; call it the eastern. From the centre of the rotunda, extend the radius beyond the circumference one intercolumniation; and describe the portion of an arc of a concentric circle, radii drawn to the extremities of which, would bisect the third and fourth columns, counting from the eastern intercolumniation. Continue five rows of columns eastward, parallel to each *two*, on the right and left of the eastern intercolumniation, preserving the diastyle division. Raise nine rows of columns westward, paralled to each *two* on the right and left of the western intercolumniation. Raise also five rows of columns, parallel to each *one* on the right and left of the northern and southern intercolumniations. With the diastyle separation, describe the walls of the church round the columns already raised. Bisect the north-eastern wall; and from the point of bisection, with a

radius from the centre of the rotunda, describe the concentric portion of an arc, which will of course bisect the eastern wall of the northern side of the church. Described as before, the two concentric arcs opposite the seventh, thirteenth, and seventeenth intercolumniations, counting always from the eastern. We shall have then four segments of circles, which will be as many lateral chapels. The grand front, which will be Doric from the middle Pæstan temple, will present to the west, a hexastyle portico five ranges of columns deep. Bernini's colonnade, omitting the walled arcade, will diverge to the right and left of the four inmost ranges of columns. The grand front then will project one range of columns; and this would mark it sufficiently. The eastern front might present a hexastyle Pæstan Doric portico of half columns only, for windows here would be necessary. The northern and southern fronts might terminate with plain Antæ. Antæ might also break the lateral walls both within and without. The exterior columns and walls to be of Travertine; the interior columns and walls, of white Carrara marble. The order, Segestan Doric. Continue above the cornice of the rotunda, a plain circular member, twenty feet in height; cut it with twelve equidistant niches of double squares, and place in them colossal statues of the twelve apostles; surmount it with a cornice, and crown it with the elliptic rotunda of the Pantheon; not impannelled as in the original, but painted in fresco by good masters. Preserve the *œil-de-bœuf*, covered with plate-glass in copper frames. And here is a new *Basilica Vaticana*. Taking then the diameter of the base of the Doric columns at twelve feet, each being six diameters in height, we shall have:

	Feet.
Length from East to West, including the rotunda . .	1088
Length from North to South	896
Diameter of the rotunda	320
Breadth of the eastern and western nave and aisles . .	228
Breadth of the northern and southern nave and aisles .	132

The Rotunda then would be nearly half as large again as the Pantheon. A question may arise, whether or no the diastyle intercolumniation could succeed, and give sufficient strength to the rotunda. Those who know any thing of mechanical forces must be aware, that if each architrave were composed of two pieces, and a central key-stone in the form of a wedge, the architraves, thus compactly wedged all round, would be stronger than if of one piece, and easily admissible with three diameters. The eustyle division would be too narrow for columns of such magnitude. To prevent heaviness, I have applied to the Segestan Doric the six diameters of the age of Pericles. I could have wished to give greater character to the nave by adopting the aræostyle intercolum-

nation; but reflexion suggested that this would weaken the edifice; and perhaps with columns of such vast proportion, it could not be adopted without an arched roof: a feature not purely Greek. Now I maintain, that had a similar plan to this been put in execution, not only would the architecture have been chaster, but the building, vast as it is, would have cost a million sterling less than the present Pile; for though whole quarries of Carrara marble would have been requisite, yet that port being near the sea, the blocks might have been easily shipped, and unladen within a mile of the building. What more majestic than a forest of Segestan columns of white Carrara marble! In lieu of Fontana's obelisk, a *campanile* should have stood, circular in form, surrounded by half Doric columns, of the same style as those of the Colisæum; these surmounted by as many Ionic, and these by as many Corinthian. And this would combine beauty and utility. Instead of the inscription to the honour of the *house* of Borghese, there should be inscribed:

DEO . OPTIMO . MAXIMO .
SENATUS . POPULUSQUE . ROMANUS .

Voltaire was the first individual in modern Europe, who had the magnanimity to erect a temple to the Deity. The spirit of the catholic doctrine is too contracted to allow paying due respect to the First Cause. It must be bestowed rather on *Saint Bruno, Saint Leo, Saint Prassedi, Saint Ignatius*, in preference. The religion of ancient Greece and Rome was far superior *in this respect* to the Catholic; for the ancients, by deifying the attributes of the Deity, and the different modifications of his power displayed here on earth, referred in fact all adoration to him. But whatever may be the sentiments of the upper ranks of the Catholics, the middling and lower classes, when they prostrate themselves before the shrines of *Sant' Antonio* of Padua, or *Santa Rosa di Viterbo*, think more of those individuals who have sprung from the *Camera del Pagallo*, than of the fountain of power, goodness, and truth. Go to Constantinople—You will see there, it is true, a people inattentive to good government, and to the developement and melioration of mind; but you will not see the Mufti waving his wand, and absolving people from their sins, like the priests in St. Peter's. The principal Mufti canonizes no Saint, and orders no bones or toes to be kissed. Mahomet, however defective may be his doctrines in other respects, sends his followers to the temple of the Deity, and bids them prostrate themselves there, without asserting that he is any more than a prophet, or interpreter of God's word, a title which he can hardly be refused, if we consider the extraordinary effect which his Koran has occasioned. We can only estimate religions from the more or less good of which they are productive to man, contemplated in his individual and social relations.

Friendship of a devoted kind is not uncommon in Turkey; in Rome it is certainly rare. The testimonies of numerous travellers concur in stating that a low shopkeeper in Turkey scorns to ask, even of a Christian, a greater sum than he would of a Turk. Most of the Roman shopkeepers turn foreigners to the best account they can. The Turk will sometimes rob by open force; but he scorns pilfering, as common at Rome as in London and Paris, and easily expiated by a kiss of the brazen feet of St. Peter, a wave of the magic wand from the confessional boxes, or a bow to the waxen virgins, surrounded by their flower-pots. The Turk having performed his ablutions, kneels to the Most High, and only suffers himself to be acquitted by the testimony of his own conscience. The Turk never turns his temples into charnel-houses, like the Roman. Whether noble or mechanic, he enters his mosque with sentiments of devotion and awe. The Roman, on the contrary, often laughs at several of those ceremonies, which his conscience will upbraid him for neglecting. The Romans are still a finely-disposed people; and I have often had occasion to admire the estimable qualities of some individuals. To what then are the above ills to be attributed, and which press more especially on the lower classes? To the system so long adopted by Rome, of intertwisting religion with politics; and chiefly to this. But no further digressions on this delicate subject, in which it is so difficult to steer the middle course, and to which I have been insensibly led by a dislike for the superstitions which degrade and obscure doctrines, the *essentials* of which are necessary to the welfare of individuals and nations.

Of the Roman churches, *San Paolo fuori le mura* certainly presents the noblest interior. Those who can feel true architecture will prefer it even to St. Peter's. It is however in a dilapidated state. As soon as the stranger has seen *Santa Maria Maggiore*, *San Pietro in Vincoli*, *San Stefano Rotondo*, *San Giovanni Laterano*, and *Santa Maria d' Angeli*, he may spare himself further trouble about the Roman churches, their architecture, not what they contain, considered. About three miles from the gate of *San Giovanni Laterano*, there exists in a meadow to the left a brick building, which Sickler in his Topography of Latium, takes to have been the temple of *Fortuna muliebris*, erected by the senate on the spot, where Coriolanus met his mother and family, headed by the Roman matrons. It is ornamented at the angles with Corinthian pilasters; and since the *via Latina*, which led towards the Volscian territory, lay in that direction; since it certainly has more the appearance of a temple than tomb; since the simplicity of the materials corresponds better with the early than later periods of Rome, it is one of those topographical probabilities, which, on surveying the spot, embodied as the soul of the

transaction is by the genius of Shakspeare, I loved implicitly to believe. *Corioli* stood on an eminence now called *il monte Giove*, about a mile from the Alban hills, towards the sea. We saw it from the woods that fringe the *mirror of Diana*, now *il Lago di Nemi*.

About the same distance from the *Porta del Popolo*, after passing the *Ponte Molle*, there stands a tower of the middle ages, where Cincinnatus, as tradition gives out, was found at his plough. The ruin has always been called *la torre di Quinto;* and it commands the *saxa rubra*, mentioned by Martial, in the description of the villa of his relation Julius ? now occupied by the villa Mellini, embosomed in cypresses above:

> Quò septem dominos videre montes,
> Et totam licet æstimare Romam !

But there are few spots that remind us more agreeably of the *city of the soul*, than the *Mons sacer*, distant from the *Porta Pia* about two miles; and a gun-shot from the bridge, thrown over the Anio by Narses. It was from this tumulus, now covered with verdant turf, that Menenius Agrippa harangued his fellow-citizens, clothing his speech with that fine allegory of the belly and the members, the offspring of sheer genius, but the merit of which, lisping it as we do in our early years, we are apt to overlook.

In a walk to the *Insula Tiberina*, where Lepidus was quartered during the assassination of Cæsar, I remarked vestiges of the marble coating, which surrounded the isle in the form of a ship. Below are the majestic remains of the *Pons Senatorius*, still covered with its ancient pavement, and probably trodden by the great men of the latter period of the republic. The *Cæsaris horti* must have been somewhere near here in Trastevere, where Cicero had an interview with Cleopatra.* Beyond is shewn the spot memorable from the passage of Clelia, more immortalized perhaps for that spontaneous effusion of the heart, than the most indefatigable *blue-stocking* by her literary toil from the age of Atossa to the present hour. It is from the *Pons Senatorius*, that you command one of the most interesting reaches of the Tiber, whose rapid and yellow vortices appear still to menace the small monopteral pile, called of *Vesta*. It is not easy to speculate on the probable result of the dragging of this celebrated stream, about to be undertaken. Those however who expect to find choice marble statues, will most likely be disappointed. For we can hardly imagine that the soldiers of Alaric, Ricimer, Vitiges, Totila, and the Lombards, when they expended their fury on the works of art, took care to *lower them gently with pullies* into the bed of the river. Moreover the

* Speaking of her in one of his letters, he says: *Reginam odi.*

corrosive particles carried down by the stream, must have destroyed the finer works of the productions of the chisel. The Goths knew too well the value of bronze not to turn it to better account than choking the river with masterpieces in that metal. On the other hand, the undertakers of the enterprize must be deemed unfortunate, if they do not find great quantites of curious armour, from the helmets of the kings down to the arquebuses of Charles V. and the constable Bourbon. Coins too, and perhaps mutilated inscriptions, illustrative of individuals, or important historical particulars, may remunerate them. A few months will prove the result of this interesting experiment. It was reserved for Dionysius Periegetes to give us the best description of this most celebrated of all celebrated streams, and worthy to be echoed from its shores.

ΘΥΜΒΡΙΣ ΕΛΙΣΣΟΜΕΝΟΣ ΚΑΘΑΡΟΝ ΡΟΟΝ ΕΙΣ ΑΛΑΒΑΛΛΕΙ
ΘΥΜΒΡΙΣ ΕΥΡΡΕΙΤΗΣ ΠΟΤΑΜΩΝ ΒΑΣΙΛΕΥΤΑΤΟΣ ΑΛΛΩΝ
ΘΥΜΒΡΙΣ ΟΣ ΙΜΕΡΤΗΝ ΑΠΟΤΕΜΝΕΤΑΙ ΑΝΔΙΧΑ ΡΩΜΗΝ
ΡΩΜΗΝ ΤΙΜΗΕΣΣΑΝ ΕΜΩΝ ΜΕΓΑΝ ΟΙΚΟΝ ΑΝΑΚΤΩΝ
ΜΗΤΕΡΑ ΠΑΣΑΙΩΝ ΠΟΛΕΩΝ ΑΦΝΕΙΟΝ ΕΔΕΘΛΟΝ.

These and similar recollections were occasionally broken by an attention to the progress of modern art, which, upon the whole, surpassed my expectations. Great efforts are made by the actual painters of Rome, to submit what genius they may possess to classical rules; in which they succeed better than any of the artists that have appeared since the time of Raphael. Among the most distinguished, is one Camucini, whose pictures of the death of Cæsar, and Cornelia producing the Gracchi, are in a chaste classical style, and in other respects much above mediocrity.

The German school now established at Rome, imitate the Perugino style of painting, and very successfully; they even use leaf gold, to set off earrings, and minor ornaments. They are seen in the streets habited *á la Raphael*; but they find it easier to adopt the long hair, and close tunic of that first of artists, than the fine mind that pervades his transcendant productions.

There exists no intaglio-sculpture at Rome that can be put in competition with Pickler; but cameos are elegantly cut, especially by Cirometti.

The few specimens of architecture, or rather of repair, which have been raised in the actual pontificate, are very indifferent.

With regard to sculpture, it is not easy to speak in too high terms, not only of its improvement, but of the rapid strides which it makes to absolute perfection. The modern Alcamenes has however found a puissant rival in the Dane Thorvaldsen, who, in reliefs, is confessedly the first artist living: witness his *Giorno*, *Notte*, and *Triumphs of Alexander*. Neither would it be easy to

find among Canova's productions, statues superior to his *Dancing Girl*, his *Mercury*, and *Adonis*. But *Venus receiving the apple*, and *Cupid contemplating his dart*, both from the chisel of this distinguished Dane, are *opera omnibus fortasse hodiernæ artis anteponenda*. He will, I suspect, be found to possess more nerve and invention than Canova, and to be but little his inferior in grace. It must however be understood, that though the Grecian spirit has been happily caught by these great artists, we cannot yet discover in their works that high creative *ideal*, which we recognize in the Apollo, the Meleager, and the Laocoon.

Though the works of the ancients in sculpture and architecture irresistibly call forth our admiration, and are deservedly held as models for imitation, perhaps we attach a too great importance to their productions in painting. We know not indeed to what degree of excellence the masterpieces recorded by Plinius, and the epigrammatists, may have been carried; but with regard to their frescos, it will not be hazardous to assert, that any two years noviciate in the schools of Raphael and Guido, might be found to surpass them. The frescos discovered in the baths of Titus, are a pretty good proof of this. It is in vain to urge that they may have been the productions of very inferior artists. The baths were an imperial work; and they were certainly decorated with the masterpieces in sculpture; why then should they have been the receptacles of the refuse of the painters' easels? Now the highest claim of merit that these productions can aspire to, (not excepting the best, which are the Aldobrandini marriage, and two or three of the Herculanean frescos,) will be found to consist in the representation of a certain *dead elegance*; and we may fairly presume that in point of expression, spirit, and correctness of outline, many of the fresco-designs in the modern inns of Italy, will be found to surpass them.

Nothing is so striking to the *Tramontane* stranger, at least, on surveying the Roman galleries, as the good preservation of the frescos by the great modern artists. The Guercino and Guido Auroras are eminently fresh; so is the Farnesine by Raphael; and the Farnese by Annibal Caracci; the labours of Raphael in the Vatican have suffered the most injury from time.

In a cursory survey of the *Palazzo Doria*, abounding with noble pictures, I noticed a portrait expressive of great acuteness of intellect, which proved to be one of Niccolò Machiavelli; a genius of so high an order, that it has been unable, till lately, to pierce those clouds of ignorance and prejudice, which prevented it from being duly appreciated. It is not more than forty years that his merits began to be acknowledged at Florence; and Europe at length finds out, that he who filled nineteen embassies, who established a school of political philosophy in the Italian seat of the

Muses, who applied a fine analysis to the Roman history, and a subtler than Aristotle to the theory of goverment, who withal died poor and neglected, was an honour to our species. A consideration of the calumnies which have beset his name, occasioned the following stanzas; though I know not if the Sapphic metre can be adopted with effect, in the harmonious dialect of Italy.

OMAGGIO

FATTO AL RITRATTO DI NICCOLO MACHIAVELLI,

DIPINTO DA ANDREA DEL SARTO.

O di govern' egregio maestro!
Da chi li stati fiorire sanno,
A cui i regi sono sottoposti,
Pur' i tiranni.

I baroni, la strepitosa plebe,
Sentono per te loro stazioni,
Nel tuo stile, più grandiosa
Roma risplende.

I ministri scelgono da tuoi
Scritti ricercati, precetti sani
Per saper stender dominazione.—
L'ambasciadore.

Corre fra sospetti paesi, dunque
Al suo va, l'ansietà nel petto,
Plausi rubando debiti all' acuto
Machiavelli.

Il Secondato piglia sovente
Dal tuo cervello cos' alt' assai;
Tràono da te i capitani certe
Regole d'arte.

L'ira rugge ne la profonda volta,
E 'l cuor cessa lacerare, dal gran
Niccolò sbandita fremente tralle
Sedi dolenti.

Con piacer la Storia alta, pura,
Del Fiorentin l'onorando fronte
Cinge con allori virenti sempre,
Cinge Talia.

Mostra con orgoglio dove giaccion
L'ossa del grand' istruitor di stati,
Mostra,—nè d'altrùi più si vanta
Alma Firenze.

L'ammirator dei repubblicani
Stati, di scaltriti tiranni stessi,
Sempre dirà con venerazione,
"Niccolò Grande."

But the heat began to be almost intolerable at Rome; neither was it mitigated by one of the loudest thunder storms I ever remember to have witnessed. The fresher air of the snow-clad Apennines, and a wish to visit the birth-place of Cicero, invited me not reluctantly from the capital.

> . . . Mihi jam non regia Roma,
> Sed vacuum Tibur placet.

We were accompanied by a venerable Portuguese Jesuit, about to join his fraternity in Trivoli; *comes Helidorus, come ingenium*;—who had been in England as far back as the year 1769; and whose knowledge of the finer passages of Milton proved that he had not been there in vain. The sun was shooting a rich crimson tint on the ruins of Dioclesian's baths; a rotunda attached to which, Michael Angelo turned into a church; but the magnificent granite shafts, ill imitated by modern in brick and plaster, vindicate the glory of the first architect. About a mile from the gate of *San Lorenzo*, we reached a church dedicated to the same saint. It is only remarkable as having been lately proved, by a distinguished antiquary resident at Rome, to have been built with the ruins of the portico of Octavia, which enclosed temples to Jupiter and Juno. Plinius tells us that *Batrachus* and *Saurus*, two Spartan architects, were employed by Augustus in the erection of these temples; and that, in the volutes of the columns, they caused to be engraved a *frog* and *lizard*. Now in the eighth column that supports the roof of *San Lorenzo*, a *frog* and *lizard*, illustrative of the names of the architects, appear. It is thus that the modern Romans have a perpetual whet-stone applied to their wits, by the gigantic labours of their ancestors in art. We rolled slowly along the old *via Tiburtina*, supposed to have been first paved in the consulship of M. Valerius Maximus, in the year of the city CCCCXLVII. Excavations that were made in the pontificate of Alexander VII. prove that it was thrice raised; three pavements in irregular polygonal masses having been then discovered, one above the other. Vestiges of the old *trottoirs* are occasionally visible. About two miles from the church of *San Lorenzo*, just before reaching the Anio, we traversed the spot where Hanibal pitched his camp, after his battle with the proconsul Fulvius Flaccus. We may collect from history, that the Carthaginian general just saw Rome, and no more; as if his destinies permittted nothing further. Soon after crossing the bridge thrown over the Anio, and built by Mammea, the mother of Alexander Severus, we noticed remains of very ancient quarries on the opposite side of the stream. To our left was the spot where the consul Servilius defeated the Sabines; and five miles further is the

scene of another memorable victory gained by Ancus Martius over the early inhabitants of Latium. Every rood of the Campagna has been fought and re-fought over. We presently saw to the left the *Lago de' Tartari*, in colour like a bowl of cream, and of a sulphureous, nitrous, and petrifying quality. It is perhaps one of the most active petrifying waters known; for it gradually transforms into stone the plants and reeds that grow for some paces round. A constant fermentation penetrates the pores of the weeds with stony particles; the lake is shallow, and its bason is a light and porous turf. A few paces beyond, we crossed the hoary Albula, which flows into the Anio by a channel cut by one of the princes of the house of Este. It rises from the *Lago Sulfureo*, celebrated for the oracular groves of Faunus, mentioned in the well-known lines of Virgil. When Kircher saw this lake, he found it about a mile in circuit; but it is now much reduced in size. It undergoes a perpetual diminution, from the unctuous and bituminous matter which floats on its surface. Dust and seeds transported by the wind adhere to it, and in process of time little islands are formed, which blown to the shores, of course become more compact. None of these bituminous islets exceed ten feet in length. A century or two may possibly thus annihilate the lake, or reduce it to a bituminous marsh. Kircher affirms that it is *imperscrutabilis profunditatis*; the depth however has been ascertained to be from sixty to one hundred and seventy feet. The force of Virgil's line *sævum exhalat opaca mephitim*, is here sensibly felt by every traveller; for the atmosphere, for more than a mile round, is impregnated with a fetid sulphureous effluvia. We almost immediately reached the *Ponte Lucano*, either so called from the *Lucus Tiburti*, or from Marcus Plautius Lucanus, one of the Plautian family, whose sepulchre, half covered with ivy, proclaims the *grandiosità* of the Romans in their monumental buildings. It is built of Tiburtine stone, and of the same form as that of Cecilia Metella, but very inferior in elegance of design. The illustrious family of the Plautii gave eighteen consuls to Rome. Aulus Plautius was the conqueror of Caractacus; and Claudius having decreed him an ovation, went out to meet him on his return from Britain. Another of this family having been named by the senate to take command of a naval force destined for Asia, lost his wife at Tarentum. As he ascended the funeral pile to take a last farewell, he was so affected, that he killed himself. They were both buried in a common tomb, called by the Tarentines, *Sepulchrum Amantium*.*

The freshness of the Tiburtine groves, the murmur of the cas-

* De Sanct. famil. Plautia.

cutelle, the moon shining in her fullest splendour, formed a most grateful contrast to the suffocating heat of the Campagna, that *pestilens et aridum solum*, as it is called by Titus Livius; and we just recognized by the silver light, the immense ruins of the *Villa Adriana*, surrounded by its pine and cypress groves, and various as the character of its founder: *idem severus, lætus, comis, gravis, lascivus, cunctator, tenax, liberalis, simulator, sævus, clemens, et semper in omnibus varius.**

We drove to the *Regina*, an inn which I have little doubt provided us with better fare than Horace enjoyed with his Glycera, Propertius with his Cynthia, or Catullus with his Lesbia, when they sojourned at Tibur. Nothing is wanting to make the environs of this *Roman Richmond* of perfect beauty, but a greater variety of trees to break the grey monotony of the olive.

Tibur, according to the most numerous authorities, was built before Rome, by a troop of Greeks from the Peloponnesus, under the conduct of Tiburtus, Catilus, and Coras, three Argive brothers. It long subsisted an independent republic; and did not submit to the capital, before A. U. C. CCCCXV. It appears that the Tiburtine commonwealth had a high idea of its importance; for on soliciting assistance from Rome, against an invasion threatened by the neighbouring tribes, the ambassadors dwelling at large on the favours that the Romans owed on a similar occasion to Tibur, the only reply that they obtained from the senate was: *Superbi estis!* † We find nothing interesting respecting its fate after its annexation to the capital. In the lower ages, the inhabitants were put to the sword by the soldiers of Totila; ‡ subsequently an irruption of the Germans desolated the town. Frederic Barbarossa rebuilt the walls, and Pius II. strengthened them with a fortress, which he built with the ruins of an amphitheatre. It was always a favourite retreat of the opulent Romans, both in ancient and modern times.

The monopteral temple of Vesta was our first object; of which the late Lord Bristol was so enamoured, that he offered a considerable sum to transport it to his park in England; but the government wisely interposed, and prohibited its removal. The lover of arts betrays nothing but absurdity, in wishing to remove whole buildings from their accustomed site. What but a ridiculous ostentation could suggest the removal, for instance, of either of the Pæstan temples, which might be imitated at less cost at home, and at the same time call forth the talents of native workmen? We even prefer to see the temple of Erechtheus, surrounded as it is by monuments of Turkish barbarism, than placed in the spruncest lawn, laid out by the Reptons and the Browns. The capitals

* Æl. Spartian. in Vit. Adrian. † Servius ad Æn. VII. ‡ Procopius.

of the temple of Vesta, like every composite specimen, are of an indifferent style; and the building is, I suspect, of a later date than the Augustan age. Contiguous is the Ionic temple of the Sybil, as it is called. An inscription, found in it, rather tends to prove that it was dedicated to Drusilla, the sister of Caligula.

DIVÆ. DRUSILLÆ.
SACRUM.
C. RUBELLIUS. C. F. BLANDUS.
LEG. DIVI. AUG. TR. PL. PR. COS.
PROCOS. PONTIF.

The building presents a rare specimen of the prostyle, tetrastyle, and pseudoperipteral dispositions. But the noblest monument of Tibur was the temple of Hercules, situated on a commanding height, and now occupied by the cathedral. Remains of the *cella* are still visible, and it was about eighty-four *palmi* in length. Hercules was the tutelar deity of the Tiburtines; and is frequently mentioned by the classic authors: by Propertius:

Curve te in Herculeum deportant esseda Tibur?

by Silius Italicus:

Quoque sub Herculeis taciturno flumine muris,
Pomifera arva creant, Anienicolæque Catilli.

and by Martial:

Itur ad Herculei gelidas qua Tiburis arces,
Canaque sulphureis Albula fumat aquis.

After surveying the upper falls of the Anio, we descended to the *Grotta di Nettuno*, to facilitate the approach to which, the French General Miollis, with a commendable public spirit, has lately raised a convenient flight of steps. All unprejudiced travellers must indeed be sensible of the advantages which Italy has derived from the impulse given by the French invasion. Indeed, it may be safely averred that no nation ever reaped so great a compensation for the incursion of foreign troops. What shall I say of the *Mont Cenis*, and of its noble road, carried over steeps usually hidden in the clouds? What of the more stupendous work at the *Simplon*, where the traveller and merchant, after ascending twenty-five miles from *Domo d' Ossola*, and traversing four galleries cut through the solid rock, finds an excellent inn, five thousand feet above the sea? What of the *Valais*, where before there were only seen a few solitary mules, monumental crucifixes, and gaping *Crétins*, now animated by rich and frequented inns, necessarily occupying a numerous peasantry? What of the bridges thown across noisy *Rhodanus*, *pontem indignatus*, before he hides

himself in ill-humour? Thrice have I traversed these Alpine passes, and thrice was I amazed. The pen of the historian will not fail to do justice to these stupendous works, not less useful than magnificent. Care also will be taken not to forget the *barrow-wheelers, the rock-blasters, the superintending directors, who were actually upon the spot;* and with whom the principal merit lies. But to return to the cascades of the Anio. The prismatic colours, by a complicated process of reflection and refraction, described a nearly horizontal circle, which reflected again under the white foam presented a spectacle as novel as it was beautiful. But it is from the *Grotta della Sirena,* that the Anio appears in all its magnificence. Here you command the three upper cascades, while the river at your feet is precipitated with a thundering noise, which seems to shake the dark vault that receives it. Luxuriant vines were bending around with the *pizzoutello* grape, of a curved and very oblong shape, but insipid flavour. Crossing the Anio, we continued our walk *circà mite solum Tiburis et mœnia Catili;* and having made the circuit of the chasm formed by the river, soon reached the deserted convent of *Sant' Antonio,* built on the foundations of Horace's Tiburtine villa. There is no reason for attacking long-established tradition, when it does not revolt probability. Suetonius, in his *sketch* of the life of Horace, (and it can be called nothing more,) tells us: *domus ejus ostenditur circà Tiburtinum luculum.* Here we found an apartment inlaid with tesselated pavement, and two arched chambers, one of which probably contained a bath, for it terminates in a semicircular recess at the end. The walls were covered with a nitrous efflorescence. It is probable that the simplicity of the poet's retreat formed a striking contrast to the splendour of the palace of his friend Quintilius Varus hard by, and to that of his patron Mæcenas opposite, the immense substructions of which prove that the dexterous minister loved, even in the country, *molem propinquam nubibus arduis.*

Crossing the lower Anio, by the old Roman bridge, we reached the picturesque remains of the villa of this celebrated minister, now turned into an iron manufactory. It consisted of a vast range of porticos surrounding a theatre and two courts, supported by Roman Doric pillars below, and Ionic above. Several of the Doric half columns towards one of the principal courts still remain. Streams cut from the Anio, flow through the ruins in all directions, and are tumbled into the valley through the broken and moss-grown arches.

We wandered with considerable pleasure over the terraces still covered with the *intonaco* trodden by the great men of the Augustan age; who no doubt were magnificently entertained with intellectual and sensual pleasures, by the *mel gentium,* the *ebur ex Etruriâ,* the *Cilniorum smaragdus,* as Augustus called his favour-

ite minister, satirically alluding to his loose and bombastic idiom. Mæcenas will always rank high among that supple class of ministers, who love to arrange things *snugly* and *comfortably* for themselves and their master. He had none of the grandeur of Agrippa. But his noble patronage of art and talent, and the speech which he delivered in favour of the establishment of the empire, in opposition to the sentiments of Agrippa for the restoration of the republic, and which is transmitted to us by Dio Cassius, prove him a man of no ordinary stamp.

Of the more than thirty Tiburtine villas, which Sickler in his topography of Latium enumerates, one of the most interesting in point of recollections, is that which belonged to Caius Cassius. The *fundus Cassianus* is mentioned in an ancient chronicle of Tivoli, dated as far back as A. D. 945; and considerable foundations of it are still seen on the *via di Carciano (quasi Cassiano)*, to the south of the modern town. The ruins consist of eighteen spacious chambers, decorated on the outside with Doric columns. But nothing shows the former magnificence of this villa more than the discovery among its ruins, of the eight Muses, and Apollo Citharædus of the Vatican, besides a Faun, a Pallas, and three Hermes of the sages of Greece, together with several granite shafts, and mosaics. It is more than probable that these, or the major part, were the property of Caius Cassius; for the Romans under the empire, attached a sort of veneration to what belonged to the illustrious men of the republic; the purchasers of their property often leaving it untouched; and this we may collect from Plinius, and the anecdotal authors. It would appear then that Cassius, though a staunch republican, was not insensible to the delights of a magnificent country retreat. Here it is supposed the conspiracy against Cæsar was projected and arranged. Near the villa of Caius Cassius, they pretend to show that which belonged to Marcus Brutus. It is not however so well authenticated as the first. We may nevertheless conclude that he had a villa at Tibur; for Cicero in his *pro Cluentio*, mentions the Tiburtine villa of M. Brutus, who was a distinguished jurisconsult, and by whom it was probably bequeathed to his relation the friend and exterminator of Cæsar. Many interesting discoveries have been made among the ruins, which prove that it was magnificently adorned.

We should not however attempt by a too close investigation, to destroy the illusion (if illusion it be) of treading the spot where Brutus entertained his friends:

> *Whose life was gentle, and the elements*
> *So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up,*
> *And say to all the world: This was a man.*

We loitered with pleasure among the trees and fountains of the

villa d'Este, above. Michael Angelo designed one, and called it the *Queen of the Fountains;* it is at any event superior to the rest, which consist of *little farthing* Cupids, squirting water in rows.

> O altas pinus, admirandasque cupressus
> Estensis villæ, latè quæ prospicit agros
> Incultos Latii, prostrataque mœnia Romæ !

The cypresses deserve indeed a better tribute. They are worthy of the lyre of Gray, or any other poet, *qui fortasse cupressum scit simulare.*

No spot in the environs of the capital, not even the heights of Frascati, overlook a more extensive range of the Campagna, than the garden of the villa d'Este. To the right below, near the sulphureous sources of the Albula, the deposit of which forms the Tiburtine stone, we gazed with pleasure on a verdant hillock, where formerly stood the retreat of Zenobia, the accomplished and interesting queen of Palmyra. She has been thus described by Pollio, a cotemporary writer: "forma corporis egregia, oculis suprà modum vigentibus, et nigris; tanto candore in dentibus, ut margaritas eam plerique habere putarent; vox præterea clara, et virilis." She appears to have been one of those rare creatures occasionally lent us to admire; while the pleasure which we feel in the contemplation of their excellencies, is dashed by the despair of being able to imitate them.

Augustus, we find from Suetonius, was partial to Tibur, where he tempered pleasure with the duties of the chief magistracy: "præcipuè frequentavit proxima urbi oppida, Lanuvium, Præneste, Tibur, ubi etiam in porticibus Herculis jus persæpe dixit." Augustus, though not exempt from petty vanities, and some acts of cruelty, during the ferment of the civil wars; though we cannot contemplate him with that satisfaction which we should, had he filled his office on pure elective principles, will always pass a rare example among sovereigns, of a trying and unparalleled course of prosperity, gradually meliorating the complexion of the heart.

Leaving the *domus Albuneæ resonantis*, and its numerous recollections, we follow the *via Valeria* to Vico-varo, distant from Tivoli nine miles. The road was so called from Marcus Valerius Maximus, who, we learn from Livius, paved it in the year of the city CCCCXLVII. Its former magnificence is confirmed by the substructions which supported it near the Anio, and fragments of bridges still visible, which traversed streamlets and small ravines. It was only fifteen feet in width, and, like the *via Tiburtina*, paved with polygonal flags. We had *Mount Catillus* to our left, now surmounted with a crucifix. We passed to our right the ruins of the pretended villa of Syphax, king of Numidia; but the inscrip-

tion found, as is said, on its site, with his name inscribed, in the fifteenth century, is of apocryphal authority. We may however infer from Livius, that that African sovereign, after having been confined a prisoner at Alba, on the Fucine lake, was removed to Tibur; where death rescued him from the ignominy of adorning the triumph of Scipio.

After passing vestiges of ancient sepulchres, and the remains of a *villa incognita*, we reached Vico-varo, which would have escaped the notice of posterity, had it not been mentioned by Horace, as the seat of a rustic Sabine senate. We remarked a stratum of lava to the left, the origin of which perplexes mineralogists; for no indications of a crater are visible in the environs; and the volcanic current lies as if dropped from the clouds. To account for this, some have imagined that the Solfatara below Tivoli is a depressed volcano; which certain appearances near the *cascatelle*, and a steep called *il monte spaccato*, or the *split mountain*, tend to confirm.

The picturesque ruins of an aqueduct which crossed the Anio, and conveyed the *Aqua Claudia* to Rome, were the only objects which compensated for the filth and barbarism of Vico-varo. The peasants, who are ill clad, speak a very uncooth dialect; thus for *Vico-varo*, they say *wico-war*. They fasten wooden soles to their feet, tied with packthread, like the straps of the old Roman sandal. The next morning early, we reached the confluence of the Licenza (*Digentia*) with the Teverone, (*Anio*), and, after following the right bank of the former stream for about three miles, we arrived at Rocca Giovane, built on a steep surrounded by olives and chesnuts, and close to the site of the *Fanum Vacunæ*, mentioned by Horace. *Vacuna* has been thought, by some of his commentators, the goddess of leisure; Lilius Giraldus says it is synonimous with Minerva; Varro, with *Victoria*. The opinion of the last seems confirmed by the following inscription found near the temple.

IMP . CAESAR . VESPASIANUS .
PONT. MAX . TRIB . POT .
CENSOR . AEDEM . VICTORIAE .
VETUSTATE . DILAPSAM .
SUA . IMPENSA .
RESTITUIT .

A prostrate brick wall covered with cement, and the portion of a small condait which supplied the temple with water, were all that we could find of the *fanum putre Vacunæ*.

Descending by a very rough path into the vale below, we reached a group of Spanish chesnuts, healthy and vigorous, like the genius of the amiable poet, on the site of whose Sabine farm they grow. Covered with brambles, there are a few layers

of brick work well preserved; there are also two *frusta* of columns with plinths, hewn out of one stone, and these are the reputed remains of the Horatian villa. There appears, however, to be some doubt as to the actual site. Padre Piazzi places it in a neighbouring valley; Cluverius thinks that it was nearer Umbria; but it is, I apprehend, more than probable that it stood in this valley of the *Licenza*, in which we easily recognize *Digentia*; in the village of *Bardela*, *Mandela*, built on an exposed point, *rugosus frigore pagus*; add too the neighbourhood of the *fanum Vacunæ*, and of *Varia*, while the dry and stony bed of the *Digentia* shows that it is liable to sudden swells, alluded to by the poet:

Multâ mole docendus aprico parcere prato.

The *Fons Bandusiæ* has been lately shown by Mr. Hobhouse to be in the neighbourhood of Venosa, the birth-place of the bard; but the sources of the *Digentia* are cold and pure enough to correspond with the descriptive lines:

Fons etiam rivo dare nomen idoneus, ut nec
Frigidior Thraciam, nec purior ambiat Hebrus.

The lofty and snow-capt *Monte Gennaro*, which makes such a figure in the landscape seen from Rome, surrounds the site of the villa to the west and south, and is most likely the *Lucretilis* of the poet. It protected his flocks then equally from the summer heats, *pluviisque ventis* accompanying the scirocco.

Be it as it may, the scanty fragments which we found amply compensated a sultry ride up an arid Sabine valley; for of all the Latin poets Horace is certainly the most original; and the best proof of this is the impossibility of imitating him with success. The harmonious majesty of Virgil, the sonorous pomp of Lucan, the philosophical dignity of Lucretius, the spleen and energy of Juvenal, the elegiac tenderness of Tibullus and Propertius, and the amorous fire of Ovid, have been sometimes caught by good scholars. But the style of the argute Venusian, especially in his satires and epistles, like the *grata protervitas* of his Glycera, has hitherto bid defiance to the most refined student. His *curiosa felicitas* escapes both Pope and Boileau, though it must be confessed that we are indebted to the last for a more perfect Art of Poetry.

Quitting the Horatian villa, we regained the *via Valeria*, and following the course of the Anio to our right, proceeded by the *via Sublacensis* to Subiaco, a place known in ancient geography under the title of the *Simbrivine pandæ*, and distant from Vicovaro about twenty miles. We presently crossed the Rio freddo, which was transported to Rome on a course of arches sixty-one miles in length, under the title of *Aqua Marcia*. It corresponds

with the description of it given by Frontinus: *penè statim stagnino colore præviridi*, being of an emerald green, and water, when very pure, seems of that colour. It is thus that the Spaniards have their *Rio verde* in a celebrated romance. About a mile further to the left are also the sources of the *Aqua Claudia*, which, according to Plinius, travelled to the capital on a range of arches not less than forty-six miles in length. We left Aosta to our right, the ancient *Augusta*, built on a precipitous and insulated rock in the midst of the valley. Five miles beyond is Subiaco, which Nero made conspicuous with his villa. *Sublaqueum, under the lakes*, or, as we might translate it, *under the halter*, seems an appropriate residence for such a tyrant. Tacitus tells us that at a banquet given here by that abortion, the tables were struck and upset by a thunder-bolt. We should, however, remember, that the Roman historians, and especially Tacitus, are fond of giving effect to great occurrences by the intervention of the thunder of Jove. *Discumbentis Neronis apud Simbrivina stagna, cui Sublaqueum nomen est, ictæ dapes mensaque disjecta erat.** A monk of the Altieri family has lately unearthed several apartments of the Neronian villa. The modern town is better built than Tivoli, and a lofty and spacious feudal castle commands it of the lower ages. Hither St. Benedict retired, the founder of one of the most hospitable and sensible of the monastic orders, and a cave is shown near the town where the saint offered up his orisons. Subiaco is interesting as having been the first place in Italy where printing-presses were established; and, according to Tiraboschi, the works of Lactantius, and the *De Oratore* of Cicero, were the first productions of the first Italian press, established in a monastery at Subiaco. Rock crystal is found in the neighbouring cliffs.

We had now entered the narrow defiles of the Apennines, and the *nidus* of the Italian Aborigines, who, like the *autochthones* of Greece, despised the neighbouring tribes who owed their origin to colonies. Whence they came is matter of dispute. Cato tells us in a fragment, "primò Italiam tenuisse quosdam qui Aborigines appellabantur;" and Justin says that they were the first cultivators of Italy. They were believed by some to have come from Achaia. Festus, speaking of them, says, "fuit gens antiquissima Italiæ. Their savage habits and life are alluded to by Virgil in the following line—

Gensque virûm truncis et duro robore nata;

and by Sallust: "genus hominum agreste, sine legibus, sine imperio, liberum atque solutum." Janus and Saturnus were

* Annal. xiv. c. 22.

two of their chiefs, who imparted to them the rudiments of civilization; and, like the heroes of Greece, were subsequently deified.

> — genus indocile ac dispersum montibus altis
> Composuit, legesque dedit,

says Virgil, speaking of Saturnus. Dionysius of Halicarnassus is so confused in his account of these Aborigines, or, as some have called them, *Aberrigines*, that he leaves us as much in the dark as before. The two insurmountable difficulties among the Italian antiquaries, are the origin of this race, and that of the Tuscans. It is amusing to trace the contradictory statements of the learned respecting the last. Their descent perplexed the ancients as well as moderns. Herodotus tells us that they came from Lydia; Varro, and Aristides quoted by Strabo, will have it that they were Pelasgians; Bochart, that they came from Canaan, or Phœnicia; Buonaroti, from Egypt; while Pelloutier, Freret, and others, maintain that they were of Celtic origin. It is probable that the Aborigines and the Tuscans were indigenous, in the strict sense of the word; placed in Italy by the immediate act of the Deity, like Adam in Mesopotamia.

But circumstances had occurred which threw a chill over the enjoyment which we should have otherwise felt in witnessing the actual condition of this uncouth tribe. There was one *Dicesaris*, an *aboriginal* compound of bigotry, activity, and cruelty; the Cæsar Borgia of the Apennines. At the head of a troop of banditti as fearless as himself, he had spread terror to the gates of Rome, and had insulted, perhaps intimidated the authorities, by demanding a considerable ransom for an individual of note, whose person he had secured. The Papal troops had been dispatched in quest of him, and a few days before we left Rome, they had found his wife and family at the village of *Saint Prassedi*, whom, by a summary legal process, they had murdered in cold blood. *Dicesaris*, in consequence, was wandering in the heart of the Apennines, rabid as a wounded lion, and breathing slaughter and revenge. Informed, however, at Subiaco, by the magistrate and papal military officer, that he had not been heard of, or seen in that vicinity, we crossed the Anio, now reduced to a streamlet, and we saw the mountain beyond, *unde Anienæ fluenta*. Ascending for more than a league, we reached an extensive plain, covered with fine turf, bounded by a noble amphitheatre of Apennines, and fringed with woods to their very base. At the eastern extremity rose the *Monte Porcaro*, the ancient *Mons Præclarus, præclarâ magnitudine!* Numerous herds were grazing, and here we noticed a species of thistle with stalks and leaves of a pale blue colour. We entered by a meri-

dian sun, this silent forest of oak and beech, the leaves of which as they rustled, seemed to whisper *Dicesaris.* On approaching the village of Anticoli, which I do not find occupying the site of any ancient town, we saw a multitude of peasants and herdsmen assembled on a sort of rude terrace, to witness a horse-race. Their appearance was uncouth and picturesque in the extreme. They were clad chiefly in sheep-skins, and wore red caps. The better class were armed. They reminded me of the Nogai Tartars in the south of Russia. These modern *Aborigines*, with black dishevelled hair, and olive complexions, who rent the air with barbarous yells as we passed, corresponded with the description of their ancestors, transmitted to us by Virgil:

> Horrida præcipuè cui gens, assuetaque multo
> Venatu nemorum duris Æquicola glebis;
> Armati terram exercent, semperque recentes
> Convectare juvat prædas, et vivere rapto.

Not desirous of entering our palfries at the Anticoli races, we journeyed to Alatri, *(Alatrium)*, a town that figures in the comedy of the Captives of Plautus. We arrived there at dusk, after having passed through a country wooded by nature, like the noblest parks of England. Alatri is one of the five Saturnian cities; there are four others which claim their origin from that unknown hero styled Saturnus. They all begin with the first letter of the alphabet, and are as follow: *Alatri, Anagni, Atina, Arce*, and *Arpino.* There is something inexpressibly striking to the mind, on entering a city like Alatri, the origin of which is lost in the impenetrable mist of ages. There are no cities in England, of which we have any authentic records, earlier than Julius Cæsar; there are not many in France; we can trace the origin of them all, at least as soon as they began to assume any commercial importance. The same will apply to the Spanish cities, with the exception perhaps of Tartessus, the origin of which is involved in obscurity. There is no city in Sicily, of which we have not authentic data; tradition respecting the Greek colonies is also pretty satisfactory; but enter any one of the five Saturnian, or the twelve Etrurian cities; ask about what period were laid the colossal substructions, remains of which are in all more or less visible. The person whom you interrogate, be he a Cluverius, is mute. You might as well hope to obtain satisfactory information respecting the oldest ruins in India, Persia, or Egypt; which have always perplexed, and will perplex antiquaries. All that we can conclude is, that Alatri is a city of the Italian Aborigines, founded at some remote and unknown period, probably by Saturnus, who after imparting some few ideas of civilization among his followers, was venerated by them, and subsequently, with Janus, (whose temples were common in the Apen-

nines,) crept into Rome as the tutelar deities of the republic. It would be well if a new Janus or Saturnus could re-appear in the Apennines, to propagate fresh ideas of social order; for here are an unreasonable number of the priesthood, and the same *exitiabilis superstitio* as in the capital. If any one were to ask whether I found any signs of order, civilization, or a cheerful and active peasantry, (and no country offers more resources for the formation of the latter,) I could not reply better than in the words of the comedian in the Captives of Plautus: "ou tan Soran, ou tan Segnian, ou ton Frousinona, ou to Alatrion, per barbaricas urbes jurans. The lands in this part of the Apennines are very unequally divided among great and small proprietors. The church dignitaries, and monastic establishments, hold at least two-thirds of them in mortmain. The next considerable proprietors are the Roman nobles; and the next the provincial landholders; the agricultural classes possess little or nothing. A saddle-horse costs from thirty to forty *scudi*; a sheep two; a ploughing-ox, thirty; a draught-ox, forty-five to fifty *scudi*; a dozen of eggs, ten *baiocchi*; mutton and beef per pound, five; bread per pound, two and a half; a flask of wine, five; and one day's work in a vineyard, twenty *baiocchi*. Women are employed in the fields as well as boys; but they only receive one half of the men's wages. If their hirers allow them food, one half of the salary is deducted.*

On leaving Alatri, by an ancient gateway, we noticed considerable remains of walls, called Cyclopian. One of the masses presents an uncouth figure in relief, probably of Saturnus. The style of the walls resembling those of Tyrinthus and Mycenæ, seen by Mr. Dodwell and Sir William Gell, proclaims an almost antediluvian antiquity.

We reached Veroli the next morning, distant from Alatri seven miles. It is better built than any place that we had seen since leaving Subiaco; and the churches are handsome and substantial. It gave, however, more the idea of a people preparing against invasion, than engaged in usual peaceable pursuits. Many of the inhabitants were assembled in the market-place, armed with fusils slung across their shoulders. *Qui siemo barbari* observed a priest, as we were endeavouring to procure some distant resemblance to a breakfast, at a coffee-house in the *Piazza*. The appearance of his countrymen confirmed the truth of his observation. Veroli is built on the ruins of the ancient *Verulæ*, only mentioned, I believe, by Florus. The view that it commands of the Apennines to the east, and of Frusinone in the circumjacent plain, equals in grandeur any of the finest scenery that Italy can boast.

* Communicated to the author by a trustworthy individual of Rome.

We had not left Veroli five minutes, before the Saturnian Arpino appeared on an eminence to the east, though full twenty mile distant, and exactly as Tullius describes it in one of his letters to Atticus, wherein quoting Homer he says:

ΤΡΗΧΕΙ' ΑΛΛ' ΑΓΑΘΗ ΚΟΥΡΟΤΡΟΦΟΣ,

I added with all my heart,

ΟΥΤΙ ΕΓΩΓΕ

ΗΣ ΓΑΙΗΣ ΔΥΝΑΜΑΙ ΓΑΥΚΕΡΩΤΕΡΟΝ ΑΛΛΟ ΙΔΕΣΘΑΙ.

It must be observed, that the cities in the Apennines, like most of those that derive their origin from the infancy of societies, are built on bold eminences. We descended for more than two leagues, and reached the vast monastery of *San Giovanni*, one of the wealthiest in the pontifical states, and situated, as all similar establishments should be, in complete retirement. A few of these institutions might be adopted with advantage, in every civilized state, provided their revenues be very moderate. When the British Henry VIII. destroyed them all *at one fell swoop*, he did not apparently take into account that some of his species are destined by nature for a life of meditation and retreat from the ferment of the world; which can no where be so effectually obtained as in a well-regulated monastery. On the other hand, these states that adopt them would do well to avoid imitating several of the Italian, and trebly catholic Spain, which pamper the occupants of religious houses with preposterous revenues, drained from the panting lungs and swollen muscles of whole districts.

The country here began to assume a more cultivated and less pastoral appearance; and after traversing a tract diversified with vines, poplars, and maize, we arrived at a white cottage, surrounded with noble cypresses, which proved to be the Neapolitan custom-house, and the boundary of the two states. We were not long detained; for the great *bugbear Dicesaris* naturally made us compress our portmanteaus into as small and *invisible* a size as possible. The road was enlivened by a party of Arpino ladies escorted by their *cavalieri*. I know not whether Tullia in her airings with her father and mother, rode like them astride. The custom, which ought to be honoured *rather in the breach, than the observance*, is not uncommon with the better classes of the Roman ladies; several of whom I have often met about Fracasti, and the Tusculan groves, *equipped* in this manner. We might naturally conclude from this, that the Italian ladies are uncouth and masculine in their habits. Few countries however can boast a fair sex more happily disposed than Italy. Their regular attendance at church, and general cultivation of music, preserve a serenity of temper, and suavity of manner, which harmonize admirably with the female character. They may be described as *moderately* accomplished; neither do they bristle with

mathematics, metaphysics, or discussions on *evanescent strata* or *oxymuriatic acids*. The charge of infidelity in marriage, too often substantiated, is more to be attributed to the profligate habits of their partners, than to their own inclinations.

We had now got complete footing in that part of Italy known throughout the country by the name of *Il Regno*. What a multitude of reflections rush into the mind of the traveller, as he enters this interesting tract! Go to Amiterno, you will trace there a Sallust, unrivalled for the clearness and brevity of his historical narration; at Sulmona, the poet, who knew how to embellish subjects which, in the hands of an inferior genius, would only excite sentiments of disgust; at Venosa, we find the inimitable Horace, whose villas we have lately described; at Ruvo, an Ennius, enough of whose fragments remain to make us regret the loss of his entire works. At Taranto, we shall find an Archytas instituting a school of philosophy, which, in physical science, eclipsed any of the Athenian. Traverse in mind the territory between Taranto and Reggio, you will find it formerly inhabited by a people, not less remarkable for their knowledge of the fine arts and elegancies of life, than for their institutions in philosophy and legislation. Ascend northward by the classic grove of Agathocles, and you will reach Elea, another celebrated seat of the Italo-Grecian school of philosophy; while at Pæstum, we shall find still existing, monuments of a people, which, after a lapse of three thousand years, proclaim their skill in architecture.

Even in the middle ages, this country was distinguished; at a period, too, when darkness brooded over the rest of Europe. At Salerno, we discover a school, which sent forth the first medical professors in Europe, before the sun of science had lighted up Padua; at Amalfi, a people who had intelligence enough to appreciate the Pandects of Justinian. The commercial world, too, will not forget that it was to a citizen of Amalfi, that navigation is indebted for the mariner's compass. At Sessa, we discover a Nifo, whose works, though now consigned to dusty shelves, proclaim him one of the most diligent commentators of the philosophy of Aristotle. At Sorrento, we find the cradle of the immortal poet of the Jerusalem Delivered, which holds probably the third rank among the great epic productions of the world. Go to the Queen of the Sirens, who, though the *panther** prowls in her streets, has always maintained a respectable rank in literature, and more especially in the fine arts. Yes—pierce this interesting region wheresoever you choose, you will find it always *volcanic* with the finest genius; from the days when Pythagoras

* La Lonza di Dante.

propagated his doctrines in the south, down to those of a Cimarosa, in whom the powers of harmony were centred!

The increasing roar of the falls of the Garigliano interrupted the above reflections; and after passing through the village of *Isola*, situated as its name implies, and so surrounded by falling waters, that the inhabitants are condemned to a perpetual stunning, we began to ascend the bold ridge on which Arpino stands. To our right, embosomed in a wood of oaks, was the villa of a Neapolitan nobleman. The scenery commanded by this ridge, which improved every step we took for a whole league, baffles all description. To our left was the vale of *Sora*, fertilized by the *Liris* and *Fibrenus;* while to the right, appeared valley beyond valley, Apennine beyond Apennine, spreading their shaggy and purple summits even to the confines of Daunia. We entered the southern gate of Arpino, just as the sunk sun was crimsoning the west with flakes of fire.

The information that we derive from the ancient historians respecting *Arpinum*, is very scanty. Its antiquity, however, is so remote, that Saturnus, as I have before remarked, is its reputed founder. Those, however, who affirm that it was built by that God, or hero, may as well say, that they know nothing about its origin. Clavelli, an historiographer of Arpino, boldly asserts that it is upwards of a thousand years older than Rome; but the vanity of the Italians is no where more remarkable than in treating of the origin of their cities.* Middleton errs in stating that it was a city of the Samnites; we find from Livius, that though occupied by that warlike people, it was included in the territory of the Volsci. In remuneration of the spirit which the inhabitants displayed in repelling the martial Samnites, it obtained the privileges of a *municipium*, without suffrage; and subsequently annexed to the *Tribus Cornelia*, obtained from the senate the right of suffrage in the nomination of its magistrates, and the full prerogatives of a *municipium*.† Clavelli relates, that by the *Porta dell' Arco*, a gateway of the old city, the monument of Saturnus existed in his time, consisting of a pyramid of Cyclopian stones, with a *falx* in relief, and the following verses incribed:

CONDITUR . HIC . PRIMUS .
SATURNUS . MORTE . DEORUM .
ILLIUS . IMPERIO .
ARPINUM . FUNDAMINA . SUMPSIT .

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* Clav. Storia d'Arpino, p. 7, Napoli, 1618.

† A. U. C. CCCCXLVIII. Eodem anno Sora, Arpinum, Consentia rapta à Samnitibus . . . . . biennio post Arpinatibus civitas data . . . . . De Formianis, Fundanisque municipibus, et Arpinatibus, C. Val. Tappo, tribunus plebis, promulgavit, ut iis suffragii latio (nam antè sine suffragio habuerant civitatem), esset —Liv. IX. c. 37. X. c. 1. XXXVIII. c. 36.

I saw, indeed, near this gateway, some vast Cyclopian stones, which still go by the name of *il Monumento*, laid on each other like the *opus incertum* of Vitruvius, but nothing resembling a pyramidal monument, or inscription. According to the same author, the church of *Santa Maria* was a temple of *Mercurius Lanarius*, or *Mercury propitious to the clothiers;* and that of *San Michele*, in which nine niches are still discernible, a temple of the Muses.

The inhabitants testify in various ways, veneration for their illustrious townsman; in doing which, they only pay a debt of gratitude; for the orator in one of his letters says, "Non dubito quin scias quàm diligenter soleam municipes meos Arpinates tueri."* There is also a letter to Brutus, in which he recommends the delegates of Arpinum, and especially one Quintus Fufidius, to his protection.

M. T. Cicero to his Brutus.

In a former letter, I recommended to your notice the delegates of Arpinum collectively, and with great earnestness. In this, I more particularly request your good offices in favour of Quintus Fufidius, with whom I live in terms of strict friendship. I beg you to consider this as adding weight to, not as detracting from, my former recommendatory letter. He is the son-in-law of Marcus Cæsius, one of my best friends; and he served under me in Cilicia, as military tribune; in which office he so conducted himself, that I may rather be said to owe him obligations, than he me. He is moreover, not unacquainted with the literary pursuits common to us both; and this, I am persuaded, will ensure him an additional claim to your esteem. Receive him then, I beseech you, with all possible kindness: and use what influence you may have in calling forth his exertions as favourably as possible, in that mission, which he has undertaken contrary to his own inclinations, and solely in compliance with my wishes. For he is ambitious, as all good citizens naturally are, to obtain the good opinion of our municipality: neither is he indifferent to mine; especially as I persuaded him to accept the charge which he has taken in hand. He cannot fail of success, if this letter shall procure your good services in his behalf.—Fare thee well.†

I was not then surprised at finding in Arpino a *Teatro* and *Collegio Tulliano*. Several of the modern inhabitants have borne the *prænomina* of *Marco Tullio*; how far they may have suited we will not inquire too scrupulously. We read too of one *Marco Tullio Cicerone*, a distinguished officer of Arpino, who, with the words *cedat toga armis* on his lips, cut off the hand of the governor of the castle of St. Angelo, at the sacking of Rome by Charles

* Ep. Famil. XIII. ep. 2. † Ep. Famil. XIII. ep. 12.

V. with one stroke of his sabre.* The *insignia* of the city consist only of the imposing initials M. T. C. the inhabitants wisely preferring *letters* to *arms*.

In the same manner that the memory of Pindar saved Thebes, and the name of Aristotle, Stagira, so did the citizens of Arpino escape the ravages of war from the celebrity of their town. For in the wars between Ferdinand of Arragon, and the House of Anjou, for the Neapolitan throne, Pius the second, the ally of the first, gave orders to his general, Napoleone Orsini, who had been successful in his cause, to spare the *Arpinates*, who had sided with the French: *Parce Arpinatibus*, cried the generous pontiff, *ob Caii Marii, et Marcii Tullii memoriam*.†

The people of Arpino are in better condition than their neighbours in the pontifical state. The reasons are simple: one is, that the executive power is not vested in the hands of the priesthood in the kingdom of Naples; the other, that there exists an active manufactory of cloths; which, though inferior to the English, are reckoned equal to the best elsewhere manufactured in the Neapolitan territories.

The art of dyeing flourished anciently in Arpino, as is proved by the following inscriptions, found near ruins called *le torri fulloniche*.

I.

P. GAVIUS. C. F.....
CN. LONGIDIUS.....
CN. TULLIUS.....
M. COSSINIUS.
TURRIM MAJ.....
ET. INFERIOR.....

II.

.....ACERRO.....
ITERUM EXTRUXIT.
....ET TURREIS....

III.

TINGERE LICEAT.
....MATREDIUS.
.....ATREDIUS.

The first is interesting, for we discover the name of a Tullius, one of the partners probably in the manufactory. It tends to confirm the statement of Dio Cassius, who tells us that Cicero's father was a fuller. The third shows that the Roman municipal manufacturers took out licenses, like the English ale-house keepers. It will be remembered that our Blackstone was son of a

* Clav. Storia d'Arpino, p. 285. † Campana Vit. Pii II.

dyer. It would appear that the *dyers* are destined to furnish the great expounders of law, and consequently to be *deathless*. Remains of the ancient *Cloaca* are still seen near the *Porta dell' Arco*; and it is of stupendous masonry. An inscription recording it is preserved in the house of Signor Vito.

..... T .....
A..... C .....
CLUACAS FACIUND...
COER.....EIDEMQUE
PROBARUNT.

Observe the Volscian *Coerarunt* for *Curarunt*.

The following inscription, found under the church of *S. Maria di Civita*, leads us to conclude that it occupies the site of the temple of *Mercurius Lanarius, or Mercury of the Clothiers*.

....PLUM SACRUM.
TRI....MERCURIO. LAN.
CILIX. TULLLI. L. S.

Here the name of a Cilician freedman of one of the *Tullii* occurs.

Immured in the walls of the church of *Sant'Antonio* is a bas-relief representing three females of the Fufidian family, with the following inscriptions :

P. FUFIDIUS.	NOTUS.	FECIT. V.
FUFIDIAE. P. F.	FUFIDIAE. P. F.	FUFIDIAE. P. F.
NOTAE. SORORI.	AUGE. MATRI.	SATURNINAE.

Fufidius was an illustrious lawyer of Arpinum ; and he is recommended by the orator, as we find in the above quoted letter, to Brutus. The *fundus Fufidianus*, which was in the environs of Arpino, occurs in the correspondence with Atticus.

The last is in the house of Signor Vito, and records another temple at Arpinum.

A. EIGIUS. C. F. . . . .
T. AGUSIUS. T. F. SIFILUS.
M. FUFIDIUS. M. F.
AEDEM. DE. S. P.

Here too we find the name of Fufidius. But this monument is interesting, for it mentions an *Agusius*, the individual, perhaps, who accompanied the orator in exile. He is noticed by him in the following epistle to Publius Servilius.

M. T. Cicero to Publius Servilius, his Colleague.

Since our friendship is so manifest, I am under the obligation of recommending to your good offices many individuals ; not that I expect that you should show the same attention to all. Titus Agu-

*nius, who never abandoned me in the darkest hour of adversity, who was my constant companion in dangers and journies, both by land and sea, is the bearer of this. His affection for me is so great, that he would not even now quit me, without my permission. I entreat you then to look upon him as one of my most valuable friends. You cannot confer a clearer testimony of your good will, than by proving that this letter will be of infinite use to him.**

On referring to the correspondence with Servius, I find also one *Cossinius* bearing a letter of recommendation. *M. Cossinius* appears in the first of the above inscriptions. In a letter to Atticus, the orator speaking of his death, says, *De Cossinio doleo; dilexi hominem.* There is another inscription on the pedestal of a statue in the house of Signor Cardelli, and supposed to relate to Marius.

C. M. . . . . .
COS. VII. PR. TRIB. PL. . . .
Q. AUG. TR. MILITUM.

And so much for the inscriptions preserved at Arpino.

I remarked, I thought, a promptitude of intellect, and fluency of discourse in the inhabitants, which are not observable in those of the environs of Rome; attributable perhaps to the fine elasticity of the air, and confirming what Cicero remarks somewhere in the *De naturâ Deorum*, that mountaineers are of finer organs, and quicker susceptibility, than the natives of plains and vallies. The pure air of Arpino is also favourable to female beauty: and when seen in perfection in Italy, where is it more facinating?

The main street, which is very narrow, leads to a *Piazza*, where workmen were actively employed in building a new town-hall, with nitches destined to receive statues of Marius and Cicero. Here there is a fountain, flanked by two towers, with an eagle springing from the centre. The towers are symbols of Marius and Cicero; and the eagle is emblematic of the power of Rome.

The wretchedness of the inn (if inn it could be called,) was in some measure compensated by the ludicrous appearance of some strolling players, who were preparing to give their exhibition in the *Teatro Tulliano*. The apartment was the counterpart of Hogarth's well-known print. The host, who appeared fit to be major-domo to *Dicesaris*, strangling a half-starved fowl in the door-way; his sister, a Tullia in her features, a Maritornes in her mind, stirring with her black and greasy hands an immense salad; who though barbarous, appeared good, and except when engaged with the kitchen utensils, Tanaquil herself could not have been busier with the distaff; a quack-doctor, a meagre and gro-

* Ep. Famil. XIII. ep. 71.

tesque figure rehearsing his part; a hero, and a pretty girl who was to be rescued by his prowess, at least furnished us with a subject for merriment, which we had no right to expect in so remote a town in the Apennines. We followed this Thespian band to the theatre, where they sustained their parts with spirit, and their action and rehearsal was not spoiled by those artificial gestures and screams usually seen and heard in the greater theatres of Italy. The orchestra, composed only of five violins, serenaded the spectators, when the drop-scene was let down, which displayed ill-painted busts of Marius and Cicero. The applause was loud and frequent; the audience apparently determining to abide by their ancient character of belonging to the *fidelis, et simplex, et fautrix suorum regio.** It is not in the greater theatres of Italy that the stranger can hope to form a good idea of Italian acting. I was more pleased with the pure, unsophisticated style of representation exhibited by this company at Arpino, than at the greater theatres of Milan, Turin, Florence, and Naples. A comedy of Goldoni, seen in the afternoon in the venerable amphitheatre at Verona, will afford a higher satisfaction than representations at Venice, or the greater capitals. This must be attributed to the too great prevalence of music in Italy, which infects actors of respectable, but not of high powers, with *sing-song*, and operatic gesticulation.

On returning to the inn, we found, to our dismay, that the only single apartment in the house was reserved for the Thespian band. We required the major-domo *to take a rule to shew cause* why fatigued strangers, who had come from Rome to Arpino, should not be accommodated as well as a company of strolling players. This was followed by a vehement philippic on the part of our host, delivered in the uncouth Neapolitan dialect, *pro Rosciis comœdis*, by which we soon discovered that we were *non-suited*. We even put up with a truss of hay in a contiguous out-house, separated only from the sneezing cattle by a thin partition.

The actual population of Arpino is between ten and eleven thousand souls. It gave birth to *Giuseppe di Cesare*, better known by the title of *il cavalier d'Arpino*, whose frescos at Rome and Naples, betraying a genius rather florid than powerful, rank him, perhaps, among artists of the second class in Italy. He has been commemorated in the following madrigal by Marini, esteemed one of the best in the Italian language:

Nasce in Arpin Giuseppe, ed in Arpino
Nacque il più chiaro dicitor Latino.
Pari in ambi è lo stile, e sono uguali

* Pro Plancio, loc. citat.

Gli artifizj, e i colori,
E le glorie, e gli onori;
Quei parlando però difender seppe
La vita de' mortali;
Ma tu tacendo sai
Donar la vita a chi non visse mai.

There has existed for many years a philharmonic society at Arpino, which has sent to various parts of Europe several distinguished performers, both vocal and instrumental; among them one Signora Sperduti, *prima cantatrice assoluta* at the opera in London, and who died there about the middle of the last century.

Before dawn, swarming with fleas, we quitted, with no small satisfaction, our pestiferous inn; and ascending almost immediately, a very steep rock, reached, in about half an hour, *Arpino vecchio*, which occupies the site of the ancient town. On entering the gateway, we were greeted with the following inscription, of no remote date:

ARPINUM . A . SATURNO . CONDITUM .
VOLSCORUM . CIVITATEM .
ROMANORUM . MUNICIPIUM .
MARCI . TULLII . CICERONIS .
ELOQUENTIAE . PRINCIPIS .
ET . CAII . MARII. SEPTIES . CONSULIS . PATRIAM.
INGREDERE . VIATOR .
HINC . AD . IMPERIUM . TRIUMPHALIS .
AQUILA . EGRESSA .
URBI . TOTUM . ORBEM . SUBEGIT .
EJUS . DIGNITATEM . AGNOSCAS .
ET . SOSPES . ESTO .

Ejus dignitatem agnovimus, and the *Cicerone*, a title which has singular force here, showed us, hard by, an ancient cistern, foundations of old walls, and three subterraneous arches, called by the inhabitants *i muri di Cece*, (*quasi muri Ciceronis*) thought by Clavelli to be the ruins of the paternal mansion of the Cicero's, which Quintus, brother of the orator, inherited; while the villa below, near the confluence of the Fibrenus and Liris, devolved on Marcus, after the death of their father.*

Contiguous is a Cyclopian arch, older, I have little doubt, than the oldest stones of *Latium antiquissimum*. This arch is interesting, as presenting a perfect point, and proving that that characteristic of what is called the Gothic style, is even antecedent to the Roman, or circular arch. It consists only of eleven colossal stones laid on each other without cement. The accomplished

* Cic. Ep. ad Att. XIII. ep. 46. Plutarch. in Ciceron. and Clav. Storia d'Arpino, p. 17.

Signora Dionigi, in her *Viaggi nel Lazio*, has given an elegant engraving of this arch, which she calls *la porta acuminata d'Arpino*, as well as of the Cyclopian ruins still seen in Alatri, Atina, and the other Saturnian cities. Several towers of the ancient walls are still standing, originally of Roman work, but probably added to in the middle ages. They are evidently of a much later date than the above-mentioned arch. We were shown here, too, the vestiges of a street, perhaps the *via Græca*, noticed by the orator in one of his letters to Quintus: *ibam fortè viâ Græca, cum tuæ literæ mihi redditæ sunt.* This street, which is covered with irregular flags, like the *via Appia*, is now called *la via Cicero.* Tracks of the old wheels are here visible, as at Pompeii.

There exists near Arpino a monastery inhabited by monks of the order of La Trappe, which goes by the name of *Casamari*, (*quasi domus Marii*) perhaps occupying the site of his villa called *Cirrhæaton*, whither he retired after his long military services.* On the other hand, it is to be observed that there is a village near the Liris, called *Cevernate*, a corruption probably of *Cirrhæaton*, the name of the Marian villa. We hoped in vain for some

Nuntia fulva Jovis, mirandâ visa figurâ,

steering her mazy flight from the Apennines, to declare, by her perching, the actual site.

But the memory of this military man of Arpinum, in spite of his imposing attitudes in the Minturnensian marshes, and under the walls of Carthage, was quickly banished by the magic spell of

Cedant arma togæ, concedat laurea linguæ,

and having gratified our curiosity with the venerable ruins of *Arpino vecchio*, we seated ourselves by the *porta acuminata*, and enjoyed the view of the rising sun gradually throwing his crimson tints over the majestic Apennines;—type, I thought, of the widely-extended influence of the mind of the man of Arpinum. For where is the school which does not echo with his sentences? Where the statesman, whose speech does not acquire dignity by their adoption? Where the advocate, whose arguments are not strengthened by an occasional resort to his terse and sonorous periods? Where the philosophical or moral essay, which does not acquire force by his illustrations? Where, in fine, the typographer, who does not boast of publishing a correct and splendid edition of his immortal works? The very stones *prating of his*

* Τον δ'αλλον χρονον, εν κωμῃ Κιμβριανοις της Αρπινης διαιτην ειχε. Plutarch in Mario.

Clavelli absurdly pretends that the Marian oak existed in his time, (A. D. 1600,) determined to make it *canescere sæclis innumerabilibus.*

whereabouts, almost seemed to utter to our ears the lines of Silius Italicus :

> Tullius æratas raptabat in agmina turmas,
> Regia progenies, et Tullo sanguis ab alto.
> Indole proh! quantâ juvenis, quantumque daturus
> Ausoniæ populis ventura in sæcula civem.
> Ille super Gangem, super exauditus et Indos,
> Implebit terras voce, et furialia bella
> Fulmine compescet linguæ, nec cuique relinquet
> Par decus eloquii cuiquam sperare nepotum.

If we wanted testimonies respecting the birth place of the consumnate orator, his own words would clear all doubt. "Hæc est mea, et hujus fratris mei germana patria; hinc enim orti stirpe antiquissimâ sumus: hic sacra, hic genus, hic majorum multa vestigia ..... hoc ipso in loco me scito esse natum ..... itaque hanc esse meam patriam prorsùs nunquam negabo.*

Pompeius said that Rome was bound by eternal gratitude to the municipality of Arpinum, for having furnished her with two saviours. Hortensius too, in an emphatical sentence, thus addressed his friend and rival in full senate: *Fateor te esse ex eo municipio, et addo etiam ex eo municipio, unde salus huic urbi et imperio iterum exorta est.*†

We followed the rough and rapid descent to the Fibrenus, and presently entered a wood of very fine oaks, which, as the soil is a stiff loam, flourish luxuriantly about Arpino. These no doubt are the descendants in a right line of the *Arpinatium quercus* mentioned by the orator in the *De Legibus*. "Ego locum æstate umbrosiorem vidi nunquam, permultis locis aquam profluentem, et eam uberem." Such are the words of Cicero in a letter to Quintus, descriptive of the villa of his brother at Arce, in the neighbouring country; such too is the picture of this wood, which the heat of the sun made every moment more grateful. The increasing warmth invited several vipers from their holes; and the common lizards, larger than in the *Campagna di Roma*, were very numerous. Our guide informed us that a species is occasionally seen in the environs of Arpino, two feet in length, and called *il Raccolo*, of a bright yellow colour; the bite of which is dangerous. No part of Italy north of the Calabrias, is so much infested with the reptile and insect tribe as the Abruzzos. Scorpions and tarantulas are found; and fleas are so numerous and voracious, that we noticed the brawny chests of the peasantry scratched raw from their attacks. It may then be imagined how strangers suffer, who import fresh blood distilled from the wholesome beef and generous port wine of England. The Abate Paci-

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* De Legg. II. sub. init. † Appian. Bel. Civ.

chelli, in his *Regno di Napoli in Prospettiva*, states that a town near the Fucine lake, was so infested with venomous reptiles and insects, as to cause the inhabitants to abandon it to ruin.* Virgil seems to allude to the frequency of poisonous animals in the neighbourhood, when he introduces one of his heroes from the banks of the Fucine lake, and whom he describes as celebrated for his skill in curing the bites of the Marsic serpents.

Quin et Marrubiâ venit de gente sacerdos,
Fronde super galeam, et felici comptus olivâ,
Archippi regis missu, fortissimus Umbro.
Vipereo generi, et graviter spirantibus hydris,
Spargere qui somnos, cantuque manuque solebat,
Mulcebatque iras, et morsus arte levabat.
Sed non Dardaniæ medicari cuspidis ictum
Evaluit; neque eum juvêre in vulnera cantus
Somniferi, et Marsis quæsitæ in montibus herbæ.
Te nemus Angitiæ, vitreâ te Fucinus undâ,
Te liquidi flevêre lacus!

Umbro the priest, the proud Marrubians led
By king Archippus sent to Turnus' aid,
And peaceful olives crown'd his hoary head.
His wand and holy words the serpent's rage,
And venom'd wounds of vipers could assuage.
He when he pleas'd with pow'rful juice to steep
Their temples, shut their eyes in pleasing sleep.
But vain were Marsian herbs, and magic art,
To cure the wound given by Dardan dart.
Yet his untimely fate th' Angitian woods
In sighs remurmur'd to the Fucine floods.

DRYDEN.

Mineral waters are common, especially near the Liris; but they have not been analysed, and there is a mountain between Arpino and Atina abounding with iron, but no shafts have been sunk. The neighbouring Apennines are rich in marbles, which are *breccia, fior di persico*, white, and *schiziato rosso*.

A grand and irregular chain of mountains screened from our view the Fucine lake, a sheet of water forty-seven miles in circumference, and the largest of the Italian lakes south of the Milanese. It no where exceeds twenty fathoms in depth. Strabo, however, compares it to an inland sea, lashing the shores with its

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* *Penna posta in ruina, deshabitata, già per la moltitudine degli animali velenosi.*— The inhabitants of Penna were not so fortunate as their ancestors; who, if we may believe Solinus and Servinus, had the powerful *living antiseptics* of Circe and Medea, to deliver them from these pests: Gentem Marsorum serpentibus illæsam esse; Circen, Angitiam, vicinam Fucino occupâsse ferunt; ibique salubri scientiâ deam haberi." Solin. VIII.

"Medea dicitur ad Italiam pervenisse, et circâ Fucinum lacum habitantes docuit remedia contrà serpentes." Servius ad Æneid. VII.

waves. It is also noticed by Lycophron; and by Virgil, in the passage above quoted. The Fucine lake is memorable from the stupendous emissary undertaken by the emperor Claudius; the object of which was to discharge the waters into the Liris, only three miles from the lake, and to bring the bed into cultivation. Such difficulties, however, did the intervening mountains present, that the cutting of the subterraneous canal, occupied incessantly for eleven years, thirty thousand men. It appears from Suetonius, that Julius meditated this undertaking. Augustus, of not such brilliant talents, but of sounder sense, would have nothing to say to the Marsi, who repeatedly solicited of him permission to drain the lake. At last is was undertaken by Claudius, *non minus compendii spe quàm gloriæ*, says Suetonius. Plinius gives us a striking picture of the difficulty of the enterprise: "Ejusdem Claudii inter maximè memoranda duxerim, quamvis destitutum successoris odio, montem perfossum ad lacum Fucinum emittendum inenarrabili profectò impendio, et operarum multitudine per tot annos, cùm aut corrivatio aquarum quà terrenus mons erat, egereretur in vertice machinis, aut silex cæderetur, omniaque intus in tenebris fierent, quæ neque concipi animo, nisi ab iis qui vidêre, neque humano sermone enarrari possunt!" To communicate light and air to the workmen, shafts were sunk with incredible labour; some perpendicular, others horizontally inclining. Of these twenty-two have been discovered; and one, which was not long since cleared of rubbish, is five hundred *palmi* deep, and twenty in width. One of the inclined *cuniculi* nearest the lake is about one hundred *palmi* in depth, and thirty in width; another perpendicular, and contiguous, is three hundred deep, and fifteen in width; and a fourth, near the exit of the emissary towards the Liris, is four hundred *palmi* in depth, and fifteen in width. The preparations completed, Claudius determined to outdo Augustus in the splendour of the spectacle. In a *Naumachia* given by the latter, eighteen thousand combatants were embarked in small barks. Claudius employed nineteen thousand combatants, who manned large gallies. The emperor was seen to stagger round the lake, urging them to fight, partly by entreaties, partly by threats: *lacus non sine fœdâ vacillatione discurrens, partim minando, partim adhortando, ad pugnam compulit.* A splendid banquet was prepared for the emperor and his suite, close to the emissary; but it appears that the imperial guests fled precipitately, as soon as the sluices were opened, panic-struck by the *rombo dell' aria*, and convulsion of the earth, occasioned by the sudden intromission of such a weight of water into so confined a space: *vis aquarum prorumpens, proxima trahebat, convulsis ulterioribus, et sonitu exterritis.* The operations were imperfectly conducted by a clumsy engineer to a clumsy emperor: *non satis*

depressum opus ad lacus ima vel media. The circumjacent shores must have presented an extraordinary appearance. The ridiculous and untoward gestures of the emperor,* the intrigues of the empress to ruin Narcissus, the anxiety of the engineer destined probably to explore his own emissary in case of failure; the silver Triton rising from the water, and blowing the signal for the combat, the Apennines lined with myriads of spectators, the shouts of the prætorian guards, the groans of the criminals destroyed by the *catapultæ* and *balistæ*, must have presented an union of the *bizarre* and *sublime*, never probably before, and certainly never since, realized.

The banditti in the fastnesses above Sora, deterred us from visiting this interesting sheet of water, now called *il lago di Celano*. We felt no small regret at this disappointment; for Alba, which retains its ancient name, and where Domitian instituted literary combats, presents considerable remains of its polygonal Cyclopian walls; besides ruins of a theatre, amphitheatre, and temple, now converted into a church. Alba, too, is of note, as having been the fortress where the Roman senate confined their illustrious prisoners; among others, Syphax, Perseus king of Macedon, and his son, Alexander. A ruined Doric temple is also seen on the site of Angitia.†

But the Fibrenus rolling its crystal flood in the vale below, presently banished all thoughts on the Fucine lake, and the extravagant projects of Claudius. Many streams celebrated in story and song disappoint the traveller:

Dumb are their fountains, and their channels dry:

but in the course of long travels, I never met with so abundant and lucid a current as the Fibrenus; the length of the stream considered, which does not exceed four miles and a half. It flows with great rapidity; and about thirty, or thirty-five feet in width near the Ciceronian isles, is generally fifteen, and even twenty in depth. *Largus et exundans*, like the genius of him who had so often trodden its banks.

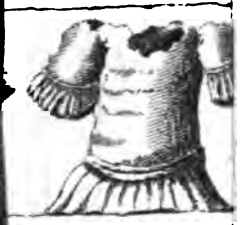
"Equidem qui nunc primùm huc venerim, satiari non queo; magnificasque villas, et pavimenta marmorea, et laqueata tecta contemno. Ductus verò aquarum quos isti Nilos et Euripos vocant, quis non, cùm hæc videat, irriserit?‡ The water, even in the intensest heats, retains an icy coldness, which it communi-

* Claudius, however, was only *heavy* as an emperor.—He had a cultivated mind, and was fond of literature. Suetonius tells us, that he wrote a defence of Cicero against the aspersions of Asinius Gallus.

† Tacit. Ann. XII. Sueton. in Claud. Sanseverino Not. ad Tacit. and Liv. XXX. 12. XLV. 36.

‡ De Legg. II. sub. init.

Fig. 6.



cates to the Garigliano; a property noticed by Quintus, in the dialogue *De Legibus*. "Lirim multò gelidiorem facit; nec enim ullum hoc frigidius flumen attigi, cùm ad multa accesserim, ut vix pede tentare id possim." Though the thermometer was above 80° in the shade, the hand plunged for more than a few seconds into the Fibrenus, caused a complete numbness; and the breeze wafted by its rapid current, inhaled with force, occasioned that sensation which we call in England, *setting the teeth on edge*. This classic stream, the noise of whose waters is heard in the senates and tribunals of the civilized world, now goes by the name of *il fiume della Posta*. It forms two islands, which will presently be noticed more circumstantially. On the *Isola di Carnella*, or upper islet, there is a picturesque overshot-mill belonging to the king; and close by, is a very ancient tower, nearly overgrown with ivy, and known in the country by the name of *la torre di Cicerone*. It stands insulated, neither could I discover traces of any contiguous building. *(See Frontispiece, fig.* 1.) Continuing our walk by the margin of the Fibrenus, among vines and pollard poplars, for about another mile, we arrived at the abandoned convent of *San Domenico*, built on the site, and with the fragments of the Arpine villa of Cicero. It occupies three sides of a square, one of which is the church, which has also a large subterraneous chapel, supported by shafts of one stone. *Indicia* of the corrupt Roman style, called in England, Saxon, are observable throughout the building; which was erected A. D. 1030. Fragments of marble pavements, and *opus reticulatum*, columns, bases, capitals, frises, detruncated consular statues, and busts, lie scattered in the court-yard, or are immured in the walls of the monastery. The most interesting I found in the wall of the chapel facing the court; and they show that the Doric order chiefly prevailed in the Arpine villa. *(See Frontispiece, figs.* 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6.*)* Two of the fragments are probably of a composite frise; and one seems to picture the Marian eagle. Nothing but the memory of Tullius could have made me stand more than an hour to sketch these fragments in a scorching sun reverberated from the gleaming walls; and I hailed the moment of entering the Almathea, and exclaiming with the brother of the orator, *sed in insulam ventum est;* I can truly add, *hác verò nihil amœnius!* And here we felt the force of what Tullius says, speaking of the relief afforded by the recollection of past pleasures to actual pain: *ut si quis æstuans, cùm vim caloris non facilè patiatur, recordari velit, se aliquando in Arpinati nostro, gelidis fluminibus circumfusum fuisse.**

* Tusc. Quæst. v. 26

With us it was the reverse, the present pleasure banishing the past and painful effects of the solar heat.

There appears, however, to be some doubt which of the two islands formed by the Fibrenus, is the real Amalthea; for it is certain that there is an ambiguity in the words of Quintus Cicero, in the above-mentioned dialogue, who says: "Ut enim hoc quasi rostro finditur Fibrenus, et divisus æqualiter in duas partes latera hæc alluit, rapidèque dilapsus, citò in unum confluit, et tantum complectitur quod satis sit modicæ palæstræ, loci; quo effecto, tanquam id habuerit operis, ac muneris, ut hanc nobis efficeret sedem ad disputandum, statim præcipitat in Lirim, et quasi in familiam patriciam venerit, amittit nomen obscurius." The words *citò in unum confluit* certainly appear at first sight, more applicable to the *Isola di Carnella*, or upper isle. *See the topographical sketch.)* On the other hand, *statim præcipitat in Lirim*, is better understood in reference to the *lower* island, describing exactly the two beautiful cataracts discharged by either branch of the Fibrenus at their junction with the Liris.* It appears to me that Cicero would not have used the word *statim*, had he alluded to the *Isola di Carnella*. We surely can refer the words *in unum confluit* to the Liris, without offering a violent strain to the sense. The *lower* isle will then be rather the Amalthea of Cicero; which is not above fifty yards from the Dominican convent. It was so called from a villa which Atticus possessed in Epirus: "Velim ad me scribas," says the orator to his invaluable friend, "cujusmodi sit Ἀμαλθεῖον tuum, quo ornatu, quâ τοποθεσία, et quæ poemata, quasque historias de Ἀμαλθείᾳ habes, ad me mittas. Lubet mihi facere in Arpinati . . . . . Amalthea mea te expectat, et indiget tui . . . . De Amaltheâ, quod admones, faciam."† The Arpine villa was repaired and embellished by the orator's father, as we are informed in the *De Legibus;* subsequently it fell into the hands of Silius Italicus, as we may collect from an epigram of Martial:

Silius hæc magni celebrat monumenta Maronis,
  Jugera facundi qui Ciceronis habet.
Hæredem, dominumque sui tumulique, latisque,
  Non alium mallet nec Maro nec Cicero.
Jam propè desertos cineres, et sancta Maronis
  Nomina qui coleret, pauper et unus erat.
Silius Arpino tandem succurrit agello;
  Silius et vatem, non minor ipse, colit.

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* Wilson, in his classical landscape of *Cicero at his villa*, has not ill represented one of the cataracts of the Fibrenus. Whether he was ever at Arpino, I know not.

† Ad. Att. I. ep. 6. II. epp. 1. 7. There would not have been room for the improvements here alluded to, in the upper isle.

We can trace nothing further respecting it, till the tenth century, when it became the property of the Counts of Sora; one of whom, animated with a religious zeal, made it over to Saint Dominic; who with his followers there paved an easier high road to virtue than its former occupant; and who

> to be sure of Paradise,
> Dying put on the weeds of Dominic,
> Or in Franciscan thought to pass disguis'd.

Not but that many of them were far nearer the goal than that multitude of mean spirits who too often infest the European courts; and who without any merit of their own, prohibit all access to the temple, except to such as may obtain their special license to enter.

The Arpine retreat is frequently mentioned in the great orator's correspondence, with Atticus especially. He styles it his inheritance, and the abode of his ancestors; *meus paternus avitusque fundus Arpinas.* Here he retired during the summer heats, to enjoy the cool air wafted by the Fibrenus: "Ego ex caloribus, (non enim meminimus majores,) in Arpinate, summâ cum amœnitate fluminis me refeci.* Here too he betook himself, to avoid the intrusion of irksome and petulant visitors, or as we should say in homely dialect, *bores* and *dandies*: "Quò me vertam? statim meherculè Arpinum irem ..... Quos ego homines effugi, cùm in hos incidi! Ego verò

> In montes patrios, et in incunabula nostra
> Pergam ———

Denique si solus, non potuero cum rusticis potiùs, quàm cum his perurbanis?" About to join Pompeius in Greece, it was to Arpinum that he advised his wife Terentia to retire, if she should find living too expensive at Rome: "fundo Arpinati benè poteris uti, si annona carior fuerit."† Here he found a secure retreat, when it would have been fatal to him perhaps to have remained in the capital: "Romamne venio, an hic maneo, an Arpinum, ασφαλειαν habet hic locus, fugio?" Here too, during a continuance of violent rains, frequent in the Apennines, he composed his philosophical treatise, dedicated to Varro: "nos cùm flumina, et solitudines sequeremur, quò faciliùs sustentare nos possemus, pedem è villâ adhuc egressi non sumus; ita magnos et assiduos imbres habebamus. Illam Academicam συγγραφιν totam Varroni traduximus."‡ His activity at the bar and in the senate, did not hinder him from superintending his farms, and settling his rents

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* Orat. Agrar. II. 7. Ad Quint. Frat. III. ep. 1.
† Ad Att. II. epp. 14, 15. Famil. XIV. ep. 7.
‡ Ad Att. XVI. ep. 8. Ibid. XIII. epp. 16, 20.

at Arpinum: "mihi Arpinum eundum est; nam opus est constitui à nobis illa prædiola, et constituere mercedulas prædiorum." Here too he loved to regale Atticus with plain country fare: "te in Arpinati videbimus, et hospitio agresti accipiemus." In the heat of the contest between Cæsar and Pompeius, when property, and even existence were at stake, the favourite Arpine retreat was often uppermost in his thoughts: "ego Arpini esse volo pridiè Kal. deinde circum villulas nostras errare, quas visurum me posteà desperavi.....si Cæsar Appiâ veniret, ego Arpinum cogitabam.....nos autem in Formiano morabamur, quò citiùs audiremus; deinde Arpinum volebamus.....Arpinumne mihi eundum sit, an quo alio?"* Notwithstanding his attachment to the beauty and retirement of the spot, he was not sorry occasionally to exchange it for Tusculanum: "narro tibi hæc loca venusta sunt, abdita certè, et si quid scribere velis, ad arbitris libera. Sed nescio quomodo οικος φιλος. Itaque me referunt pedes in Tusculanum. Et tamen hæc ῥωπογραφια ripulæ videtur habitura celerem satietatem. Equidem etiam pluviæ metuo. Ranæ enim ῥητορευουσιν."† When Antonius was spreading terror and desolation thoughout the republic, his friend Atticus thought that he could be no where safer than at Arpinum; couching his advice to retire thither, in enigmatical language, borrowed from Homer: "Cùm venissem diluculò ad pontem Tirenum, qui est Minturnis, in quo flexus est ad iter Arpinas, obviàm mihi fit tabellarius, qui me offendit δολιχον πλοον ὁρμαινοντα. Ego inquam, cedo, si quid ad Attico ..... ecce tibi altera, quâ hortaris παρ' ηνεμοεντα Μιμαντα, νησον επι ψυριης, Apiam επ' αριστερ' εχοντα."‡ It was in the Amalthea, that he intended to erect a temple to his beloved Tullia; but changing repeatedly his intention, some have thought that he built it on the *via Appia*, near the Alban hills; while Bayle and Middleton seem to think that he abandoned the project altogether: "Ego quantum his temporibus tam eruditis fieri poterit, præsertim illam consecrabo omni genere monumentorum, ab omnium ingeniis scriptorum, et Græcorum, et Latinorum ..... Fanum fieri volo, nec hoc mihi suadela eruere potest ..... Sepulchri similitudinem effugere, non tam propter pænam legis studeo, quàm ut maximè assequar αποθεωσιν ..... Insula Arpinas habere potest germanam αποθεωσιν; sed vereor ne minorem τιμην habere videatur. Εκτοπιμος est."‖ In fine, he was so attached to the Arpine villa, thas he styled the Amalthea, and the upper island, the *blessed isles*: "Ne vivam, mi Attice, si mihi non modo Tusculanum,

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* Ad Att. XIII. ep. 9. II. ep. 16. VIII. epp. 9, 16. IX. epp. 1, 17,
† Ad Att. XV. ep. 16. ‡ Ad Att. XVI. ep. 13.
‖ Ad Att. XII. epp. 12, 18, 36.

ubi ceteroqui sum libenter, sed ΜΑΚΑΡΩΝΗΣΘΙ tanti sunt, ut sine te sim totos dies !*

And no wonder; for nothing can be imagined finer than the surrounding landscape. The deep azure of the sky unvaried by a single cloud; Sora on a rock, at the foot of the precipitous Apennines; both banks of the Garigliano covered with vineyards; the *fragor aquarum* alluded to by Atticus in the *De Legibus;* the coolness, rapidity, and ultramarine hue of the Fibrenus; the noise of its two cataracts; the rich turquoise colour of the Liris; the minor Apennines round Arpino, crowned with umbrageous oaks to their very summits, presented scenery hardly elsewhere to be equalled, certainly not to be surpassed even in Italy.

I was engaged with the *De Legibus; (quid enim egi potiùs, aut in quo meliùs hunc consumpsi diem?)* The scene of it, as every classical Tiro knows, is laid in the Amalthea. It is a dialogue, which can only be considered a magnificent sketch. Often was it abandoned for the consideration of the many interesting occurrences of which the Amalthea must have been the scene. Sometimes I pictured the great orator at the head of the island, writing to his brother in Britain: "O jucundas mihi tuas de Britanniâ literas! Te verò ἐνεργὸν scribendi egregiam habere video. Quos tu situs, quas naturas rerum et locorum, quos mores, quas gentes, quas pugnas, quem verò ipsum imperatorem habes?"† Now sketching the outlines of the *Pro Scauro* and *Pro Plancio;*‡ and now turning to Brutus with that majesty of expression, which sat so naturally on himself, but which would be ridiculous in others: *Mi Brute, quid ocellos Italiæ villulas meas dixerim?* one while returning from Rome, accompanied perhaps by Hortensius, whom a few hours before he had struck dumb with his *Actio prima in Verrem;* Terentia, the amiable Tullia, with little Pilia and Attica, hastening from the Amalthea to greet his arrival; and now soothing the anxieties of his Atticus with

> O Tite, si quid ego adjûro, curamve levâsso,
> Quæ nunc te coquit, et versat sub pectore fixa,
> Ecquid erit pretii?

Tiro, or Laurea Tullius, introducing *tabellarii* from the tribunals, among them one from Catullus, presenting:

> Disertissime Romuli nepotum,
> Quot sunt, quotque fuêre, Marce Tulli,
> Et quot post aliis erunt in annis;

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* Ad Att. XII. ep. 3. † Ad Quint. Frat. II. ep. 15.

‡ These orations were composed at Arpinum; as we find from a letter ad Quint. Frat. III. ep. 1. Fragments of the *Pro Scauro* have been lately discovered by A. Maio at Milan.

Gratias tibi maximas Catullus
Agit, pessimus omnium poeta,
Tantò pessimus omnium poeta,
Quantò tu optimus omnium patronus.

And here as I sat under the poplars which shade the Fibrenus, on the very spot where Tullius had often meditated his sublimest harangues,* I could not help drawing conclusions in favour of exalted eloquence above every other effort of the human mind. The philosopher indeed may attain immortality by ruminating in his closet; the poet, by consulting at leisure his force, and by taking advantage of happy moments, may surprise us by extraordinary flights of imagination, and his insight into the human heart; so in an inferior degree, may the painter and sculptor, with the additional merit of mechanical dexterity. But the great orator, like Tullius, must not only be endued with a deep knowledge of human nature, and the secret springs of the heart, but unite all those fine and strong feelings on which the *afflatus poeticus* depends, to the valour of the warrior. And we need only refer to the annals of nations, to see how very few have been able to combine these qualifications. It is incontestable that many individuals in modern times, have taken incredible pains with their minds; but we search in vain, in the productions of those reputed the most successful, the supported argumentative powers of Demosthenes, or the grandeur, variety, and rotundity of the Ciceronian periods. To what are we to attribute the failure? To our love of daintier food, and more luxurious habits, than the great men of antiquity? To our physical and mental inferiority? Or to the crippling that the mind suffers, from its more multiplied ramifications? It is not easy to determine. I ended the above reflections with the conviction, that a great and honest lawyer is of inestimable value, and forms the brightest ornament of every civilized state.

The works of this extraordinary man may be classed as follows:

1. Metaphysical.
2. Ethical.
3. Didactic.
4. Forensic and Senatorial.
5. Epistolary.
6. Poetic.

I propose to state briefly a few ideas respecting some of them, which occurred chiefly in the Amalthea.

The grandeur of Cicero will be immediately apparent, by casting our eyes over this simple arrangement of his productions; and it will be found that in either of the above departments of

* In insulâ quæ in Fibreno sermoni demus operam sedentes; nam eo loco libentissimé soleo uti, sive quid mecum ipse cogito, sive aut scribo, aut lego.—De Legg. II. 2.

literature, (if we except the last,) he has left works that bear the stamp of undisputed excellence.

With regard to his metaphysical, Joseph Scaliger is too precipitate in underrating them; for though the merit of originality rests with the Greek schools, we have no words transmitted from antiquity, that present at once so concise and comprehensive a view of the opinions of the different Grecian philosophers; for Cicero records the sentiments of several, not noticed by Diogenes Laertius; or if noticed, only mentioned by name. This applies especially to the *Academical Questions*, to the treatises *De Fato, De Universo, De Finibus Bonorum et Malorum*, and *De Naturâ Deorum.*

The last will be always one of the *fair havens* resorted to by those whose minds are buffeted by the contemplation of the obscurity that broods on our condition here below.

The *De Divinatione*, though a composition teeming with noble thoughts, and splendid sentences, must be considered valuable to the moderns, more as presenting curious details respecting the opinions and religious system of his age, than as a treatise whereby we can reap signal profit from the perusal.

He no where unites more happily a brilliant imagination to a high reach of thought, than in the fragment of the *Somnium Scipionis.*

It is difficult to discover why his six theses, intitled *Paradoxa*, were so called. The third alone seems to savour of paradox.

The analysis applied to the investigation of the *summum bonum* in the *De Finibus*, is worthy of the happiest efforts of the school of Aristotle.

His ethical works will hold, I think, a higher rank than his metaphysical, with the learned. In the handling of them, it is easy to perceive that he feels himself more *at home.*

The *De Officiis* may be read with more profit by the young student than the Ethics of Aristotle; for it is written with more *heart* than the production of the Stagirite. In Cicero's treatise we recognize the philosophical, acute, and benevolent parent; in Aristotle's, simply the imposing dictates of the President of the Lyceum. The merit of originality, however, rest chiefly with the latter. The *De Officiis* is the noblest present ever made by a parent to a son.

In the *Tusculan Questions* all his reasonings are brought to bear on the thesis discussed. They are never too finely spun and frittered away.

The *De Oratore* may be styled one of the most perfect didactic compositions in any language. It remains, to use Middleton's words, a standing proof of Cicero's abilities.

The *Orator, Topica, De Claris Oratoribus, De Partitione Ora-*

torid, *De Inventione*, and *De Optimo Genere Oratorum*, may be considered as the satellites revolving round this splendid performance.

Of his Forensic and Senatorial labours, the *Pro Quinto Ligario* stands deservedly in the foremost rank. It is unrivalled, not only for the fine vein of irony that pervades it, but for the finish of the sentences. It is a *reductio ad absurdum* throughout, and may, at the same time, be considered as one of the most *gentlemanly* orations ever delivered. It differs in style from the generality, being not so diffuse.

For compressed, cutting, interrogatory invective, where is he so great as in the second Philippic ?

The celebrity of this oration is apt to make us overlook the merit of the ninth, which contains a beautiful panegyric on Servius Sulpicius, who died on his embassy to Modena ; and proves that the orator, on the verge of his grand climacteric, and in the fever of his invectives against Antonius, could find time to make an honourable and eloquent mention of his departed friend.

For force of invective, whereby he literally tears to pieces his antagonist, he is no where more striking than in the *In Pisonem*. Many sentences in this harangue border, it must be confessed, on a coarse vulgarity.

In the *Pro Cœlio*, he appears to blend more sophistry with his arguments than in any other oration.

The *Post reditum ad Quirites* places his sense of gratitude to his country in a conspicuous point of view, and is perhaps the most interesting of the harangues delivered on his return from exile.

The *Pro Lege Maniliâ* is a model of eulogizing eloquence ; the *Pro Marcello*, on the authenticity of which some doubts have been started in Germany, is of secondary merit.

It is easy to perceive, that in the delivery of the *Pro Quintio*, his powers were but imperfectly developed.

The *Pro Rege Deiotaro* is also of inferior order. It will, however, always possess great attraction, for it was *improvisatrised* in the presence of Cæsar.

His persuasive powers are seldom developed with more pathos and effect than at the close of the *Pro Fonteio*.

The *Pro Archiâ* is indisputably the most pleasing of his harangues. The fine sentences with which it abounds have been so often quoted, that they have a sort of oracular effect on our understandings.

If the *Pro Archiâ*, from its agreeable and harmonious colouring, resembles a picture by Guido or Albano, I would compare the *Pro Cluentio* to a Caravaggio, or Spagnoletto. The *Pro*

Milone may probably be styled the most brilliant, the *Pro Cluentio* the sublimest of his defences.

Genus causæ, says Asconius, *in omnibus Verrinarum libris admirabile*; and with reason; for it is certain that the Verrine invectives alone would have immortalized Cicero. He no where harrows up the soul with such a display of his powers as in the *De Suppliciis*. Of these extraordinary efforts, I place in the second rank of excellence the *De re Frumentarid*. It is invaluable for the light that it throws on the ancient agricultural system of Sicily, for the profusion of metaphor and lively sallies; for the interest of the financial statements, and for the mode that he adopts of condemning the criminal by his own concessions. The *De Signis* may be safely defined the most elegant oration ever destined for a court of law, and it will not be hazardous to assert that it is the most entertaining of his harangues.

Some critics, more eminent for their patriotism than equanimity, have ventured to exalt the impeachment of Hastings by Burke, above that of Verres by Cicero. Candour, I think, compels us to confess, that though attended by vastly more trouble, it was inferior to the latter, in the object, in the originality, and in the personal risk incurred by the prosecutor. It makes, however, the nearest approach, in importance and grandeur, to the Verrine accusation of any cause in modern times. It may be affirmed, without risk, that no legal case, of which we have notice, ever opened or closed with such magnificence, as the Verrine orations. Ye jurisconsults,

Nocturnâ versate manu, versate diurnâ!

The *Pro Sexto Roscio Amerino* is of a higher order than the *Pro Roscio Comœdo*. There is nothing finer in the first, than his excursion on the sanctity of friendship, and the evil consequences resulting from its violation both to society and individuals. The last, however, will always be the most read, notwithstanding the dryness of the money-statements; for, exclusive of the celebrity of the client, we dwell with pleasure on the interest which Tullius took in the protection of talent, in whatever station of life it might be found.

Of the consular harangues, I always preferred the first of the *Catilinarians* to either of the other three.

Of his epistolary works, the noblest letter of the kind probably ever penned, is that which he wrote to his brother, on his being appointed a proconsul in Asia. That also beginning *Mi frater, mi frater, mi frater*, written in a sad state of depression, is a fine specimen of pathetic expostulation. In his correspondence, he only, I think, completely unbosoms himself to his wife, brother, Tiro, and especially Atticus. The confidence with which he

always addresses the last, is perhaps the reason why the *De Senectute*, and *De Amicitiâ*, have such powerful attractions; the sentiments always appearing to spring from the inmost recesses of the heart.

His poetical works, fragments of which are only transmitted to us, are of no further import, than as tending to show, that had he concentrated the powers of his mind in poetical compositions, (which it is lucky for the world he did not,) he would have shone a poet of no ordinary cast.

The panegyrics of Velleius Paterculus, Plinius, and Juvenal, naturally obtruded themselves on the memory, as I rambled through the Amalthea; but it was a sheer pleasure to gaze on the transparent and rapid volume of the Fibrenus, like the Ciceronian periods,

Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full;

and at the same time, to dwell on the celebrated passage of Quintilian: "Nam mihi videtur Marcus Tullius cùm se totum ad imitationem. Græcorum contulisset, effinxisse vim Demosthenis, copiam Platonis, jucunditatem Isocratis. Nec verò quod in quoque optimum fuit studio consecutus est tantùm, sed plurimas, vel potiùs omnes ex seipso virtutes extulit immortalis ingenii beatissimâ ubertate. Non enim pluvias (ut ait Pindarus) aquas colligit, sed vivo gurgite exundat, dono quodam providentiæ genitus, in quo totas vires suas eloquentia experiretur. Num quis docere diligentiùs, movere vehementiùs potest? Cui tanta unquam jucunditas affluit? Ut ipsa illa quæ extorquet, impetrare eum credas, et cùm transversum vi suâ judicem ferat, tamen ille non rapi videatur, sed sequi. Jam in omnibus, quæ dicit, tanta auctoritas inest, ut dissentire pudeat, nec advocati studium, sed testis aut judicis afferat fidem. Cùm interim hæc omnia, quæ vix singula quisquam intentissimâ curâ consequi potest fluunt illaborata, et illa quâ nihil pulchrius auditu est, oratio præ se fert tamen felicissimam facilitatem. Quare non immeritò ab hominibus ætatis suæ regnare in judiciis dictus est: apud posteros verò id consecutus, ut Cicero jam non hominis sed eloquentiæ nomen habeatur. Hunc igitur spectemus: hoc propositum sit nobis exemplum; ille se profecisse sciat cui Cicero valdè placebit.*

* Marcus Tullius, by taking the Grecian orators as his models, appears to me to have attained the vehemence of Demosthenes, the richness of Plato, and the suavity of Isocrates. He seems to have expressed by his industry, not only the characteristic excellence of each, but a style distinctively his own, through the force and exuberance of his immortal genius. He does not collect water drop by drop, to use an expression of Pindar, but rolls along a rapid torrent; born as it were, by a special grace of heaven, in whom elegance was destined to concen-

Leaving the Amalthea, so pregnant with interesting recollections, we crossed the ferry of the Garigliano, opposite the Dominican convent, and after passing through vines ripening fast, and bending with purple clusters, presently reached the ruins of a bridge, called in the country, time immemorial, *il ponte di Cicerone.* *(See the topographical sketches.)* The people believe that it was built by the orator; I suspect rather by his father; for we read in the second book De Legibus. "vides villam latiùs ædificatam patris nostri studio, qui cùm esset infirmâ valetudine, hic ferè ætatem egit in litteris; sed hoc ipso in loco cùm avus viveret, et antiquo more parva esset villa, ut illa Curiana in Sabinis, me scito esse natum." The bridge is evidently a Roman work, almost concealed by brambles and aquatic herbs, and of remote antiquity; it is peculiar in being thrown obliquely over the river, forming on either bank a very acute and obtuse angle. It consisted of three arches, one of which alone remains. *(See Frontispiece, Fig. 10.)*

The fourth, fifth, and sixth books *De Legibus* are wanting: but Macrobius has preserved a fragment of the fifth, which introduces Atticus thus speaking. "Visne, quoniam sol paullùm à meridie jam deflexus videtur, neque nondum satis ab his arboribus opacatur, descendamus ad Lirim, eaque quæ restant, in illis alnorum umbraculis prosequamur?"*

The Liris, shaded still by poplars and wide-spreading oaks, is now called *il Garigliano;* it rises near the Fucine lake, from a mountain called the Rock of Cappadocia. Passing by Sora, it receives the Fibrenus; lower down, the Taleno; and near the ancient *Fregellæ*, the *Melphes.* Pursuing its course through a well-cultivated country, it waters the territory of Sessa, (*Setia*, renowned for its grape,) washes the ruins of *Minturnæ*, celebrated for the catastrophe of Marius, and of which a considerable aque-

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trate all her powers. What orator ever instructed with more effect, or was so great a master of the passions? Who ever equalled him in harmonious fluency of language? You may imagine him already obtaining, what he endeavours to procure by dint of persuasion: and the auditor, however inclined to differ from him, seems not to be hurried along by the power of his arguments, but rather to follow in quiet acquiescence. Such weight is there in all that he says, that we feel ashamed to withhold our assent; and his assertions savour rather of the authority of the eye-witness, or judge, than of the zeal of the advocate. These combined excellencies, which separately taken, scarcely any one else can attain with the most diligent application, flow forth without labour; and that oratory, than which nothing can be heard more beautiful, carries along with it the happiest facility. He was not then styled without reason, by his contemporaries, the sovereign of the tribunals; and with posterity, he has obtained such celebrity, that in pronouncing the word *Cicero*, we think of eloquence itself, rather than of the individual. Him then let us look up to; let him be proposed as our best model; and let that student be assured that his toils have not been fruitless, whom Cicero shall inspire with a high delight.

* Macrob. Saturnal. VI.

duct still crosses the road, that leads from Gaeta to Capua. After desolating the neighbouring country with marsh miasma during the autumnal heats, it disembogues in silence into the Tyrrhene sea. According to Strabo, it was more anciently called *Clanius*. The water is of a bright turquoise colour, owing to its sulphureous quality, alluded to by Plinius and Silius Italicus. The epithet *taciturnus* applied to this stream by Horace,* can only be understood of the latter part of its course. No rivers in Italy are so noisy as the Liris about Arpino. For the space of a mile and a half, after receiving the Fibrenus, it forms no less than six pleasing falls, which vary in height from about three, to twenty feet. Close to the village of Isola the stream divides; to the left it forms a perpendicular fall of eighty feet; while to the right, the main body of the river is precipitated down a very broken inclined plane, of no less than five hundred feet; presenting a magnificent union of cataract and cascade, in my opinion more striking than the Rheinfall at Schaffhausen. The fall of the Velino at Terni, can alone be compared with it; and no doubt it would be as often visited, where it not in the heart of the Apennines.

Following the course of Atticus by the poplars which shade the Garigliano, we took the lesser falls in succession, one of which glides without foam, in the manner that Ruysdale paints his cascades; a second forms a complete horse-shoe fall; and another shoots in a very oblique direction across the river. We reached the verge of the great cataract; "ces eaux qui tombent, se relèvent, jaillissent, se detournent, s'amoncèlent, s'èchappent, se précipitent, s'abyment," as some French traveller happily pourtrays a cataract. No fall in Switzerland or Italy is so easily approachable as this; and nothing hinders you from commanding it in its whole extent. We saw it by the full blaze of the mid-day sun; and the splendour of the foam affected our eyes with sensible pain. The depth of the Liris above the falls, varies from about twenty to twenty-five feet. The sky had been hitherto serene, and the sun very powerful; but some light clouds hovering above Sora, discharged about noon a few heat-drops, while thunder muttered from the Apennines:

> Partibus intonuit cœli pater ipse sinistris,
> Cæsaris et clarum firmavit Jupiter omen;†

or to speak in plain prose, the thunder rather reminded us of *Dice-*

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* ———rura quæ Liris quietâ
Mordet aquâ taciturnus amnis.

In describing the country about Cicero's villa, we should read:

———rura quæ Liris sonorâ
Mordet aquâ violent us amnis.

† Cicero, Fragment. Marii.

saris and his banditti, than the evils of wet clothes; and after visiting a second time, the great falls of the Liris, we bade a final farewell to the Amalthea, and *conspicuæ felicitatis Arpinum;* not without being convinced that very few things in Italy can impress the traveller with such pleasing recollections, as the remembrance of Tullius at the place of his birth.

About a mile from the Arpine villa, there is a paper-manufactory, where we found to our surprise, a native of Berkshire, who acted as the superintendant. He presented us with a roll of his *Arpinæ chartæ,* not inscribed indeed with the *Pro Archiâ,* or the *Pro Regibus Alexandrino, et Deiotaro,* but blank as Arpino itself would prove, without the remembrance of its genius. The picture that he gave of the state of the country was deplorable; for scarcely a day had elapsed the preceding year, without a robbery, which was generally accompanied by assassination. The attacks were most frequent between Isola and Sora. This is explained by considering the situation of Arpino and its environs; which being on the confines of the two states, makes its neighbourhood a convenient asylum for ruffians, who, as they may be pursued in one or other territory, abscond in the skirts of either.

These circumstances suggested a *Divinatio* on the most advisable way of returning to Rome, and escaping the *tusks* of that *verres* of the Apennines, *Dicesaris.* Sometimes we thought of passing by the *Reatine Tempe.** Further delay was dangerous; and it was high time to withdraw *De Finibus Arpinatium;* the *Topica* of which were so doubtful and uncleared; for since *Dicesaris,* like his great prototype, sat the *De Legibus* at defiance, and consequently the *De Officiis,* an attack in the woods was by no means a *Paradoxon.* The fatigue and heat too made it necessary to take measures *De ægritudine leniendâ;* which, if postponed, might have terminated in the *De morte contemnendâ.*

The sum total of these considerations accelerated our departure; and we resolved on striking across the country by a bye-road through the woods to Frusinone, a town distant from Arpino about twenty miles.

This also is a most ancient city of the *Volsci, ferocior ad rebellandum quàm ad bellandum gens,* as they are described by Livius. The obstinacy with which they resisted Rome, and their activity in fomenting the revolt of the *Hernici,* cost them dear, as we learn from the same author: "Frusinates tertiâ parte agri damnati, quòd Hernicos ab iis solicitatos compertum; capitaque conjurationis virgis cæsi, securi percussi." It was long before they obtained the good will of the capital; for they first submit-

* "Reatini me ad sua Tempe invitarunt," says the orator, invited by the inhabitants to plead their cause against the *Interamnates.*

ted to a præfecture, while the more favoured cities enjoyed the privileges of a *municipium*. We passed two or three monumental crosses, where travellers had forfeited their lives to banditti; and we saw to the left, on a lofty steep, *Bauco*, supposed to be on the site of the *Bovillan* or *Laterian* villa of Quintus Cicero.* *Saranno ammazzati* were the words with which some passengers greeted us, as we mounted the hill on which Frusinone stands:

———duris quà rupibus hæret
Bellator Frusino. SIL. ITAL.

the town commands an extensive plain, surrounded on all sides by bold promontories of Apennines.

The same listlessness, the same filth, the same indifference in realizing the few joys that life affords, is as conspicuous at Frusinone, as at Veroli and Alatri. South of the town there is a terrace laid out in walks, and adorned with a few ancient statues of indifferent workmanship. There are also inscriptions, commemorating the votive offerings of some legionary officers. None are worth recording. But in a private house, the following, containing poetry not destitute of pathos, may deserve attention:

D. M. S.
N. CLODIO. N. F. AN. SABINIANO.
FILIO. PIISSIMO. N. CLODIUS. SABINUS.
ET. FLAVIA. HESPERIS. PARENTES.

Omine susceptus primo, votisque parentum
Cum jam bis senos explèsset floridus annos,
Quinque etiam menses, numero superante dierum,
Viveret innocuus, blandâ pietate colendus,
Occidit—heu nimiùm celeres in funere Parcæ
Vitali trepidos nato privare parentes
Audetis, mœstosque gravi circumdare luctu!

The landscape which this terrace commands, is equal perhaps to that in the environs of Arpino. No wonder that the great satirist, when he exhorts his countrymen to quit the stench and corruption of the Suburra, exclaims:

Si potes avelli Circensibus, optima Soræ,
Aut Fabraterias domus, aut Frusinone paratur,
Quanti nunc tenebras unum conducis in annum.

Cicero had a farm in the environs, as we discover from two passages in the Letters to Atticus: *Accepi ab Isidoro literas et posteà datas binas; ex proximis cognovi prædia non venisse; videbis igitur*

* His brother tells us that some of his improvements in the Laterian villa, offended the Arpinates: Arpinatium incredibilis est fremitus de Laterio. Ad. Att. IV. ep. 7.

*ut sustentatur partim de Frusinati.....De fundo Frusinati redimendo jampridem intellexisti voluntatem meam.** We may conclude that the ancient city was populous; for an old chronicle which records the donation of lands to the monastery of *Casamari*, describes them as being *penes amphitheatrum Frusinonis.*† Frusinone has given two pontiffs to the chair of St. Peter; it is also the birth-place of my friend Ludovico Angeloni; whose Life of Guido d'Arezzo, the inventor of musical notes, declares him an accomplished scholar; his *Ragionamenti d' Italia*, a patriot luminous and firm.

The dark scowls of several individuals wrapped in their brown capotes, who had the appearance of being scouts in the service of *Dicesaris*, made us prefer the pestilential *Circus* and *Suburra*, even the *Cloaca maxima* itself, to the purer air of Frusinone, in spite of Juvenal; and taking advantage of a fine moonlight, we followed the course of Hannibal in a coach and four to the capital, distant fifty-six miles. Titus Livius tells us that the Carthaginian general treated this tract of country with severity, becauset he inhabitants had cut away the bridges: "Hannibal infestiùs per-populato agro Fregellano, propter incisos pontes, per Frusinatem, Ferentinatem, et Anaguinum agrum, in Labicanum venit.‡ At break of day, we were under Anagni, the ancient *Anagnia*, built on an eminence. Here there are some remains of a theatre. The inhabitants of this town came down from their steeps to salute Marcus Antonius, as we learn from the second Philippic, and were severely handled in consequence by the orator: "Stultè Aquinates: sed tamen in viâ habitabant. Quid Anagnini? qui cùm essent devii, descenderant, ut istum, tanquam si esset consul, salutarent. Incredibile dictu; tamen inter omnes constabat neminem esse resalutatem; præsertim cùm duos Anagninos haberet secum, Mustelam et Laconem, quorum alter gladiorum est princeps, alter poculorum." Anagni was also the scene of a singular occurrence in the middle ages, A. D. 1297. Boniface VIII. being at war with the Colonnas, excommunicated that family together with Philip-le-bel, their ally, who convoked a council at Paris, at which one Noguaret proposed to seize the person of the pontiff. He was charged with the execution of the project, and soon appeared under the walls of Anagni, with an armed force. Noguaret, aided by the Colonnas, surprised the town; and Sciara Colonna, having taken the Pope prisoner, gave him a slap on the face, which so affected the pontiff, that he died a prey to irritation and vexation.

We had also Segni, the ancient *Segnia*, on an eminence to the left. It is mentioned in the Captives of Plautus. Here Tar-

* Ad Att. XI. epp. 4, 13. † De Matteis Storia di Frusinone.
‡ Liv. XXVI. c. 6.

quinius Superbus erected a fortress to keep the Volscians in check; here too, according to Sickler, are the remains of an ancient temple dedicated to Jupiter *Asturius*, and some of those gigantic walls, called by some Pelasgic, by others, Cyclopian; but probably raised by the Italian Aborigenes.

The cold of the autumnal nights in the defiles of the Apennines, contrasted with the heat of the day, is very trying to travellers; but scarcely had the sun risen an hour, than we regretted the past freshness of the night; and on reaching Valmontone to breakfast, the air was filled with a stirring buzz of the insect tribe, put in motion by the increasing heat; the varieties were numerous and brilliant. The coffee-house in the Piazza, filthier than many out-houses in England, for lumber or poultry, furnished us with a beverage like the scourings of the coffee-pot in France, which was tempered only by rancid goat's milk; the people being so stupid and idle, as not to take advantage of their cows feeding on as fragrant pasture as any in the world, among the vallies of the Apennines.

Three miles further we reached Lugnano, the ancient *Longianum*, and the scene of a sanguinary battle won by the consul Lucretius over the united forces of the *Æqui* and *Volsci*, in which, according to Livius, upwards of thirteen thousand of the latter were cut to pieces.

We had now cleared the defiles of the Apennines, and, as we flattered ourselves, the clutches of *Dicesaris*; and consequently enjoyed with fuller hearts, the breezes which fanned *Præneste* on our right,

> Quodcunque et gelido prominet Algido,

on our left. The woods which surround the temple of the Algidensian Diana, the substructions of which are still visible, are much infested with banditti. The lines of Statius then are not inapplicable to these marauders:

> Hos Præneste sacrum, nemus hos glaciale Dianæ,
> Algidus aut horrens, aut Tuscula protegit umbra.

As we stopped to bait the horses under *Algidum*, I could not help contrasting the *actual* appearance of the village with what it must have exhibited formerly. The priestesses and virgins moving in procession to venerate that modification of power developed by the Deity in the woods and mountains, to which were added the beautiful attributes of chastity, and all the paraphernalia of the chase, one of the healthiest and pleasing recreations of man—the gates of the temple of the Algidensian goddess flung open, and displaying a Grecian statue, not to be adored itself, as some canting and self-interested hypocrites would induce us to believe, but merely exposed as a visible type of the

above attributes; which, by a greater extension, were afterwards identified with the silver orb of night, not to be contemplated without inspiring ideas of purity, and thus gradually lost in the unknown First Cause. The chorusses of healthy and white-clad virgins making the woods resound with the hymn:

Dianam teneræ dicite virgines,

or

Montium custos, nemorumque virgo,
Quæ laborantes utero puellas
Ter vocata audis, adimisque leto,
Diva triformis!

The *actual* appearance of the village consisted in three or four priests yelling, rather than chanting service before a Madonna crowned with a bit of tin, and attired as if by the vulgarest *lavandaja* of Trastevere; some ten or dozen paupers lousing themselves on the steps of a plastered church, a happy production of one of the Borrominis of the country, and exhaling an odour compounded of putrefaction of carcasses, and adulterated frankincense; the building itself dedicated to some *Vaticani montis imago*, or, to speak synonymously, some saint, whose hooded effigy, or *os sacrum*, it was meritorious to kiss. I considered and compared.

Nothing was wanting to complete the picture but a calvinistic missionary, or sour presbyterian, to menace the whole village with eternal tortures.

Ahi serva Italia, di dolore ostello,
Nave senza nocchiero in tempesta,
Non donna di provincie, ma bordello!*

Palestrina, situated like Tivoli on a declivity, occupies the site of the ancient temple of Fortune at *Præneste*. It was more magnificent than all the other fanes dedicated to that goddess, not excepting the celebrated one at Antium. Prusias, king of Bithynia, came there to sacrifice in person; and the philosopher Carneades, on his return from Rome to Greece, observed that he never witnessed a fortune more fortunate than the Prænestine. Numerous authors speak of the *sortes Prænestinæ* as much consulted by the *Lesbiæ* and *Lydiæ* of Rome, as the Gretna-green blacksmith by those of England. Pyrrhus pitched his camp under the walls, and Hannibal reconnoitred Rome from the heights. Like Tibur, it was much frequented by the opulent Romans during the summer heats; and we did not forget that Horace read over his Homer at *Præneste*.† Antium, Ostia, and

* Dante.

† Trojani belli scriptorem, maxime Lolli,
Dum tu declamas Romæ, Præneste relegi.
Ep. ad Lollium.

Præneste, offer the richest mines of sculpture to antiquaries out of the capital.

But the environs of Palestrina are memorable, as having been the scene of that desperate battle between Sylla and the younger Marius, consul, of which so interesting an account has been transmitted to us by Appian. Political disturbances in modern times, however dreadful, cannot be put in competition with the horrors of *Syllana illa tempora*, as Cicero emphatically styles them. One of the most striking incidents in the history of the latter period of the republic, is the message which Sylla sent to the senate, complaining of the ill treatment which he had experienced from the government, when all Rome turned pale at the perusal. They recollected that it was written by the man who lined the road from Terracina to Capua with gibbets. We cannot contemplate Sylla with the least satisfaction; for he was unrelenting at a period when he might have pardoned his enemies without much personal hazard. He had none of the civil grandeur of Julius and Augustus to compensate for his military ferocity. If, after having laid the corrupt republic at his feet, he had shown clemency, corrected existing abuses, diminished the military power, then retired, as he did, to private life, he would have left one of the most brilliant and singular names recorded in all history.

After all, we are apt to admire these same Romans too much. Their influence on the destinies of nations, and on their literature, is, and always will be, very considerable; but in our estimation of several of their conspicuous characters, we do not take sufficient care to discriminate, and sift their principle of action, which will generally be found to be flagrantly unjust. Any fifty years of the Venetian history are worth all the Roman annals in interest; for the mind soon becomes surfeited with the acts of a nation that adopted nothing but military aggression for its principle of action. It may be questioned whether Rome produced such interesting heroes as the Venetian admiral, Carlo Zeno; Francesco Sforza, duke of Milan; Louis IX. and Henry IV. of France; Alfonso the Great, and Gonsalvo of Spain; or the Black Prince of England.

We presently had the village of Colonna on an eminence to our left, the ancient *Labicum*. It was famous for its grapes, which Capitolinus tells us Caracalla turned to good account: "centum Persica campana, et melones Ostienses decem, et uvam Labicanam pondo viginti," did the self-denying emperor devour at one breakfast. Here Julius Cæsar had a villa, where, about half a year before his death, he made his will, as we learn from Suetonius: "postulante ergo L. Pisone, testamentum ejus aperitur, recitaturque in Antonii domo, quod Id. Septembribus prox-

imis, in Labicano suo fecerat." Two miles, or a little more, beyond, we passed the site of the villa of M. Porcius Cato; and the superincumbent hill retains the name of *Monte Porzio.* There are also the *Prati Porzii.* The fine lines of Lucan, in which he is described as letting his hair grow at the breaking out of the civil war, shot across my mind:

> Ille nec horrificam sancto dimovit ab ore
> Cæsariem, duroque admisit gaudia vultu,
> Ut primùm tolli feralia viderat arma,
> Intonsos rigidam in frontem descendere canos
> Passus erat, mœstamque genis increscere barbam.

To our right was the extinct volcano, now a lake three miles in circuit, near which stood the ancient *Gabii,* the discovery of which is due to Gavin Hamilton; and the remains of a temple of Juno, a theatre and forum, together with numerous fragments, which enrich the Borghese cabinet, have been the fruit of his researches.

The Campagna was now fully developed to our view; and three successive ranges of aqueducts which transported the *Felice, Alexandrine,* and *Virginal* waters to the capital, stretched their dark arcades in broken lines along the landscape, which harmonized with the fallen grandeur of the *Niobe of nations.* The walls of the city, in which it is easy to observe at least three distinct dates, presented soon their venerable curtains; and after passing the church, wherein the ashes of Helena, the mother of Constantine, repose, we reached the capital by the *via Labicana,* after an interesting, but perilous circuit of one hundred and eighty miles.

ON THE DIFFERENT OPINIONS,

WHICH HAVE BEEN FORMED OF CICERO.

That Cicero was great in the genuine acceptation of the word, none, I believe, save Dio Cassius have ventured to question.

Considerable diversity of opinion has nevertheless always subsisted as to the degree of applause which is his due.

Most critics join in condemning his political conduct; at least that part of it which he observed with respect to the parties of Cæsar and Pompeius; some even have ventured to censure his eloquence; but those who have presumed to question his oratorical powers, are very few when compared with the arraigners of his political career.

Of his detractors, Dio Cassius stands in the first rank; but the

spleen with which he attacks the character of the orator, will fall to have weight with those who reflect that Dio flourished under Alexander Severus, an emperor who has been cited by Machiavelli as the most adroit in establishing his power by what the French call *les menées sourdes*. The degree of credit therefore which we can attach to Dio, when he handles the character of any great assertor of liberty, may be tantamount to what we should bestow on any of the hirelings of France, who wrote what they call a history, during the usurpation of Napoleon. *Ob metum falsi.* The vulgarity of his mind is conspicuous in the sentence quoted by Middleton: "*Cicero's father was a fuller, who earned his subsistence by pruning other people's vines and olives; he was born and bred among the scourings of old clothes, and the filth of dunghills; he was master of no one liberal science; neither did he ever do any thing worthy a great man, or an orator; he prostituted his wife, trained up his son in drunkenness, committed incest with his own daughter, and adultery with Cerellia, whom,* as Middleton remarks, *he acknowledges at the same time to have been seventy years old.*" A testimony like the above can surely have no weight.*

Plutarch, whose known partiality to the Greeks, renders what he says in favour of the Romans more valuable, must nevertheless be read with caution. He appears to hurry over the leading features of Cicero's career, and dwells at large on repartees, or anecdotes of secondary import, with the fear we should almost surmise, of the Roman proving superior to his Athenian rival. It is pretty obvious that the biographer of Chæronea was not partial to Cicero.†

Of his cotemporaries, who generally entertained a high opinion of him, Lentulus in one of his dispatches from Asia says: *divina tua mens.*

Brutus and Calvus thought his eloquence too redundant and Asiatic. But the first thought highly of him in other respects, and for a stoic, confers a high eulogium in one of his letters to Atticus: *omnia fecisse Ciceronem optimo animo scio;* and in another to the orator, speaking of the Philippics: *nescio animi an ingenii tui laus major in his libellis contineatur.*‡

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* Dione in ciò che appartiene alla fedeltà, molti in lui la vorrebbon maggiore; ed oltre i prodigj ch'egli ciecamente adotta, le accuse con cui egli ha cercato di oscurar la fama di Cicerone, di Cassio, e di altri avuti fra' Romani in grandissima stima, pare che cel dimostrino o bugiardo calunniatore, o scrittore non bene informato, observes the learned Tiraboschi.

† On peut reprocher à Plutarque de ne s'être pas assez étendu sur le temps le plus brilliant de la vie de Cicéron, qui joua pendant quelque temps le premier rôle, et qui était la seule ressource de la Republique. Mém. de l' Acad. des Ins. Tom. VII.

‡ Famil. XIV. ep. 2. Brut. ad Att. ep. 17. and Brut. ad Cic. ep. 5.

Cassius, whose testimony is of high value, confers in seven words, a high panegyric: *est autem tua toga omnium armis felicior.**

Curio, who figures in the correspondence, called his consulate an Apotheosis. Julius Cæsar said that Cicero effected more by his eloquence than all the other Romans by force of arms; Hortensius, that his sovereign talent lay in touching the heart; Aufidius Bassus, that his eloquence was so rare that he seemed expressly born to be the saviour of his country: *vir natus ad reipublicæ salutem, quæ diù defensa et administrata, in senectute demùm è manibus ejus elabitur.*†

Cremutius Cordus, an historian of Rome, quoted by Seneca, said, speaking of Cicero: "vides credendam ejus non solùm magnitudinem virtutum, sed etiam multitudinem conspiciendam."

Asinius Pollio, the same, I believe, who figures in one of Virgil's eclogues, has left a testimony respecting Cicero, which has been highly praised by Seneca: "Hujus ergo viri tot tantisque operibus mansuris in omne ævum, prædicare de ingenio atque industriâ supervacuum est. Ei quidem facies decora ad senectutem, prosperaque permansit valetudo; tum pax diutina, cujus instructus erat artibus, contigit. Namque à priscâ severitate judicis exacti maximorum noxiorum multitudo provenit, quos obstrictos patrocinio incolumes plerosque habebat. Jam felicissima consulatus ei sors petendi, et gerendi magna munera, deûm consilio, industriâque; utinam moderatiùs secundas res, et fortiùs adversas ferre potuisset! Namque utræque cùm venerant ei, mutari eas non posse rebatur. Inde sunt invidiæ, tempestates coortæ graves in eum, certiorque inimicis aggrediendi fiducia; majore enim simultates appetebat animo, quàm gerebat. Sed quando mortalium nulla virtus perfecta contigit, quâ major pars vitæ atque ingenii stetit, eâ judicandum de homine est. Atque ego ne miserandi quidem exitus eum fuisse judicarem, nisi ipse tam miseram mortem putâsset."

Cornelius Nepos styled himself *vir prudentiæ divinæ.* Sallust, from his well-known hatred of the orator, seems to speak as little as possible of him in the *Bellum Catilinarium.*

Titus Livius expresses him respecting Cicero with his usual dignity; though he does not confer much of a panegyric: "vixit tres et sexaginta annos, ut si vis afuisset, ne immatura quidem mors videri possit; ingenium et operibus et prœmiis operum felix: ipse fortunæ diù prosperæ, et in longo tenore felicitatis, magnis interim ictus vulneribus, ruinâ partium pro quibus steterat, filiæ morte, exitu tam tristi atque acerbo, omnium adversorum, nihil ut viro dignum erat tulit, præter mortem, quæ verè æsti-

* Famil. XII. ep. 13. † Auf. Bas. ap. Senec. Suas. VI.

manti minùs indigna videri potuit, quod à victore inimico nil crudelius passurus erat, quod ejusdem fortunæ compos ipse fecisset. Si quis tamen virtutibus vitia pensârit, vir magnus, acer, memorabilis fuit, et in cujus laudes sequendas Cicerone laudatore opus fuerit."*

The high opinion which Augustus entertained, burst forth in spite of himself, when he saw the works of the orator in the hands of his grandson.

The testimonies of Plinius, Valerius Maximus, Velleius Paterculus, Catulus, Lucan, Silius Italicus, Juvenal, Cornelius Severus, St. Jerom, Aurelius Victor, and Cassiodorus, convey tributes of unmixed applause to Cicero.

Quintilian calls him *cœlestis vir*.

The celebrated simile of Longinus, illustrative of the different character of the eloquence of Cicero and Demosthenes, makes us regret that he did not pursue the parallel further.

Aulus Gellius, after making remarks on the rhetorical powers of the principal Roman orators, shows that perfection in the art was reserved for Cicero.†

Lactantius, the Christian Cicero, as he is called, had evidently a high idea of his Pagan prototype: *non tantùm perfectus orator, sed philosophus fuit.*‡

Arnobius proves his sentiments in his reply to those who proposed burning the works of the orator, because they thought them obstacles to the progress of philosophy: "intercipere scripta et publicatam velle submergere lectionem, non est deos defendere, sed veritatis testimonium timere."

Saint Augustine appears to have admired his eloquence, but not the complexion of his mind: *ejus linguam ferè omnes mirantur, pectus non ita.*§

Petrarch was not less struck with the cast of his mind, than with the grandeur of his eloquence: *interdum non Paganum philosophum, sed apostolum loqui putes,* he says in one of his letters; and in his Triumph of Fame:

> Ed uno al cui passar l'erba fioriva,
> Questo è quel Marco Tullio in cui si mostra
> Chiaro quanto eloquenza, e frutti, e fiori,
> Questi son gli occhi della lingua nostra.

Sebastiano Corrado, an Italian critic, in his dialogue, entitled *Quæstura*, which is an enquiry into the life and character of Cicero, vindicates him with warmth, from the aspersions cast upon him by Plutarch and Dio. He concludes his remarks with

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* Liv. ap. Senec. Suas. † Noct. Att. X. c. 3. ‡ De fals. Relig. § Aug. Confes. III.

these words: "non omnibus ego, sed singulis ita præfero, ut audeam penè dicere à condito orbe neminem fuisse, quem prorsùs cum Cicerone conferre possumus."

In the Magliabecchi library at Florence, I fell in with a small publication, printed at Venice in the sixteenth century, entitled, *Cicero relegatus et Cicero revocatus.* It consists of a dialogue held by three Venetian gentlemen at Belinzona, on the demerits and merits of the orator. The first part, after collecting all the abuse than can be mustered against him, closes with a decree to banish him, and fine those who shall study his works; the second collects panegyrics from all quarters, and the dialogue closes with rescinding the decree of his banishment, and bearing his statue in triumph.

The opinion of Erasmus is singular. In the early part of his life he inveighed against Cicero; but, in maturer age, he changed his sentiments, and entertained an opinion of him bordering on idolatry: "me legentem sic afficere solet M. Tullius, præsertim ubi de benè vivendo disserit, ut dubitare non possum, quin illud pectus unde ista prodierint, aliqua divinitas occupârit."*

It appears that in the sixteenth century, a certain rage of admiration for Cicero seized many of the distinguished men of the court of Leo X. at the head of whom were Buonamico and Bembo. Erasmus undertook to write down this enthusiasm, which it must be acknowledged was carried to excess. He engaged Budæus in the controversy. Erasmus was anathematized by the Ciceronians, for having affirmed, at the age of twenty, that a perusal of Cicero's works annoyed him, and that St. Jerom wrote better Latin. Julius Cæsar Scaliger disgraced himself in the contest, by heaping upon Erasmus the most opprobrious epithets; which were repeated by one Dolet, a Frenchman, who was burnt alive at Paris, convicted of irreligion, A. D. 1546. The dispute made so much noise in the literary world, that a history of the *civil war* between the party of Erasmus and the Ciceronians was written by a learned man of the day, but never published. This literary affray terminated as it ought, by confining the public admiration for the orator within reasonable bounds. Julius Cæsar Scaliger conveys a warm panegyric in his *philippic* against Erasmus: "ejus scripta sunt ejusmodi, ut in ipsis illius etiamnum mens spiret, atque is genius, qui arcanam quandam efferat energiam."

Joseph Scaliger had a high opinion of his eloquence, but a poor one of his philosophical works: "libros omnes philosophicos Ciceronis nihil facio; nihil enim in iis est, quod doceat, demonstret, et cogat, nihil Aristotelicum."

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* Ep. ad Ulatt.

Cardial Du Perron said : " Il y a plus en deux pages de Cicéron, qu'en dix de Senéque ; il y a plus en une épître de Cicéron, qu'en dix de Pline. La république de Rome n'a rien d'égal à elle, que l'éloquence de Cicéron."*

But of all the moderns, Conyers Middleton has done Cicero the fullest justice. Though perhaps he may sometimes be taxed with being too enthusiastic in his favour. He usually endeavours to exalt the orator at the expense of Brutus, Cassius, and others, in matters too of inferior importance, and in cases wherein from the sudden and rapid phases which political affairs then assumed, we may presume that Cicero was as often in the wrong as the others. The sincere and philosophical Atticus is not spared; he is in general too cold in his friendship for Middleton ; who would have him speed post-haste from Attica to Arpinum, on the reception of any querulous letter. In spite of these few blemishes, his work remains a standard specimen of biography, and perhaps the most perfect, that the English language can show.

It may be wished that he had devoted another section to an analysis of the orator's works. We can only conclude that of such volume was the heart, of such force and exuberance was the genius of Cicero, that Middleton, though a very superior man, had neither energy nor time sufficient for the undertaking.

It is to be regretted that the philosophical Bayle did not handle the life of Tullius. In one of his notes to the article *Tullia*, he seems to think that the world has been deprived of the finest of the orator's works. The high opinion which that eminent critic entertains of Cicero, is one of the very few points in which he is not sceptical.

Fénélon, in his Dialogue on Eloquence, prefers with judgment the later to the earlier orations ; and though he bestows the palm of superiority on Demosthenes, he withholds not a warm encomium from his rival; in which opinion D'Auger, the French translator of Demosthenes, seems to coincide.

Rapin, in the best parallel that has been written between the Athenian and Roman orators, is of opinion that the eloquence of Cicero is better adapted to make an impression on the minds of the populace, than that of Demosthenes.

The Abbé D'Olivet was so enthusiastic in his admiration of Cicero, that he not only devoted the greater part of his life to commenting his works, but felt irritated if any body urged any thing against his favourite author.

Quite the reverse Montesquieu ; who in his parallel between Cato and Cicero, says that virtue in the latter, was merely an accessary ; that with a dazzling genius, he possessed a common

* Scaligerana et Perroniana.

mind; that he was incapable of filling the first station in the republic, during the rage of a civil war; that he only wished its salvation, to procure applause for himself; seeing things always *à travers de cent petites passions.**

Blair in his valuable Lectures, analyses his oratory with a judicious and temperate admiration: but agrees with Fénélon in preferring Demosthenes even as a popular orator.

We may infer, I think, from the works of Laharpe, certainly one of the first critics of the last century, that he preferred Cicero upon the whole to Demosthenes as an orator.

D'Azara, late Spanish anbassador at Paris, not only translated Middleton into his own masculine dialect, but embellished his production with engravings from valuable busts and medals; he added moreover interesting annotations, which declare a mind almost immersed in the contemplation of the various excellencies of Cicero.

Voltaire was lavish of his admiration; and entertained even a high opinion of his poetical talents: *Y a-t-il rien de plus beau que les vers, qui nous sont restés de son poëme sur Marius?*

Rousseau thought him nothing but a declaimer. His opinion, however, one way or the other, is not of much import; for though a man of ardent imagination and fine wit, it may be questioned whether he knew how to appreciate duly that steadiness of principle, necessary for the formation of a great statesman and lawyer.

Burke, in more than one of his orations, bursts forth with encomiums strongly pronounced.

Not so Fox; whose opinion as to his character, though not as to his eloquence, conveys but a cautious and cold approbation; whether from thinking that he already enjoyed his full share of celebrity; whether from disgust at certain passages in his works, betraying self-conceit; whether from an habitual scepticism on historical topics in general, uncertain.†

Of all those who have discussed the Political affairs of Rome,

* Grandeur et Décad. des Romains. He found it easy to write this in his snug retreat at Bordeaux. What sort of passions would he have mustered before the Verres, the Pisos, the Catilines, the Antonii?—Grand Président, tu aurais été écrasé.—He seems, however, to make a sort of *amende honorable* for the above assertion in his *Pensées Diverses*; in which he says: "Cicéron selon moi, est un des plus grands esprits qui aient jamais été; l'ame toujours belle, lorsqu'elle n'était pas faible.

† The political career of Fox corresponded in the essentials with the Roman orator's. Greatly however as England is indebted to his noble exertions, it is incontestable that he was neither so great an orator, neither did he move in so arduous a sphere, neither had he the legal attainments, or so much philosophical grandeur as Cicero; neither did he purchase his fame with so much suffering or personal hazard. In one point, and in one alone, he was superior to Cicero; and that was in rarely alluding to himself, and when he did, in doing it with modesty.

Hook, in his History, has done more to detract from Cicero's merit than any other. Had he not been a learned man, his remarks would be consigned to oblivion. Ingenious as many of his notes are, a fixed determination to lower Tullius in the public estimation is but too apparent. It is amusing to trace the pains which he takes to harpoon him with his spleen, and cut him up piece-meal for the market. The fish, however, that he encounters is too great; the hook has little or no hold.

The orator also appears to be no great favourite with Melmoth; to whom we are indebted for an elegant version of the *Epistolæ Familiares*. He dwells with apparent satisfaction on contradictory passages; and draws therefrom positive conclusions prejudicial to the orator, without making due allowances for the possibility of the loss of any intermediate letters; for the rapid alterations to which public affairs were subjected, from the extraordinary characters of Cæsar and Pompeius; which probably made Cicero appear one day hasty or weak, while the next might prove him to have been in the same case, temperate and judicious.

Lord Bolingbroke, in his treatise on Exile, seems to look down upon the Man of Arpinum with a mixed sentiment of pity and contempt. It is true that he seizes him in the most vulnerable part, which is his conduct during banishment. That it had nothing of the firmness of the Stoa, the well-known letters to Terentia abundantly prove. But was Lord Bolingbroke an adequate judge of Tullius in this case? Did he ever come in contact with such a powerful desperado as Clodius? Could his retreat in Orleans be put in competition with the exile of Cicero at Thessalonica? Did he, after having rescued his country from a formidable conspiracy, reap as a reward the sale of his estates, the burning of his palace, the separation of his wife and children, himself houseless, defenceless, and driven from place to place like the meanest outcast? If he did, and showed that firmness in his reverse, which he lauds at the expense of Cicero, his criticism would not fail to have due weight, Henry St. John!—Though your periods may be more Ciceronian than those of other English writers, posterity will compel you to stand on even ground, before you can presume to turn up your nose at Tullius in exile.

Of all the charges which have been urged against Cicero, one, too, which has obtained no trifling credit, that of cowardice, appears to stand on the slenderest foundation. Let us briefly recapitulate the leading actions of his life, not with the hope of being able to place them in a new point of view, but that those who persist in thinking him a poltroon, may strive to reconcile as they can, those acts, at one glance, with their opinion.

Not then to insist on the extraordinary industry of his juvenile

years, which enabled him, at the age of sixteen, to discuss, in the presence of the first lawyers of Rome, the necessary qualifications of an orator, and which, if not actual courage, must have depended on a quality of mind very nearly allied to it, we find him shortly after the commencement of his legal career, traversing all Sicily on foot, braving, at every step, the agents and assassins of Verres; and not only at the imminent peril of his life, procuring materials for the most splendid specimens of forensic eloquence extant, but thereby entailing on his own head, the hatred and maledictions of more than half of the Roman aristocracy.—First proof of his cowardice.

After the promulgation of Otho's law, which assigned separate seats in the theatre to the equestrian order, Cicero, as soon as informed of the disturbance which consequently ensued, and of the blows given and received by the partisans and opposers of the law, entered the theatre in his *toga consularis*, ordered the spectators to follow him forthwith to the temple of Bellona, chastised them there with the valour of his tongue, and so wrought upon them with his eloquence, that they not only returned in order to the theatre, but vied with the knights themselves in conferring applause on that Otho, whom just before they had overwhelmed with hisses.—Second proof of his cowardice.

We almost feel a repugnance in adverting to the well-known particulars of the Catilinarian conspiracy, sounding as they do in the ears of every school-boy; to his unwearied exertions in detecting and punishing the most nefarious project ever conceived to undermine the settled order of a state. Neither the number, nor ferocity of the conspirators, many of whom were of the first families, nor the suspicion of Cæsar himself being privy to the plot, nor the consciousness of his own head being destined for amputation, could deter him from laying open the whole conspiracy in five splendid orations, and thereby proving himself not merely the most energetic civil chief magistrate that ever acted on a similar emergency, but, as the repulse of Catiline from Præneste showed, an active and intelligent military officer:

——— galeatum ponit ubique
Præsidium attonitis, et in omni gente laborat.

This, then, must pass for the third proof of his cowardice; which shall be further corroborated by the prompt measures which he took to punish Lentulus and Cethegus under his own eyes; a daring expedient, and only justifiable from the imminent dangers which beset the republic.*

* According to Appian, Cicero, at the head of some troops, secured their persons, and then returned to the senate, to decide respecting them; if so, he was in perfect order: but supposing he was not, was he not chief magistrate in a crisis of unexampled difficulty?—Appian. II. c. 1.

The fourth shall be the incontestable evidence that we possess of his having directed the artillery of his eloquence against the most opulent, iniquitous, and powerful individuals. The Verres, the Pisos, the Clodii, the Gabinii, the Antonii,

——— referentes navibus altis
Occulta spolia, et plures de pace triumphos,

were pinioned down hand and foot, by the invectives of this notable poltroon. Not to dwell on the vigour of heart and intellect, on which the delivery of his extemporaneous debating speeches must have depended, nor on the boldness with which he faced the people, to dissuade them from accepting the law proposed by Rullus, a law best calculated of all others, to foment their feverous passions; nor on the spirit which he showed at the siege of Pindenessus, where there appears at least to have been some smart skirmishing, let us hasten to the consideration of the circumstances of his death, which in the opinion of his detractors, afford abundant proofs of his pusillanimity.

We find from Plutarch, that he was at Tusculanum, when the news of his being included in the proscription of the triumvirate, reached him. He and his brother Quintus immediately betook themselves to the Asturan villa; but not having made their final arrangements, on the road they agreed to separate, after many demonstrations of reciprocal affection; Quintus, to return to Tusculanum, to procure necessaries for the voyage; Marcus, to provide by the sea-shore a vessel for their escape. In the interval, Quintus appears to have been killed. Marcus, having found a boat at Astura, embarked with the view of dropping down to his Formian villa; but his stomach being discomposed by the motion of the vessel, he was put on shore near the Circeian promontory, (*Punta di Terracina.*) Here, it is true, he passed a night in cruel agitation; and the next morning he walked about twelve miles on the *via Appia* towards Rome, with the view of falling by his own hand in the palace of Octavius. Here again he appears to have been perplexed by doubt; for the thought which came across his mind of the probability of meeting on the road, the emissaries of the Triumvirs, who most likely would have put him to a cruel death, induced him to turn back, and regain his Formian villa; where it appears that he determined to await his destiny. But his attendants, more anxious for the preservation of his life than himself, had prepared a litter to convey him to the beach, which they with difficulty persuaded him to enter. The assassins shortly after came up with him; when eyeing them stedfastly, he protruded his venerable head, so covered with clotted filth and dust, so disfigured by anxieties as to be scarcely recognized by his attendants, who, it appears,

REMAINS OF THE ACADEMIA TUSCULANA.

were willing to fight for him, but pursuant to the commands of their master, left the executioners to do their business.*

Plutarch, when he says that we cannot contemplate his exit without pity, evidently mistakes the *doubt* with which the orator was beset for *fear*; for as soon as he had determined to die, few men could meet their end with more firmness.

But, cry his detractors, did he not turn pale, and betray proofs of fearful agitation in the delivery of the *Pro Milone?* What! would they have had him present a buxom rubicund physiognomy, with the weight of one of the most difficult and brilliant defences ever uttered pressing on his nerves, at a moment when the Clodian faction was by no means extinct, when there was more than an even chance that he would again witness those disturbances, which before compelled him to seek refuge at Thessalonica? so rational, so conscientious are these dealers in hypercriticism, that they would have had Tullius possess all that fine and strong feeling on which pure eloquence depends, and not have had him possess it. His anxiety, his agitation, call it if you will *fear*, did not prevent him from facing his adversaries, and delivering the oration in person.†

It is not so easy to emancipate him from the imputation of vanity. Candour indeed compels us to confess that there are certain passages in his orations, more especially in those which were delivered on his return from exile, in which he is almost fulsome; and the unfortunate letter to Lucceius remains a standing proof of those accesses of weakness to which the greatest of our species are occasionally liable‡. Yet something perhaps should be allowed for the genius of the times; something for the unparal-

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* "Satis constat servos paratos fuisse ad dimicandum; ipsum deponi lecticam, et quietos pati, quod sors iniqua cogeret, jussisse." Liv. ap. Senec.

A fragment of Aufidius Bassus, a Roman historian, tells us that he even anticipated the assassins. "Aufidius Bassus, et ipse, nihil dubitavit de animo Ciceronis, quin fortiter se morti non præbuerit tantùm, sed obtulerit; et remoto velo, postquam armatos vidit: ego verò consisto, ait, accede veterane, et si hoc saltem rectè potes facere, incide cervicem." The veteran hesitating, he appears to have encouraged him with a sort of joking defiance: "trementi deinde dubitantique, quid ad me, inquit, si primùm venissetis?" I suppose you would faint away, if I were the first whom you had to execute.

We see from the preceding sentence, that Livius, not very warm in his admiration of Cicero, bears full testimony to the courage which he displayed in his last moments; he adds: "prominenti ex lectica, præbentique immotam cervicem, caput præcisum est." Liv. ap. Senec. Suas. VI.

† The speech indeed is believed to have been retouched; but I see no reason for doubting that it was delivered nearly to a similar tenour.

‡ Ep. Famil. V. ep. 12.

His own words will be often found however to vindicate Cicero of vain glory; though certainly not always: "Et quoniam hoc reprehendis, quòd solere me dicas de me ipso gloriosiùs prædicare; quis unquam audivit cùm ego de me, nisi coactus, ac necessariò dicerem? Non tam sum existimandus de gestis rebus gloriari, quàm de objectis non confiteri." Pro domo suâ ad Pontifices. 35.

leled difficulties with which he had to contend; something for the necessity under which he laboured of confirming, by his own example, the wavering opinions of several of those, on whose integrity the salvation of the republic depended; something for that transcendancy of mind, which authorised in him certain deviations from common rules, which would be inexcusable in minds of an ordinary stamp; something too for those impulses of exultation, which, though better becoming a politician than a philosopher, it was natural for him to give way to, after having triumphed over the iniquity of the Clodian faction. Much as he had of *self* on his tongue, no man had less of it in his heart.*

His unequalled career at the bar, and the splendour of his consulate, induced most people to expect little less than miracles from Cicero; and the position, in which he is most exposed to attack, is the conduct which he observed with respect to the Cæsarean and Pompejan factions. The word *faction* will, I think, go a great way towards vindicating the steps which he pursued; which, to the adulators of hereditary chief magistracies established by force of arms, appear unsatisfactory, and oscillating.

It should be remembered that the party of Cæsar was evidently a faction purely *military*, diverging from the *civil* institutions of the republic. That of Pompeius too, though far more plausible than his antagonist's, skreened as it was by the ostensible motive of protecting the existing civil institutions, ought, I apprehend, rather to be considered as the rival *military* faction of Cæsar, if contemplated in its true light.† The defeat at Pharsalia certainly preserves the honour of Pompeius unimpeachable, since we can conclude nothing *positive* with respect to his ulterior projects. But how would he have acted had he there been the conqueror? Was he not a military man in the most extended sense of the

* The same charge of vanity, if persisted in by hypercritics, ought also to implicate Demosthenes. I know no passages in Cicero, in which self-complaceney is more conspicuous than the following:

..... πως ουχ' ἁπαντων ενδοξοτατα ὑμεις αβουλευσασθε εμοι πεισθεντες. ... ..

... . τις δε ὁ τ πολει λεγων, και γραφων, και πραττων, και ἁπλως ἑαυτον εις τα πραγματα αφειδως δους; εγω .....

..... δ' ὁντινα δε αλλον ἡ πολις εστεφανωται, (συμβουλον λεγω και ῥητορα,) πλην δ' εμε, ουδ' αν εις ειπειν εχο .....

..... μονος των λεγοντων, και πεπολιτευομενων, εγω την της ευνοιας τοξιν εν τοις δεινοις ουκ ελιπον. .....

..... ὁμως δ' ἐπεπεισμην, μητε γραφοντ' αν εμου γραψαι βελτιον μηδενα, μητε πραττοντα τι πραξαι, μητε πρεσβευοντα πρεσβευσαι προθυμοτερον, μητε δικαιοτερον. .....

..... και ταυτα μοι παντα πεποιηται, και ουδεις μηποτε ανθρωπων ευροι το κατ' εμε ουδεν ελλειφθεν.....

..... και μεγιστων δε πραγματων των κατ' εμαυτον ανθρωπων προστας, παντα ταυτα ὑγιως και δικαιως πεπολιτευμαι, δια ταυτ' αξιω τιμασθαι.....ΠΕΡΙ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΟΥ. *passim.*

The truth is that Demosthenes is not so much studied.

† This will be confirmed in a subsequent note, as far, at least, as concurrent testimony will admit.

word? Did not Cicero, intimate as his knowledge was of human nature, draw the more than probable inference, that the final result to the republic would have been pretty similar, whether Cæsar or Pompeius conquered at Pharsalia? How then did he act in that conjuncture? As well apparently as a *civil* individual could, who had the best interests of the republic at heart; and who was bent on supporting the good cause, without *entirely* compromising himself with Pompeius, and his cohorts; for though he was not in the field, we find him active at Dyrrachium in doing all that a *civil* individual could, to prop the reeling fortunes of the republic. His cavilling detractors can only approve his conduct with the provisos of his having served *under* Pompeius in the actions near Dyrrachium, and at Pharsalia; of his classing himself at a venture, among that general's centurions, and of seeing him driven from rank to rank by blustering military chiefs. This foresooth, would have been a proper sphere for him, who alone by his *civil* exertions, had rescued the state from an atrocious conspiracy; for him who was of consular dignity, and who had thrown such lustre round the chief magistracy and the tribunals!

Neither would they be satisfied with this. They require him after the battle of Pharsalia, to have followed the discomfited fortune of Pompeius, and have died with him on the Egyptian strand; though it is obvious that few or no hopes for the republic would have remained had he done so; and though it is incontestable that, by resuming his station in Italy, he at once consulted his own dignity, proved his courage, and formed a necessary rallying point for the separated partisans of Pompeius; preferring to be crushed by the tottering fabric of the citadel, rather than to falling, if not ignobly, at least unprofitably in the outworks. Petty jealousies, in affairs of such moment, ought certainly not to be taken into account by those who attempt to draw conclusions in his favour; but we cannot discover any reason why he should have felt strong yearnings of personal affection for Pompeius, who repulsed him with contumely, when he implored his assistance against Clodius; who on his return from the Mithridatic war, testified towards Cicero nothing but a polite coldness, fruit probably of the jealousy which he entertained of the glory accruing to the orator, from the annihilation of the Catilinarian conspiracy.*

* "In Pompeio nihil comé, nihil simplex, nihil liberum, nihil ἐν τοῖς πολιτικοῖς honestum," in one of the letters to Atticus; and in another, "is qui nos sibi quondam ad pedes stratos ne sublevabat quidem." Traces of secret pantings for illegitimate power may be discovered from the conduct of Pompeius. What did Cassius think of him in a letter to Cicero, written when Cæsar was in Spain, with the hope that the latter would conquer, Cæsar not having yet fully developed his ambitious views? "Peream nisi sollicitus sum; ac malo veterem ac clementem

To come then closely to the point, how would his enemies have had him act? Would they have had him cast himself at a venture, and without any reserve, among the centurions of Pompeius? This would have been as rational as the architect removing the main buttress necessary for the support of the centre of an old building, to one of the wings. Would they have had him espouse at once Cæsar's interests? This would have been a dereliction of the cause of liberty, of the republic, of those principles which he had uniformly supported, and tantamount to treason. Would they have had him, sword in hand, head a third party of his own? This step would have convulsed the sinking and shattered republic with a third military faction. If the line of conduct which he observed, appears at all unsatisfactory, it must be attributed to the difficulties occasioned by the extraordinary qualities of the contending rivals, rather than to any timorousness, or tergiversation springing from himself.

"But," continue his detractors, "it is impossible to surmount his having flattered Cæsar." Do those who condemn him point blank for this, weigh attentively the superior qualities with which Julius was gifted? the paramount ascendancy which he had acquired, not only with the army and people, but with at least one half of the senate? Great as Tullius was, it would not do for him to kick at random against the pricks of the man whose talents were so varied and extraordinary, and whose parallel in energies and resources never existed either before or since his period. Cicero knew him well; he was aware that though hurried headlong by ambition he had a heart susceptible of generous impressions, neither was he a man to be controuled by taunts and reproaches. By using then conciliatory means, he hoped, if not to extinguish the jealousies that subsisted between the two rivals, at least to prevent the clouds that were blackening on opposite sides of the political horizon, from coming in violent contact, and pouring their angry flames on

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dominum habere, quàm crudelem et novum experiri. Scis Cneius quàm sit fatuus: scia quomodo crudelitatem virtutem putet." Cass. Ciceron. Famil. XV. 19. Paterculus too, confirms his secret aim at exorbitant power; "neque Pompeius ut primùm ad rempublicam est adgressus, quenquam animo parem tulit." II. c. 33. Appian also states that Pompeius, when ordered by the consuls to head the armies of the republic against Cæsar, replied, that he was ready to obey them in all things, unless circumstances suggested *something more advisable*. Appian remarks that this was a cunning and evasive answer. What were the secret suggestions of his heart, when, on the morning of the battle of Pharsalia, turning to his friends he remarked, that on whatever side the victory might prove, it was sure to be pregnant with interminable calamities to the Roman people? App. II. c. 4. All this tends to show, that Cicero's caution with respect to Pompeius, was the result of his discriminating and sound judgment.

the vessel of the state.* As soon as Cæsar gave proofs of his dishonest intentions, Tullius appears to have been not less decided than Brutus, Cassius, or any other of the conspirators.†

"Then why did he not use the dagger in the *Curia Pompeiana?*" Here he seems to have acted with as much judgment as the unprecedented difficulties of the case would allow. He, whose career was so eminently legal, who had grown hoary in the civil service of the state, would have offered violence to his principles, to the majesty of those laws of which he was the main bulwark, had he vibrated the poignard with Brutus, Cassius, and several of the others, who were professed military men, or who had filled, comparatively with his own, subordinate stations in the republic. We may conclude, too, that he must have felt an invincible repugnance in sheathing a weapon in the breast of that Cæsar, whose qualities of soul were so transcendant, and who had proved himself so eminent in the favourite pursuits of Cicero.

Standing, then, as he did, daggerless, in or near the *Curia Pompeiana*, fixing merely his *ferret and fiery eyes* on the gorgeous victim appareled for the sacrifice,‡ he not only acted the most judicious part in a crisis of such delicacy and difficulty, but equalled at least the rest of the conspirators in courage; for if any thing had happened adverse to them, Tullius, whose political

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* Velleius Paterculus observes that Cicero was the only senator who proposed terms of reconciliation: "unicè cavente Cicerone concordiæ publicæ;" confirmed also by Appian, Lib. II. c. 4.

† Philipp. II. *passim.* Perhaps the first open proof of Cæsar's views exploded during that splendid procession in his honour in front of the temple of Venus Genitrix; whereat the tribune Pontius Aquila alone kept his seat. At which Julius starting from the curule chair, and on the brink of epilepsy: "Repete ergò nunc à me rempublicam, Ponti Aquila!" On granting any favour to his partisans for some days afterwards, he added "si tamen per Pontium Aquilam licuerit." The life of this extraordinary man has never yet been properly handled; it requires something higher than the respectable qualities of Plutarch. When we consider the incredible celerity of his movements, the magnanimity which he displayed in pardoning his enemies, the tears which he shed on the death of his rival, can we resist from dwelling with complacency on the lines of Virgil?

> Candidus insuetum miratur limen Olympi,
> Sub pedibusque videt nubes et sidera Daphnis;
> Ergò alacris sylvas, et cætera rura voluptas,
> Panaque pastoresque tenet, Dryadasque puellas.

Dark spots indeed we find in his character; but they are such as we behold in the sun, which the circumambient fire conceals from all but *microscopic* eyes.

‡ *Oculis cepi*, Ad Att. XIV. ep. 14. We may infer from which that he was present, or about the scene of action. But there is a passage in a letter to Trebonius, difficult to reconcile with this: "Quàm vellem ad illas pulcherrimas epulas Id. Mart. me invitâsses!" Perhaps this apparent contradiction is explained by taking *epulæ* literally, a supper perhaps given by one of the conspirators, whereat they arranged subsequent measures.—If he was not in the Curia Pompeiana, it is more than probable that he was close at hand.

sentiments were well known, would have sold his life at a cheaper rate than the others who were armed.

The conduct which Cicero observed subsequent to the death of Cæsar, seems not less satisfactory and judicious; for if the senate, as he advised, and not the conspirators only, had assembled in the capitol, the republic perhaps might have been saved, or at least spared those sanguinary scenes, which took place during the second triumvirate.* Those who persist in taxing Cicero with cowardice, must first tear to pieces Brutus and Cassius, who, after the assassination of Cæsar, retired to Antium, from fear of the populace, though they filled the office of prætor; but Cicero, at that period, filled none but his usual senatorial station; had he, at that crisis, held as ostensible a one as prætor, he most probably would not have retired, at such a moment, from the scene of action. No doubt he would have displayed the same firmness as in the affair of Catiline.†

This also is worthy of remark, that, had Brutus and Cassius shown as much judgment as Cicero, by remaining in Italy, instead of absenting themselves in remote provinces,‡ they would have been able to take advantage of the dissensions that occurred between Octavius and Antonius; they might then have easily sided with the former to crush the latter; while the *boy* Octavius might, in all probability, have been easily controuled in any further schemes which he might have nourished hostile to the government. But no more on the political conduct observed by Cicero.

Tullius, as an orator, in the opinion of the most distinguished critics, Quintilian, I believe, alone excepted,‖ yields the palm to his Athenian rival; that is to say, in the wielding of close argument, supported by resistless force of enthymem, which is unquestionably the most valuable prerogative of the orator. We have nevertheless one oration by Cicero of a higher order even than the ΠΕΡΙ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΟΥ: for the defence of Ligarius involves throughout the controul of the most difficult figure in rhetoric; and, in the management of irony, which steers clear of vulgarity on the one hand, and of insipidity, or doubtful sense, on the other, Cicero not only outshines Demosthenes, but every other orator of whose works we have any notice.

In force of invective, too, and panegyric, and more especially

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* See Ad Att. XIV. ep. 10.

† The retreat of Brutus and Cassius to Antium is confirmed by Plutarch, and by Cicero. Ad Att. XV. epp. 11, 12.

‡ The orator regrets their absence in a letter to Atticus. *O Brute, ubi es, quantam ευκαιριαν amittis!* XVI. ep. 8.

‖ Oratores verò vel præcipuè Latinam eloquentiam parem facere Græcis possunt; nam Ciceronem cuicumque eorum fortiter opposuerim. Quint. X. c. 1.

in volume of peroration, his eloquence is singularly triumphant. Had he left us nothing but the conclusions of the *Verrines*, the *Pro Milone*, and *Pro Fonteio*, he would have established a sufficient right to the title of a great orator. His most partial admirers are nevertheless obliged to confess that he is not a little indebted to the illustrious Athenian.*

It is, however, only as an orator, that Demosthenes can be said to surpass Cicero. We cannot trace the Grecian discussing philosophical topics with his friends, like the Roman, in dignified retirement; or engaged through life in active correspondence with the leading men of his age; we cannot discover him attentive in moulding the mind of a son, or filling a colonial government with dignity, like Cicero; or extinguishing such dangerous intestine firebrands as Catiline, Cethegus, Clodius, and their counterparts.

He shines pre-eminent in his correspondence. We have no letters of ancient or modern times, in which we recognize so completely at once the man of business, the sincere friend, the zealous patron, and the sage. No one ever existed more ambitious of true glory; and no one braved with more cheerfulness those toils and anxieties, without which a substantial fame is wholly unattainable. He did not want to scale the temple by an easy and commodious flight of steps; but was content to work his way up over briars, slippery marl, and rough-pointed stones.

One of the most striking features of his character was that buoyant cheerfulness, which enabled him not only to grace his speeches with lively sallies, but to be the soul of every society which he frequented. And perhaps this was no small proof of his greatness. He differed in which respect from Demosthenes, who was silent and severe. We know that Tiro registered his witticisms, which he collected in three volumes, and published after his death; and that Cæsar enjoined those of his friends, who frequented Cicero, to note down carefully the aphorisms and repartees that fell from his fertile mind. Of those preserved to us by Plutarch and Macrobius, we may say in the words of Martial:

"*Sunt bona, sunt quædam mediocria, sunt mala quædam.*"†

I defy any body to trace in Cicero a wish to detract from the merit of his distinguished cotemporaries. The Hortensii, the Cornificii, the Attici, the Varros, the Figuli, the Lentuli, the

* Justus Lipsius has collated some passages of Cicero and Demosthenes, which prove that the former not unfrequently borrowed from the Athenian. Perhaps the principal defect of the Ciceronian periods is a redundant use of superlatives. Most of his orations teem with *issimi* and *errimi*.

† Justus Lipsius says: "in facetiis et jocis Cicero semper deus est."

Bruti, the Cassii, the Catuli, and several others, found in him a sincere friend; and were, no doubt, as much indebted, among the men of their age, for the applause conferred on them by Cicero, as they are among posterity, for the celebrity which they obtain, from being noticed in his works.

There was one trait in his character for which he has been unfairly censured; I allude to that humble complaisance to which he had recourse, in endeavouring to persuade his fellow-citizens from siding with the Clodian faction. This conduct, for which we are told by Appian, he entailed on himself the most galling ridicule, places him in an advantageous point of view as a real republican, and sincere patriot. He did not keep sullenly aloof from his countrymen, as Coriolanus would have done in any similar conjuncture; neither did he feign indifference for their favourable opinions, like a mere compound of blood, pride, and ferocity.

No individual, immersed in such high and various pursuits, ever made the head and heart step out so well together. The same man who fulminated with his oratory the highest and most restive spirits of Rome, could be sprightly and hearty with his friends one hour, and the next, absorbed in the investigation of philosophical truths. He was splendid, hospitable, and the man of business, at Rome; dignified and philosophical, at Tusculanum; blending, occasionally, deep research with the gaieties of the world, at his Formian, Cuman, and Puteolan villas; and, as we should say in England, a plain country-gentleman at Arpinum.

He appears to have been one of the few Romans who knew how to appreciate the sentiment of compassion.

He seems to have looked upon those nations that were incapable of maintaining the elective civil magistracy in an inferior point of view.

The uniformity of his political sentiments is confirmed by the manner of his death; which can only be contemplated as a martyrdom in the cause of the elective civil chief magistracy and of liberty.

That catastrophe ought, indeed, to be considered as one of the most tragical occurrences in all history; for with his constitution, it must have been more difficult to arm himself with the requisite firmness, than with such as Brutus, Cassius, Cæsar, and others possessed, who were engaged, for the greater part of their lives, in steeling their hearts with military service, and, consequently, bereaving death of half its terrors. *Qui talem Ciceronis casum satis dignè deplorare possit, alius Cicero non extat.**

* Val. Max. V. c. 3.

To those whose spirits may be dashed by honest but fruitless attempts to realize glory in the arduous careers of politics or law, he shines like a beacon seen on a dark night, from the midst of a tempestuous sea, by the distressed mariner; and in this point of view, he must always prove superior to the philosophical politician, or pure moralist in their closets; whose speculations and exhortations, however useful to others, and honourable to themselves, cannot have the same weight as those promulgated by one, who was more engaged in combating political abuses through life, than any other individual either before or since his period; and whose career, in spite of its difficulties, seems to have been a perpetual commentary on his thoughts and assertions. We search in vain for his parallel in modern times; most likely, too, in ancient. For the great men who have figured on the theatre of politics in our age, have found a firmer *point d'appui* than Cicero; education being much more widely extended, and, consequently, the weapons of ferocity much more blunted. He may be said to resemble, in the attitude which he presented to the fierce spirits of the latter period of the Roman republic, the seraph Abdiel making his way with firmness along the lines of Milton's legionary dæmons.

His philosophy was drawn from the sublimest sources; and he appears to have formed an eclectic system of his own. The treatises *De Glorid*, *De Republicd*, and the Exhortation to philosophy, entitled *Hortensius*, are great losses to the literary world. It is certain that Petrarch had the first in his possession, and St. Augustine the last.* The *De Republicd* was also entire in France about the tenth century.† We may infer their value from the *aureæ sententiæ*, which have been preserved by Lactantius and Augustine. The last records a sentence, in which Tullius seems to agree with some philosophers, that man was created to expiate crimes committed in a previous state of existence; a dogma, which it might be rash implicitly to adopt; but which, from most appearances, in the physical and moral worlds, it would be difficult to refute. At any event it sounds more plausible than the *literal* acceptation of the Mosaic apple.‡

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* Pet. Ep. Senil. It appears that Petrarch lent the MS. to his tutor, who pawned it when in distressed circumstances. Petrarch offered a large sum for its recovery; but the tutor, ashamed of the transaction, refused to mention the person to whom he had consigned it.—Tiraboschi.

† Petit Radel Des Bibliothèques.

‡ Voltaire, in a sentence replete with truth and energy, says: "La nature sanglante est assise entre la naissance et la mort!" This may serve as a commentary on the above speculation of Cicero. It would be easy to subjoin a long note. There are five good dissertations on the Ciceronian philosophy in the Mem. de l'Acad. des Inscriptions, by M. Gautier de Sibert.

It is worthy of remark, that Cicero, in those of his philosophical works, wherein he gives the reins to his imagination, (as in the *Somnium Scipionis*,) seems to embrace the belief of the immortality of the soul; while in those, to which he applies argument, he sometimes appears inclined to reject it. It is certain that he has thrown a veil of scepticism over his highest speculations; but whether conclusive or not, a mind like Cicero's, could never have been diverted from the pursuit of the ΚΑΛΟΝ, the ΑΓΑΘΟΝ, and the ΠΡΕΠΟΝ.

But I am gliding insensibly into the last section of Middleton. Sufficient has been stated to clear Tullius of imputations of pusillanimity, which have been hastily urged by those who are secretly jealous of his well-earned fame, though he has long rotted in the sepulchre; or by those, who from an inclination to military ascendancy in states, refuse to associate his conduct in important points, with their approbation.

ON QUINTUS FRATER, MARCUS FILIUS, TERENTIA, AND TULLIA.

QUINTUS CICERO would shine in the Roman annals, did he not stand too near his brother. He filled successively the offices of edile, quæstor, and proprætor in Asia; he was also dispatched by Pompeius to purchase grain in Sardinia, when Rome suffered from scarcity. He subsequently served under Julius Cæsar, in Gaul and Britain; and afterwards was attached to his brother in the proconsulate of Cilicia.*

The orator had evidently a high opinion of his talents, and he has introduced him as an interlocutor in the *De Legibus* and *De Divinatione*.

The circumstances of his death are very tragical. In the proscription of the triumvirate, his son Quintus concealed him from the assassins, and used every effort to save him; which he did so effectually, as to make their search and inquiries fruitless. Irritated at not finding Quintus, they applied the torture to his son; the father, unable to suppress the agony which he felt on hearing the groans of his son, withdrew from his retreat, and surrendered himself to the assassins, with the hope of rescuing the younger Quintus. The father then supplicated the murderers that they should make away with him first, protesting his inability to witness the execution of his offspring. The son besought the same for himself. The inhuman emissaries replied that they would

* Ad Att. I. ep. 12. II. ep. 3. Ad Quint. Frat. II. ep. 14. Cæs. Com. lib. V. and Famil. XV. ep. 4.

speedily settle all difficulties; and shutting the father in one room, and the younger Quintus in the other, dispatched them both at the same moment.* A memorable instance of the blessings accruing to society from the predominance of military influence.

Marcus, son of the orator, served in the battle of Philippi; and afterwards joined Sextus Pompeius, who received him with every demonstration of respect. In the truce, which Sextus subsequently signed with the triumvirs at Misenum, it was stipulated that the proscribed should obtain pardon, and the restitution of their goods and estates. Marcus profiting of this, lived for some time in retirement, and remote from public concerns. Augustus afterwards created him high-priest and augur; he subsequently named him one of the superintendents of the mint; and after the battle of Actium, associated him in the consulate. *Literæ laureatæ* were addressed by Augustus to Marcus, announcing his victory at Actium, and the conquest of Egypt. Marcus read them to the senate and people. He then ordered the demolition of all the statues and monuments of Antonius. "Providence," remarks Plutarch, "by a striking revolution of events, permitting that the son of the illustrious orator should triumph over the name and fortunes of Antonius."

Dio Cassius makes a similar remark. Marcus Cicero would make a good figure in history, had he not accepted office from the man who acquiesced to the proscription of his father.—Seneca tells us that he scourged publicly an individual, for calumniating the reputation of the orator.

The documents transmitted to us respecting Terentia are very few; we therefore can arrive at no satisfactory conclusions with regard to her repudiation. Middleton, eager even in trivial points, to vindicate Cicero, ascribes it to her high and interfering spirit, which ultimately subdued the patience of the orator. St. Jerom tells us that she afterwards married Sallust the historian, and sworn enemy of Cicero; she found a third husband in Messala; and Dio Cassius gives her a fourth, one Vibius Rufus; who boasted in the reign of Tiberius, that he was the possessor of two things, each the property of two great men; one, the wife of Cicero; the other, the chair in which Cæsar was assassinated. According to Valerius Maximus, Terentia attained the advanced age of one hundred and three years; according to Plinius, one hundred and seventeen.

Tullia, the only daughter of Cicero, had, as is well known, three husbands. The first of whom was Caius Piso; the second, Furius Crassipes; and the third, Cornelius Dolabella. We cannot discover the year of her birth; but Casaubon suspects that

* Dio Cassius, lib. XLVII. and Appian. Bell. Civil.

she could not have been more than twelve years of age, when she married Piso, who we find from several passages quoted by Bayle, was a man of good character, and took a deep interest in all that concerned his father-in-law. Piso is supposed to have died during Cicero's exile. We know nothing of her second husband Crassipes; and it is uncertain whether he repudiated her, or made way by death, for Cornelius Dolabella; who began ill, promised subsequently better, and ended as he began. His agreeable manners so cajoled Terentia and her daughter, that they thought him an excellent match. Dolabella occasioned great uneasiness to Cicero, by the sedition which he excited, when tribune of the people; and by the proposal of the maddest of all possible laws respecting debtors. Tullia soon had reason to regret the match which she had made; and her journey to Brundusium was probably undertaken to consult with her father on the divorce, which she subsequently effected. Cicero, notwithstanding the separation, *ménageait* him as long as he could, and corresponded with him till after the death of Cæsar; but in consequence of his infamous conduct in Asia, and the cruelties which he exercised on Trebonius, the orator broke all ties with him, and made him feel the lash of his eloquence in the second Philippic.*

Tullia died A. U. C. 708, when Cæsar was in Spain, who wrote a consolatory letter to Cicero on the occasion, dated from Hispalis.

The affection that Cicero felt for Tullia has almost passed into a proverb. In his correspondence, he styles her *deliciæ*, *deliciolæ*, *mea anima*, *lux*, *desiderium*. Lactantius speaks highly of her personal qualities. "Il y a beaucoup d'apparence que Tullie était douée de mille bonnes qualités, et l'une des plus aimables personnes de son temps, puisqu'elle avoit acquis à un tel point, la tendresse d'un tel père," says Bayle. Plutarch assigns as the reason of Cicero's divorce from Terentia, her sending Tullia to Brundusium in a mean equipage. Be it as it may, the grief that he felt for her loss, seems almost to have upset his mind.

A few words on the calumny which would induce us to believe Cicero worse than the Cinyras of Ovid, and Tullia but little better than his Myrrha. "Les caresses que la pronimité du sang autorise entre les personnes de différent sexe, sont exposées à de mau-

* "Cæteris quidem vitæ partibus, quis est qui possit, sine Trebonii maximâ contumeliâ, conferre vitam Trebonii cum Dolabellæ? Alterius consilium, ingenium humanitatem, innocentium, magnitudinem animi in patriâ liberandâ, quis ignorat? Alteri, à puero pro deliciis crudelitas fuit; deinde ea libidinum turpitudo, in hoc sit semper lætatus quòd ea fecerat, quæ sibi objici ne ab inimico quidem possent verecundo; et hic, dii immortales, aliquando fuit meus; occulta enim erant vitia non inquirenti; neque nunc fortasse alienus ab eo casem, nisi ille vobis, nisi mæibus patriæ, nisi huic urbi, nisi diis penatibus, nisi aris et focis omnium nostrûm, nisi denique naturæ et humanitati, inventus esset inimicus." Phil. II.

vaises interprétations, dés qu'elles passent au delà de l'ordinaire Qu'y a-t-il que la médisance n'empoisonne?" obsérves the judicious Bayle. The defamation appears to have originated in the declamation of the sophist, who cloaks himself with the name of Sallust. Donatus is the only old commentator of Virgil who suspects that the line

Hic thalamos natæ invasit, vetitosque hymenæos

alludes to Cicero. Servius, a far more diligent annotator, absolutely rejects it;* so evidently does Bayle, so does Middleton, so in fine do all those who have made the human heart their study; for had Cicero been guilty of a crime, which even the pagans held in detestation, he would have skulked from the notice of his friends, after the decease of his daughter. Now there is no subject on which he unbosomed himself so completely to his friends, as on that occasion; who returned for the affliction which he expressed, suitable consolatory letters. His mind, naturally susceptible of the noblest sentiments, would have become obscured; neither is it reasonable to suppose that he could have reappeared at the bar, or in the senate, at least with any effect. But several of the most trying events of his life occurred, several of his most powerful harangues were delivered, subsequent to the death of Tullia. But let us suppose that the line of Virgil does glance obliquely at Cicero. Much scandal we may presume, flitted about the court of Augustus; whose flatterers were no doubt eager to propagate any calumny against Cicero, whereby they might hope to extenuate the *deep damnation of his taking off*, and make it sit lighter on the heart of the emperor. The declamation above alluded to, is held in merited contempt by Ernestus; and it is so poor a composition that the future compilers of editions of Cicero, would perhaps do well to expunge it altogether.

A few words, also, on the calumny of Dio Cassius respecting Cerellia. The Abbé Mongault, in one of his notes to his translation of the Letters to Atticus, roundly says of this woman: *la bonne amie de Cicéron.*† Let us hear what he says in another note, and which is something more to the purpose; though to be sure it is somewhat curious to quote an author in opposition to himself: "C'est cette femme, dont on prétend que Cicéron devint amoureux, sur ses vieux jours, quoiqu'elle fût encore plus vieille que lui. Il est vrai que c'est Dion, qui le fait dire à Calenus, dans son invective en réponse à la secondième Philippique; et cet historien est si outré dans tout ce qu'il dit contre Cicéron, qu'il ne mérite aucune croyance. Corradus cite Quintilien et Ausone, dont il ap-

* "Nefas est credi dictum esse de Tullio, quod convicium à Sallustio Ciceronis inimico natum est." Serv. ad Æn. VI.

† Note à la 19, lettre du livre XIV.

puye le témoignage de Dion; mais il les cite sans fondement. Quintilien rapporte seulement un passage d'une lettre de Cerellia, qui n'a aucun rapport à la galanterie; et les lettres de galanterie à Cerellia, qu'Ausone cite, ne sont point de Cicéron, mais d'Apulée, et c'est une Cerellia, qui n'a rien de commun avec celle-ci."* It must be remembered that Cerellia does not figure in Cicero's correspondence with Atticus, till towards the close of his life; and that Dio himself confesses that she was older than the orator; who describes her in one of his letters, *mirificè studio philosophiæ flagrans.*† He therefore who would make him an *homme de galanterie* at the close of his life with Cerellia, need not stick at turning our Johnson into a *Paris*, and Mrs. Thrale into his *Œnone*; because forsooth letters passed between them. The other aspersions of Dio Cassius are beneath the notice of a professed *Ciceromastix.*

ON THE VILLAS OF CICERO.

NUMEROUS were the villas which Tullius possessed in various parts of Italy. Middleton states that, according to some, he was owner of no fewer than eighteen; but he is silent as to his authority. Exclusive of his house on the Palatine, I have never been able to make out more than ten: a number sufficiently considerable, and which it may be questioned whether the Roman emperors exceeded, or even equalled. On this account some have thrown out suspicions injurious to his reputation; but dexterous forsooth must he have been, if with his multiplicity of vocations, he could have found time to turn fortune-hunter, and cajole people out of their estates. Some of his country-houses he no doubt built; and it is probable that single men of respectability, aware of his high merit, and having no descendants of their own, made him their heir.‡

Middleton seems to contradict himself, when having stated on the authority of Seneca, that the Romans usually built their villas on hills, he proceeds to look upon Grotta-Ferrata as occupying the site of the Tusculan villa, situated under the hills

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* Note à la 15, lettre du livre XII.

† Ad Att. XIII ep. 21.—Tiraboschi remarks, "Dell'amicizia che Cicerone mostrò per Cerellia, si valse Dione à calunniarlo. Ma ognun sa qual fede si debba in tale argomento a uno storico, il quale pare che si prendesse di mira l'oscurare quanto gli era possibile, la fama di sì grand'uomo."

‡ Confirmed, I see, by his own words, Phil. II. c. 16.

between Frascati and Albano.* But the monastery of La Ruffinella, lately occupied by Jesuits, but now by Lucian Buonaparte, more likely stands on the Tusculan retreat of Cicero. Nothing can be conceived finer than the landscape commanded by this enviable spot. The corridor is filled with mutilated inscriptions and busts found in the ruins of the city above. One of them is inscribed,

DIPHILOS
POETES

probably the tragic poet mentioned by Cicero, as having lampooned Pompeius at the Apollinarian games.†

Ascending the hill by a fine shrubbery, the chief ornament of which is a very perfect sitting statue, most likely of the orator, and recently found in the ruins of Tusculum by the proprietor, we reached the site of the ancient city. Considerable remains of the theatre and public aqueduct have been unearthed, and the guide told me that some leaden pipes and tiles have been found with the orator's name inscribed.‡

Close to where they were excavated, and a few paces from the amphitheatre, there are magnificent ruins, which bear the character of the buildings of the latter period of the republic. They consist of a long *crypto-porticus*, which communicated with several chambers; traces of which are still visible. It is pretty obvious that there was another story. They have been called, time immemorial, *La Scuola di Cicerone*; and with every probability on their side, may be contemplated as the remains of the *Academia Tusculana*, which we need no longer look for at Grotta Ferrata, as Middleton imagined, or even at La Ruffinella; but rather on the declivity of the hill facing the Alban mount—that mount so majestically apostrophized in the *Pro Milone*!

"Vos enim jam Albani tumuli, atque luci, vos, inquam, imploro et obtestor, vosque Albanorum obrutæ aræ, sacrorum populi Romani sociæ et æquales, quas ille præceps amentiâ, cæsis, prostratisque sanctissimis lucis, substructionum insanis molibus oppresserat; vestræ tum aræ, vestræ religiones viguerunt, vestra vis valuit, quam ille omni scelere polluerat: tuque ex tuo edito monte Latiaris sancte Jupiter, cujus ille lacus, nemora, finesque sæpa omni nefario stupro et scelere maculârat, aliquando ad eum puniendum oculos aperuistis: vobis illæ, vobis, vestro

* Near Grotta-Ferrata, I remarked several magnificent planes, the descendants, perhaps, of those under which Cotta, Crassus, and Scævola, discussed the qualifications of an orator. De. Orat. I. 8.

† "Ludis Apollinaribus Diphilus Poeta in nostrum Pompeium petulanter invectus est." Ad Att. II. ep. 19.

‡ Perhaps they conveyed the *Aqua Crabra* for which he paid an annual rent to the Tusculans; "ego Tusculanis pro aquâ Crabrâ vectigal pendam. In. Rull. 3.

in conspectu seræ, sed justæ tamen et debitæ pœnæ solutæ sunt."

As we descended from the *Telegoni juga parricidæ*, a loud clap of thunder bust with *fracas* from the steeps where the temple of *Jupiter Latiaris* formerly stood; the welkin behind Tusculum was shrowded in black, while a strong gleam of light was poured full on the ruins of the *Academia*. The striking accidents of the landscape corresponded with the recollections of him whose favourite retreat was the object of our visit; immortalized as it is by those philosophical disputations, which the common consent of the learned world classes among the most valuable monuments of Roman literature. Tullius indeed is no where greater than at Tusculanum. Common statesmen and lawyers on retiring into the country, are obliged to renovate their hearts with light reading, or family chit-chat. His *unbendings* were with Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Epicurus, and Zeno.

In a second visit to La Ruffinella, when the Tusculan groves appeared in the gay livery of spring, I caused a faithful copy of the profile of the above-mentioned statue to be taken, subjoined in a preceding page. The more I consider it, the more I am inclined to think it a Cicero.

The classical retreat of La Ruffinella has been celebrated in some racy stanzas of the sixteenth century, with which we will take a farewell of Tusculanum, and its present proprietor; for the Venusian whispers:

Ne semper udum Tibur, et Æsulæ
Declive contempleris arvum, et
Telegoni juga parricidæ.

I.

Su le porte del vecchio Tusculano,
Nell' alto monte sta la Ruffinella;
L'empito de li venti soffia in vano;
Quivi si gode ogn' altra cosa bella;
Monti, campagne, e il Lazio Romano
Domina, come Sole ogn' altra stella.
La vista, l'aria, l'acque, i frutti, e l'ombre,
Fanno ch' ogni travaglio quì si sgombre.

II.

Sopra un ameno poggio antiche mura
Con mirabil disegno, e arte rara,
Sostentan l'edificio, che non cura
Caldo, nè gelo, e con la vista cara,
Rimira i colli intorno, e la pianura,
Il mar Tirreno, e la città preclara
Di Roma, il gran Soratte, e le colline
Fertilissime e grate Tiburtine.

III.

Spira quivi dal lucido oriente
Aura soave, e porta al ciel splendore;
La tramontana se ne vien sovente
Purgando intorno ogni dannoso humore;
Ma dal notturno e tacit' occidente
Soave spira il vento, e tempra l'hore.
Il mezzo giorno con allegra faccia,
Con l'uno e l'altro vento ivi s'abbraccia.

IV.

O desiato avventurato colle,
Che di bello habitar sti sì dotato!
La fama Tusculana ogn' uno estolle;
Il Tusculano cielo a tutti e grato,
A ville antiche la lor gloria tolle;
L'aria e la terra l'han tanto esaltato!
Li convicini, e anco i Tramontani
Vengono a ristorarsi e farsi sani.*

With regard to the Asturan villa, Wolfius, in his *Latium Vetus*, gives a view of some ruins, "quas," to use his words, "reliquias villæ Ciceronis rectè dixeris." They stand on a small island at the mouth of the rivulet which flows by Astura, a town of Phœnician origin, as its name implies. Cicero, in one of his letters, says: "est his locus amœnus, qui et Circeiis et Antio aspici potest." The bad character of the people deters strangers from visiting Astura, as it did myself, not without regret; for this retreat was the scene of the orator's affliction on the death of his daughter. Wandering among the thickets from morn to even, philosophy seems to have afforded him but slight consolation: "in hâc solitudine careo omnium colloquio, cumque manè in sylvam me abstrusi densam et asperam, non exeo inde ante vesperam. Secundùm te, nihil amicius solitudine; in eâ mihi omnis sermo est cum literis; eum tamen interpellat fletus, cui repugno quoad possum, sed adhuc pares non sumus."†

The site of what is called the Ciceronian villa at Antium, which contained his best library, is laid down by Sickler in his topography of Latium.

As for the Formian villas, *(superior et inferior,)* the site of the first is not pretended to be known; but the keeper of the inn at Mola di Gaeta, called *la villa di Cicerone*, where we breakfasted, will not fail to carry you through his orange and lemon orchard, to an ancient bath supported by columns of a good style, and one of the most perfect of the Roman ruins; which, at his suggestion, I suppose, we must dignify with the title of *Villæ Formianæ in-*

* Fabrizio Le Delizie Tusculane. Roma. 1596. † Ad Att. XII. ep. 15.

ferioris rudera. The substructions of the town of Formiæ are hard by seen every where under the waves.

As I embarked at Baiæ, near the tomb of Agrippina, to cross over to Puzzuoli, on a fine star-light evening, which brought to recollection one of the finest passages of Tacitus,* the guide pointed to a hill above the Lucrine lake, now reduced to the size of a pond, and which he called the site of the Cuman villa; if so, it was not more than a mile from the Puteolan, of which twelve or thirteen arches are still seen on the side next the vineyard, and intermixed as they are with trees, are very picturesque seen from the sea. These ruins are about one mile from Puzzuoli, and have always been styled *L'Academia di Cicerone.* Plinius is very circumstantial in the description of the site: "ab Averno lacu Puteolos tendentibus imposita littori." The classical traveller will not forget that the Puteolan villa is the scene of some of the orator's philosophical works. I searched in vain for the mineral spring commemorated by Laurea Tullius, in the well-known complimentary verses preserved by Plinius; for it was effaced by the convulsions which the whole of this tract experienced in the sixteenth century, so poetically described in Gray's hexameters.†

It would appear, from several passages in his letters, that Cicero was very partial to these enchanting shores; but he complains to Atticus of the frequent intrusion of idle visitors: "O loca cæteroqui valdè expetenda, interpellantium autem multitudine penè fugienda."‡

Among numerous excursions made in the environs of Naples, I crossed to the little island of *Nesis,* now called Nesita, rarely visited, and resembling in shape a Greek theatre; tempted to go thither by the recollection that in the most critical period of the republic, the orator had a rendezvous there with Brutus: "Nonis Quint. veni in Puteolanum; postridiè iens ad Brutum, in Nesidem hæc scripsi. Bruto tuæ literæ gratæ erant; fui enim apud illum multas horas in Neside."§ The whole of this island belonged to Lucullus. It is worth while to visit the castle, which commands one of the best views of the Puteolan bay. Here your eye may range over the promontory of Misenum; more interesting as having been the retreat of Cornelia, mother of the Gracchi, than

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* Descriptive of the murder of Agrippina by Nero "noctem sideribus illustrem, et placido mari quietam, quasi convincendum ad scelus Dî præbuêre." The reflection of the stars, too, in the rippling waves, reminded me of something more pleasing;

Ante bonam Venerem gelidæ per littora Baiæ,
Illa natare lacus cum lampade jussit Amorem.
Dum natat, algentes cecidit scintilla per undas;
Hinc vapor ussit aquas: quicunque natavit, amavit.

Frag. Inc. Auct.

† Nec procul infelix se tollit in æthera Gaurus, etc. ‡ Ad Att. XVI. ep. 16

§ Ad Att. XVI. ep. 1.

the occasional residence of Lucullus and Tiberius. Beyond are the fertile and populous isles of Ischia and Procida; the first, the temporary abode of Vittoria Colonna, the accomplished and excellent marchioness of Pescara; a little above the now desolate *Baiæ*, stands *Bauli*, where the orator and Hortensius went through their philosophical exercises together;* while nearly in the midst of the bay, the sea still foams round a black stone, part of the foundation of the pharos to the *Portus Julius*. A century or less will probably efface the scanty remains of one of the noblest works of the Augustan age; but it will exist for ever in the sonorous lines of Maro:

> An portus memorem, Lucrinoque addita claustra,
> Atque indignatum magnis stridoribus æquor;
> Julia quà ponto longè sonat unda refuso,
> Tyrrhenusque fretis immittitur æstus Avernis?

With regard to the Pompeian villa of Cicero, the learned Abate Romanelli, in his journey from Naples to Pompeii, thinks that the house near the street of the Tombs, above that of Marcus Arrius Diomedes, is the villa in question.† He founds his opinion on a passage of the Academical Question, entitled, *Lucullus*, in which the orator, discussing the sentiments of Epicurus respecting the senses, with Lucullus in his villa at *Bauli*, thus speaks: "ego Catuli Cumanum ex hoc loco video, Pompeianum non cerno; neque quidquam interjectum est quod obstet, sed intendi longiùs acies non potest. O præclarum prospectum! Puteolos videmus, at familiarem nostrum Avianum in porticu Neptuni ambulantem non videmus." He could then, observes Romanelli, see from Bauli, a village near the promontory of Misenum, the Cuman villa of Catulus to his left, and the town of Puteoli on the opposite side of the bay; but he could not descry his Pompeian villa; not that any thing intervened, *sed quia intendi longiùs acies non potest*. Now of all the houses in Pompeii, this is the only one yet discovered that commands a view of the site of Bauli in the distant haze. Here, then, continues the Abate, we must place his villa. Ingenious as this conjecture is, it must be remembered, that only one-fifteenth of Pompeii has been yet unearthed; and, perhaps, if the excavations are continued nearer the sea, the discovery of his villa may yet be ascertained by existing monuments. I certified that Romanelli is right with regard to the view both at Bauli and Pompeii. Be it as it may, the house contains a spacious cellar well-stored with flagons,

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* Quibus de rebus et aliàs sæpe nobis multa quæsita, et disputata sunt, et quondam in Hortensii villâ, quæ est ad Baulos. Acad. II. Quæst. II. Hortensius was a frequent visitor at the Cuman villa; which was often crowded with company: habemus in Cumano quasi pusillam Romam. Ad. Att. V. ep. 2.

† Viaggio da Napoli a Pompeii. Nap. 1817.

standing as they were left, but filled with ashes from Vesuvius, which are still reddish from the crimson juice. A flight of stairs (a great rarity in the houses at Pompeii) leads to a gallery inlaid with Mosaic. Fragments of white marble lie scattered about.

The classical traveller as he surveys from this terrace the azure expanse of the Neapolitan gulph, bounded by Castellamare, where the elder Plinius dropped down suffocated, by Capri, and cape Misenum, will hardly refrain from exclaiming with the orator: *O præclarum prospectum!*

ON THE MONUMENTS OF CICERO.

The Abate Lignamínio, an antiquary of Padua, relates that on the first of December, 1544, as some workmen were digging the foundations of a church in the island of Zante, they discovered the sepulchre of the orator; and within it one cinerary, and two lacrymatory vases. He, as well as Clavelli, are of opinion that the domestics who were present at the assassination, after his head and hands were cut off by Popilius Lænas, burnt his body, and sailed with the ashes to Zacynthus, where they honoured them with a funeral. But have any travellers seen this monument at Zante? I can only say that Clavelli in his *Storia d'Arpino*, gives a view of it, which I copied at Naples.

Fig. 7, (*See Frontispiece,*) exhibits one end of the sepulchre, with the inscription,

Fig. 8, is the cinerary urn which possibly contained the ashes of the orator.

Fig. 9, is the bottom of the cinerary urn. Who the Tertia Antonia of the inscription may have been is unknown.

Here perhaps it may not be inapposite to introduce an epitaph lately published for the first time at Rome, and taken from a M. S. of the fourteenth century, in the possession of Signor Mariottini; whether it may have been inscribed on an ancient sarcophagus, or whether it be the invention of some monk, cotemporary of Petrarch, I leave to skilful Latinists to decide:

Unicus orator, lumenque, decusque senatûs,
  Servator patriæ, conditor eloquii;
Cujus ab ingenio tandem illustrata perenni
  Lumine præclaro lingua Latina viget;
Decidit indignè manibus laceratus iniquis
  Tullius, hoc tumulo conditus exiguo.
Quicumque in libris nomen Ciceronis adoras,
  Adspice quo jaceat conditus ille loco.
Ille vel orator, vel civis maximus idem,
  Clarus erat famâ, clarior eloquio.
Quisquis in hoc saxo Tulli legis advena nomen,
  Ne dedigneris dicere, Marce vale!*

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* Lettera di Cancellieri, Roma, 1812.

Profile of the Statue at La Ruffinella.

The only ancient bust with the orator's name inscribed was in the Mattei collection at Rome; but it has lately passed into the hands of an illustrious English Duke; who, after a series of brilliant achievements in the field, proves that he reverences the *toga Ciceroniana* as it deserves.

The Magnesian medal preserved, I believe, in a monastery at Ravenna, exhibits his profile and name in Greek.

The busts shown in the Campidoglio, and in the Medicean gallery at Florence, are so far valuable, that they exactly resemble each other. But I suspect that they are not portraits of the orator; who speaks somewhere of his *procerum et tenue collum.* Now these busts are fleshy, and short about the neck. But in the Medicean collection, there is another portrait, which usually goes by the name of the Florentine bust; copies of which are spread so generally throughout Europe. It is certainly expressive of acuteness of intellect, and passes for the best reputed likeness of the orator. The inhabitants of Arpino preserved a very ancient bust of their townsman, in front of their town-hall; but it was destroyed during the commotions which took place in their city, in consequence of the French invasion.

Whether or no the statue lately found among the ruins of Tusculum, the profile of which is inserted in this work, represents the orator, *videant Viscontii.*

Of the inscriptions, commemorating the family of the Ciceros, Mauri in his *Antichità Romane,* notices the following on the pedestal of a statue erected by the Arpinates, in the Tusculan villa:

M. TULLIO. CICERONI. M. F.
KOMANAE. FACUNDIAE. PRINCIPI.
QUAEST. AED. COS. PRO. COS.
IMPERATORI.
P. P. ARPINATES.

Arce is an ancient city of the Volsci; built on a precipitous rock, washed by the Liris, and about eight miles from Arpino. It retains its ancient name; and is noted as having been the residence of Quintus Cicero. Like Arpino, it is one of the five Saturnian cities; and it is frequently alluded to in the correspondence with Atticus and Quintus. To the east of the city, some remains of *opus reticulatum,* and *fornices* are visible, which have been always called *l'aja di Cicerone,* or the *barn of Cicero.* In the year 1807, there were also found vestiges of an aqueduct, probably the same constructed by the architects Messidius and Philoxenus, who were employed by Quintus Cicero in hydraulic works. Near the ruins the following inscriptions have been discovered.

I.
Q. ET. M. TULLIS: Q. ET. M. F.F.
CICERONIBUS.
III. VIREIS. AED. POT. MUNICIP.
ARPINATIUM.

II.
M. TULLIO. M. F. M. N. M. PN.
CICERONI. COS.

PROCOS. PROV. ASIAE. LEG. IMP.
CAES. AUG. IN. SIRIA.
PATRONO.

III.

M. TULLIO. M. F. M. N. M. PN. COR.
CICERONI.
COS. PROCOS. PATRONO.

IV.

C. AVIANUS. PHILOXENUS.
ARCHITECTUS.
REDEMPTOR. OPERIS.

The first appears to have supported a statue erected to Quintus and Marcus, the nephew and son of the orator, whom we find were triumvirs and ædiles at Arpinum.

The second and third are both relating to Marcus the son.

The fourth apparently records the architect employed by Quintus Cicero, in the embellishments of his villa at Arce.

I cannot resist adding to these inscriptions, one recorded by Clavelli in his *Storia d'Arpino*, said to have been written on the walls of Cicero's house on the Palatine hill, the day after his expulsion by Clodius; though of doubtful authority, it is of remote antiquity, having been interpreted by Venerable Bede; and consisting only of twelve initials, has an air of mysterious interest.

P. P. P.	*Pater Patriæ Proficiscitur.*
S. S. S.	*Sapientia Secum Sublata est.*
R. R. R.	*Respublica Romana Ruit.*
F. F. F.	*Ferro Flammâ Fame.*

Most travellers, as they journey from Itri to Mola di Gaeta, are unwilling to contemplate the ruined tower on the right of the road, nearly overgrown with weeds, and supported in the interior by a central column, in any other light than as a monument destined to commemorate the assassination. We know from Livius, that his death took place near the Formian villa, *quæ paulò plus mille passibus abest à mari*; about actual distance of the tower in question from the beach; not that we can come to anything certain, for the encroachments of the sea are every where obvious about Mola. Some have taken this ruin to have been a watch-tower, built as it is like those seen by Swinburne on the coast of the Adriatic. But the neighbouring point of Gaeta would have been a far more advantageous site for a look-out tower. Whatever was its destination, as we wandered on this delicious shore on a fine December evening, the impressive lines of Cornelius Severus appeared wafted to our ears by the ripple of the Tyrrhene waves.

Oraque magnanimûm spirantia penè virorum
In rostris jacuêre suis: sed enim abstulit omnes,
Tanquam sola foret, rapti Ciceronis imago.
Tunc redeunt animis ingentia Consulis acta,
Juratæque manus, depressaque fœdera noxæ,

Patriciumque nefas: est tunc et pœna Cethegi,
Dejectusque redit votis Catilina nefandis.
Quid favor, aut cœtus, plenis quid honoribus anni
Profuerint? sacris exacta quid artibus ætas?
Abstulit una dies ævi decus; ictaque luctu
Conticuit Latiæ tristis facundia linguæ.
Egregium semper patriæ caput: ille senatûs
Vindex, ille fori, legum, ritûsque, togæque,
Publica vox sævis æternum obmutuit armis.
Informes vultus, sparsamque cruore nefando
Canitiem, sacrasque manus, operumque ministras
Tantorum, pedibus civis projecta superbis
Procul cavit ovans; nec lubrica fata, Deosque,
Respexit—nullo luet hoc Antonius ævo.*

It struck me, when at Arpino, that no monument exists in honour of Cicero, which may duly serve to remind us of his high deserts; and prove that his immortal mind still makes an impression on those, who are capable of estimating it. His memory was as much venerated in the dark ages as now; for according to the learned author of the Illustrations of Childe Harold, there existed at Rome in the twelfth century, a building called the Temple of Cicero. It sickens every traveller of common sense in Italy, to behold sumptuous monuments with long and fulsome inscriptions, raised to individuals, whose merits were very doubtful, or at best of a negative and insipid cast. The Corsini chapel attached to the church of *San Giovanni Laterano*, did not cost less, if we may believe report, than 5,000,000 *scudi*; though it may be questioned whether the Corsini ever did any thing for Europe, or their own country, better than thrusting into heaven some saint of their own creation, *Deo Opt. Max. nolente volente.* The Medici, the pride and shame of Florence, are enshrined in a mausoleum, which though unfinished, has not cost less than 10 000,000 *scudi*; some will tell you at Florence, 15,000,000. The cold assertion that the works of Cicero are his noblest monument,

* De Exil. et Mort. M. T. Cic.

When at Bologna, I made an excursion to the spot, which tradition says is immortalized by the rendezvous of the triumvirs, in a small isle formed by the Rhenus. About five miles on one of the roads leading to Modena, the Bolognese senate erected a brick monument with four pediments, on the spot where Octavius, Antonius, and Lepidus acquiesced to the proscription of Cicero. The course of the Rhenus is so altered by canals cut in modern times, that the spot is far from satisfactory to the classical traveller. There is however something irresistible in long tradition, and in the monument having been four times destroyed, as one of the inscriptions informs us. The side facing the road presents the following memorial:

C. Julio. Cæsare. Interfecto.
C. Pansa. et. A. Hirtio. Cos. Cæsis.
M. Antonius. M. Lepidus. et. Cæsar. Octavius.
Triumviratu. Quinquennali. R. P. C. Assumpto.
Rom. Imperio. Inter. Se. Dividendo.
Tabulisque. Proscriptionum. Signandis.
Huic. Ad. Fluentu. Lavini.
Triduo. Constiterunt.
A. U. C. DCC.XI. Ante. Christum. XLIII.

if more extended in its application, would go a great way towards neutralizing the labours of the architect, painter, and sculptor. But how can their talents be better employed than in transmitting to posterity proofs of our respect for those, who have devoted themselves to their country, by stemming torrents of corruption; and who have added dignity to our species by perfecting the rare and divine gift of eloquence? Now it is unknown what our schools, what our tribunals, what the lovers of Latinity, ethics, and philosophy, owe to Cicero; and in proposing that a monument be raised, in the Amalthea at Arpinum, which may serve to bring his merits agreeably to our recollection, by placing them, as it were, before our eyes, I shall not, I trust, be taxed with the indulgence of a wild and spurious enthusiasm.

Segniùs irritant animos demissa per aures,
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus—

But it is not so much for the sake of paying a late posthumous tribute of applause to the Genius of Arpinum, that I propose the erection of this monument, as with the view of developing art in an interesting and satisfactory manner.

Without further extending these remarks then, it is proposed:

1. That subscription-books be opened in the houses of the principal bankers in Europe.
2. That the sum subscribed shall not exceed 30,000l.
3. That the house of Torlonia at Rome, be the central communicating, and finally receiving bank.
4. That a committee of three of the first antiquaries, or connoisseurs in Rome, be appointed to name the artists, who shall send in designs for the frescos about to be described.

This in progress, and the ground purchased, the first step will be to clear away the vines and pollard poplars in the Amalthea; the next, to turn the road which leads from the village of Isola to Sora, by the *Isola Carne.la*, or upper island. *(Compare the two topographical sketches.)* It remains then for me to proceed to the developement of the proposed embellishments for the Amalthea. *Lubet mihi facere in Arpinati.*

TO THE MEMORY OF CONYERS MIDDLETON, ERNESTUS, AND ALL THE BIOGRAPHERS AND COMMENTATORS OF CICERO, THIS NEW BUILDING, AND OTHER EMBELLISHMENTS FOR THE AMALTHEA AT ARPINUM ARE INSCRIBED.

Fig. 12, *(See Frontispiece,)* is the elevation. The Ionic is from the Temple of Bacchus at Teos.

Fig. 13, is the ichnography of the building.

The dome of the rotunda is of the same ellipsis as that of the Pantheon. The inside will be impannelled like that edifice. The floors to be inlaid with two different coloured marbles of a bold and simple design. In the centre of the rotunda, under the *œil-de-bœuf*, will stand on a plane circular pedestal, a statue of the orator in his *toga consularis*, holding in his right hand a scroll inscribed:

DE LEGIBUS.

No inscription: not even his name. Each wing will be lighted with

large sky-lights. The marble wainscoting, or *fregio basso intorno la stanza*, will be decorated in the frise, or central member, with Roman civic crowns cut in the solid marble, with an equidistance of eight palmi. The frescos about to be described, will each be separated by a continuity of Roman *fasces*, painted to imitate bronze, forming frames to each of the frescos, and continued under the cornice of the ceiling, and above the cornice of the wainscoting. Twelve Doric Antæ will decorate the inside of the rotunda. The sky-lights will be of strong plate-glass in copper frames.

Inscription for the frise of the rotunda.

EUROPA. MARCO. TULLIO. CICERONI.

THE FRESCOS.*

I.

Ætat. 6 Cicero with the *bulla*, at play with his brother Quintus, by the great cataract of the Liris: his mother Helvia eyeing them with complacency.

II.

Ætat. 16. *Prætextatus*, he disputes on the necessary qualifications of an orator with Julius Cæsar, then also a boy, in the presence of Mutius Scævola, and other eminent lawyers, in a villa of Tusculum.

III.

Ætat. 28. His attendance to the philosophical discourses of Antiochus, in the grove of the academy at Athens.

IV.

Ætat. 29. He declaims in Greek, in the presence of Apollonius Molo at Rhodes. Molo mute with astonishment and regret on finding that through Cicero, the Romans were destined to eclipse the Greeks in eloquence.

V.

Ætat. 32. Quæstor in Sicily, he revives the notice of the tomb of Archimedes.

VI.

Ætat. 37. He arrives at Agrigentum, covered with dust and sweat. The Agrigentines crowd him with testimonials respecting the iniquity of Verres. The temple of Æsculapius, mentioned in one of the orations, the ruins of which still exist, to be restored: and the surrounding landscape to be preserved.

VII.

Ætat. 44. The delivery of the first Catilinarian in the temple of Jupiter Stator. The likenesses of the best-reputed busts to be preserved.

VIII.

Ætat. 49. *Pullatus*, he harangues the Clodian faction; pelted with mud and stones by the populace, he is compelled to retire. His house on the Palatine fired in the distance.

IX.

Ætat. 50. His entrance into Rome, on his return from exile, amid the acclamations of his country. *Humeris Italiæ à Brundusio Romam usque reportatus.*

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* See the corresponding numbers in the Ichnography.

X.

Ætat. 58. Habited as *Imperator*, on horseback, he orders the fortress of Pindenessus to be stormed, after a siege of forty-seven days.

XI.

Ætat. 61. His delivery of the *Pro Quinto Ligario* in the presence of Cæsar. Cæsar letting fall unconsciously some papers, riveted by the power of the eloquence.

XII.

Ætat. 63. The delivery of the *conspicuæ divina Philippica famæ*. The portrait of Antonius is known from medals.

XIII.

Ætat. 64. The assassination near Cajeta. Cicero in the act of extending his head, and exclaiming *Moriar in patriâ sæpe servatâ*. The landscape to be preserved.

XIV.

His mangled head and amputated hands nailed to the Roman rostra: the spectators expressing their sorrow and indignation at the spectacle.

Ita relatum caput ad Antonium; jussuque ejus inter duas manus in rostris positum, ubi ille Consul, ubi sæpe consularis, ubi eo ipso anno adversùs Antonium, quanta nulla unquam humana vox cum admiratione eloquentiæ, auditus fuerat. Vix attollentes lacrymis oculos homines intueri trucidata membra ejus poterant.—Tit. Liv.

Civitas lacrymas tenere non potuit, cùm recisum Ciceronis caput, in illis suis rostris videretur.—Florus.

Præcipuè tamen solvit pectora omnium in lacrymas, gemitusque, visa ad caput ejus deligata manus dextra, divinæ sapientiæ ministra; cæterorumque cædes privatos luctus excitaverunt; illa una, communem.—Crem. Cordus.

Nos. XV. XVI. XVII. and XVIII. will exhibit personifications of Poetry, Eloquence, Law, and Philosophy, painted to imitate statues in recesses.

No. 1, at the head of the island, *ubi quasi rostro finditur Fibrenus*, shall exhibit an ideal sitting statue of Helvia, mother of the orator. *(See the second topographical sketch.)*

Inscription for the pedestal.

HELVIA. MATER. M. T. CICERONIS.

Group of oaks, acacias, cedars, poplars, and Italian pines.

No. 2, will be a plain Greek cippus of white marble, with the following inscription:

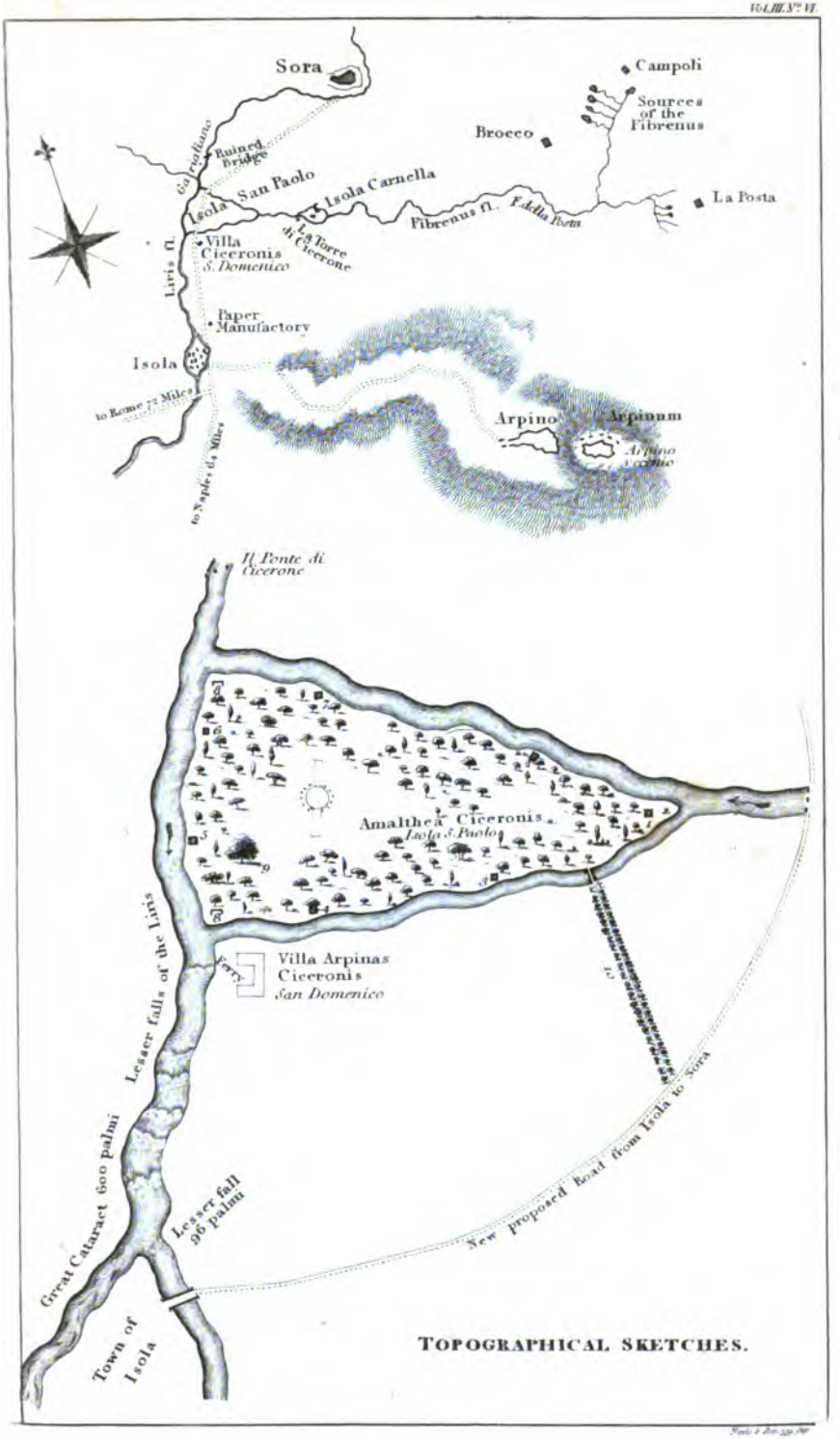
TERENTIA.
AVE.
ET. TU. TULLIA. M. T. CIC.
FILIA. DILECTA.
AVE.

Group of planes, oaks, weeping willows, and cypresses.

No. 3, will be an ideal statue of Marcus Filius, *in prætextâ*, holding a scroll inscribed:

DE OFFICIIS.

Group of ilex, oaks, chesnuts, and willows.



TOPOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

No. 4, shall be an ideal sitting statue of Titus Pomponius Atticus, holding three scrolls inscribed:

EPISTOLAE AD ATTICUM.
DE AMICITIA.
DE SENECTUTE.

Group of poplars intwined with vines, limes, oaks, and planes.

No. 5, will be a statue of Quintus Hortensius, with two scrolls inscribed:

HORTENSIUS.
DE CLARIS ORATORIBUS.

Trees as before.

No. 6, will be a copy of the statue of Cneius Pompeius Magnus, preserved in the Spada palace, supposed to be the same at the foot of which Cæsar fell, grasping a scroll inscribed:

PRO LEGE MANILIA.

Group of oaks, poplars, cedars, planes, and Italian pines.

No. 7, will be a sitting statue of Marcus Brutus, holding four scrolls inscribed:

ORATOR.
DE FINIBUS BONORUM ET MALORUM.
DE NATURA DEORUM.
TUSCULANAE QUAESTIONES.

Trees as before.

Nos. 8, will be two marble seats by the falls of the Fibrenus.

No. 9, shall be the *Mariana quercus rediviva*, with the following inscription placed horizontally under the tree:

DUM. LATINAE.
LOQUUNTUR. LITERAE.
NON. DEERIT. HUIC. LOCO.
MARIANA. QUERCUS.

No. 10, will be an avenue of oaks leading to the Amalthea.

Fig. 11, *(See Frontispiece)* will be an elliptical foot-bridge for the Fibrenus. On each side of the river the earth will be piled as high as the *abaci* of the two Doric *frusta*, supported by plain slanting masonry. The entablature then will form the rail-way to the bridge The trees in the Amalthea, though chiefly connected, will each have room to display an individual beauty.

The bridge will be closed with strong iron gates, and the key will be kept at the Dominican convent.

The Liris, and both branches of the Fibrenus being deep and rapid, no other fence will be necessary.

I have thus endeavoured to project a building which may serve to recal agreeably at his birth-place, the merit of one of the brightest ornaments of our species, and, at the same time, to develope art in an interesting and classical manner. If the plan be approved, future travellers will find that there is something *beyond* modern Rome worth visiting; something full as satisfactory as cross-keys and tiaras, in the Amalthea at Arpinum.

Quin ipse, verè dicam, sum illi villæ amicior modo factus; valete lectores, et istum, ubi Tullius est natus, plus amate posthac locum.*

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* De Legg. II. sub. init.

EXCURSION FROM NAPLES

TO THE

ISLE OF CAPRI:

IN A LETTER TO A FRIEND IN ENGLAND.

. . . . . antiqui saxosa Telonis
Insula.——SIL. ITAL.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I SENT, pursuant to your request, a short account of my excursion to Arpino; accept now a description of the tour which I made last autumn, in the island of Capri. You know that no painting can exist without coresponding light and shade. Arpino then shall be the bright side of my picture; Capri, the dark.

The isle of Capri, situated under the same meridian as Naples, is distant from that capital about seventeen miles; three from the *Punta di Campanella*, anciently called the Athenæan promontory; and about thirteen from cape Miseno. It is composed of two lofty mountains; the highest of which the to west, is called Anacapri, (*quasi* Ανωκπαιρα,) which rises to the elevation of eighteen hundred feet above the level of the sea. The island does not exceed nine miles in circumference, including the sinuosities of the shores; and its whole surface is picturesque and savage in the extreme. Anciently it contained two small towns; but Strabo tells us that under Augustus, there was only one. The population now amounts to three thousand five hundred souls. His present Sicilian Majesty has lately established two seminaries for boys and girls, and a nautical school. The island produces good wine of a dry flavour, and abundance of fruit; but little or no corn. It is much frequented by quails; upwards of sixty thousand of which are exported annually for the supply of the Neapolitan markets. Capri, in remote antiquity, was colonized by the *Teleboi*, a people who inhabited the islands of the *Echinades*, and that part of Greece near the Achelous. The *Teleboi*, whose leader was one Telon, are alluded to in the following lines of the seventh Æneid:

. . . . quem generâsse Telon Sebethide nymphâ
Fertur, Teleboum Capreas cùm regna teneret.

XII Villæ Tiberianæ

1. Tiberii Jupiter
2. Juno
3. Apollo
4. Sellarii et Spintriæ
5. Villa quinta
6. Villa sexta
7. Neptunus
8. Villa octava
9. Villa nona
10. Villa decima
11. Vesta
12. Cybele

ISLAND OF CAPRI.

Scale of one Italian Mile.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10

Statius also mentions them as inhabitants of *Capreæ;* but when they came, and how long they dwelt there, is unknown.

But this wild and precipitous rock is more memorable from having been the retreat of a man, who systematized tyranny more completely than any despot either before or since his period. A rocky island has in our times become the involuntary abode of another despot, inferior perhaps in genius to Tiberius, who *voluntarily* made Capri his retreat, and the nest of his impurities.

Taking advantage of a fine October morning, we embarked near the light-house of Naples, which stands at the end of a mole projected with such boldness, that ships of the line can ride within the pier. After a sail of four hours, we landed at the *sbarco di Capri*, the only accessible point in the island. Immediately on landing, we scaled what may be rather called a rude flight of steps than a road, and found a small but tolerable inn in the *metropolis* of Capri, surrounded by groves of fruit-trees, and commanding noble sea-views on either side. Having made engagements with a muleteer, we bent our course to the eastern side of the island, preceded by a hardy Capri peasant. Observe, my dear friend, that Tiberius erected his villas on the eastern side of this insular rock; none of them were more than three miles apart; some were within a stone's throw of each other. These palaces were twelve in number, and dedicated to the twelve major deities.

The retreat of the tyrant to Capri is recorded by Tacitus, with his usual majesty of expression: "Carpreas se in insulam abdidit, trium millium freto ab extremis Surrentini promontorii disjunctam: Solitudinem ejus placuisse maximè crediderim, quoniam importuosum circa mare, et vix modicis navigiis, pauca subsidia, neque adpulerit quisquam nisi gnaro custode. Cæli temperies hieme mitis, objectu montis, quo sæva ventorum arcentur. Æstas in Favonium obversùs, et aperto circum pelago, peramæna, antequam Vesuvius, mons ardescens, faciem loci verteret. Græcos ea tenuisse, Capreasque Telebois habitatas fama tradit." And in another passage: "sed tum Tiberius duodecim villarum nominibus, et molibus insederat." You remember also, no doubt, Suetonius: "Capreas se contulit, præcipuè delectatus insulâ, quod uno, parvoque littore adiretur, septa undique præruptis immensæ altitudinis rupibus, et profundo maris." Ascending continually eastward, presented every few yards with fresh views of the most novel, striking, and romantic description, we reached a spot called *Moneta* by the inhabitants. As Juno was worshipped under that title at Rome, and as some vestiges of reservoirs and an aqueduct are still visible, it is conjectured that this was the *Juno* of Tiberius. A reference to the little chart annexed, will enable you to form a pretty correct idea of the sites of the Tiberian villas. About two hundred yards further,

we reached a precipitous point, covered with the ruins of the Roman Pharos, which, if we may credit Suetonius, fell down a few days before the death of the tyrant: "et antè paucos quàm obiret dies, turris Phari terræmotu Capreis concidit." Here a bas-relief was found, representing Lucilla and Crispina, the sister and wife of Commodus, who we know from Dio Cassius, were banished to Capri. The fine light cast by this Pharos, is alluded to by Statius in the following poetic lines:

> Teleboumque domos, trepidis ubi dulcia nautis
> Lumina noctivagæ tollit Pharos æmula Lunæ.

It was not without shuddering, my dear friend, that we approached the fatal precipice overhanging the sea, which still retains the name of *il Salto*. This is the celebrated *Saltus Caprearum*, the bare mention of which formerly turned so many Roman fathers, mothers, brothers, and sisters pale. I cannot better describe it than in the words of Count Rezzonico. "scende, tagliato quasi a piombo, da spaventevole altezza nel mare, e dalle acute sue protuberanze, dovevan essere lacere le vittime immolate dall' empio tiranno alla sua vendetta." This also is the spot alluded to in the terrific words of Suetonius: "Carnificinæ ejus ostenduntur, locus Capreis, undè damnatos, post longa et exquisita tormenta, præcipitari coram se in mare jubebat, excipiente classiariorum manu, et contis atque remis elidente cadavera, ne cui residui spiritus quidquam inesset."

The *Salto* rises full seven hundred feet from the sea.

I remarked that the rocks about the precipice are very rugged, making the approach to the edge difficult of access; but it is evident that the tyrant, for the space of about five yards, had ordered them to be levelled, that the condemned might be made to take clean and flying leaps in his presence. I tried to banish the remembrance of these cruelties by the cheerful view of the Athenæan promontory, gilded with the declining sun; which, though three miles off, appeared within a gun-shot; of the classical isles called *i Galli*, sounding with the screams of gulls and sea-mews, the

> Sirenum scopulos, multorumque ossibus albos,

of Virgil; I may add also of Tiberius, in reference to the last hemistich. On the opposite side of the bay of Salerno, the Doric grandeur of the Posidonian temples, though full thirty miles off, was just discernible. Leaving the *Salto*, we presently reached the remains of the *Villa Jovis*. Here there are several subterraneous arched chambers, which communicated with each other, and which, from their construction, I have little doubt were the *torturing dungeons* annexed to the *Jupiter* of Tiberius.

We noticed slight remains of fresco on the uppermost apartments. A fine mosaic pavement was found here in the last century; together with columns of *giallo antico*, cameos, intaglios, and a statue of a nymph of Greek workmanship.

Suetonius tells us that the tyrant shut himself up in this villa, after he had crushed the conspiracy of Sejanus: "oppressâ conjuratione Sejani, per novem proximos menses, non egressus est è villâ, quæ vocatur Jovis."

We found here a bearded hermit, who offers up his daily orisons in a chapel dedicated to *S. Maria del Soccorso*, where Tiberius sealed the misery and degradation of Rome. It was probably among these rocks that the poor Capri fisherman climbed to present to Tiberius a large mullet, for which he hoped a proportionate recompense. Suetonius, as I dare say you remember, tells us that he found the tyrant *secretùm agentem*, who startled at the unexpected intrusion, ordered the fisherman to be smitten on the face with the mullet. Congratulating himself, while under punishment, that he had not presented, at the same time, a lobster which he had in his basket, Tiberius took the hint, and ordered his face to be scoured with the prickly shell of that amphibious fish; *crudelitur os lacerari imperavit*. Such anecdotes present a deplorable picture of those times, and often make me think that the world is better now than it ever was. Had it been a proconsul gorged with the pillage of a province, we should enjoy the anecdote with zest.

Quitting the *Villa Jovis*, we descended *per asperrimas immensæque altitudinis rupes*, to a vast natural grotto, called *La Matromania*, (*quasi magnum Mithræ antrum*) supposed to have been consecrated to Mithras; for a bas-relief was there found representing that Deity striding the ox, pulling up his nostrils, and plunging a dagger in his throat; the dogs licking the blood, and a scorpion at the genitals; exactly as pictured by Dupuis, Lenoir, and others. You know that Mithras was always worshipped in caverns, or artificial excavations. Lebruyn pictures a temple to him of this sort, which he saw in Persia; and the Borghese Mithras was found in a cave under the Campidoglio; as was another at Puzzuoli.

In the year 1750, a Greek epitaph was also unearthed at *Matromania*, which, as it contains some pathetic lines, I will transcribe for your amusement, with the Italian translation of Count Rezzonico.

Οἱ Στυγιους χωρους ὑποναιετε, Δαιμονες εσθλοι,
Δεξασθ' εις Αιδην, και με τον οικτροτατον,
Ου χρισει εκ μοιρων ἡρπασμενον, αλλα βιαιῳ
Αιφνιδιω θανατω, μενιος εξ αδικου.

Αρτι μου εν πρόκοπης ταξει παρα δεσποτεοντι,
Αρτι δε και γονεων ελπιδ' εμην ςερεσας.
Ου δεκα πεντ' ετεων, ουδ' εικοσι τερμ' ενιαυτων
Εκτελεσας, γοερος ουκ εσορω το φαος.
Τουνομα μοι Ὑπατος· λιτομαι δ' ετι τον συνομαιμον,
Τουσδε γονεις κλαιειν μηκετι τους ταλανας.

Demoni invitti abitator di Stigè,
Me pur d' ogni altro più tapin vi piaccia
Nel pallid' Orco ricettar. Non io
Son dalle Parche, ma da forza tratto
D' ingiusta morte ed improvisa; assai
M' aveva de' doni suoi Cesare ornato;
Or de' miei padri la speranza, e mia
Tronca riman. Non quindici anni avea
Non venti, ahi lasso! e più non veggo il giorno!
Ipato è il nome. I genitor ne priego,
E il misero fratel cessin dal pianto.

As some marble fragments have been found in the neighbourhood of this cavern, and as Apollo is synonymous with Mithras, I think we may place here the *Apollo* of Tiberius. Here there is a noble view of the two pinnacled promontories, called *il Toro grande e piccolo*, probably the *Taurubulæ* of Statius, alluded to in the following lines:

. . . dites Capræ, viridesque resultant
Taurubulæ, et terris ingens redit æquoris Echo.

Observe what sublimity environs this little rock; every thing here is *alla Dantesca*.

The sun was tinging the *Taurubulæ* with its last rays, when we returned to our little inn, where a good dish of quails, and dry Capri wine, banished our fatigues, and all recollections of Tiberius, for the day,

. . . . angustâ Caprearum in rupe sedentis
Cum grege Chaldæo.

The next morning early we bent our steps to the southern side of the island, and about a quarter of a mile from the town of Capri, reached a row of twenty-one arched chambers in ruins, called by the inhabitants *Le camerelle*. These are supposed to have been the notorious *Spintriæ et Sellarii*, which make such a noise in the annals; for the arrangement corresponds with the description of them given by Suetonius; *cubicula plurifariàm disposita*. Medals of a vile description are frequently dug out of these chambers, and they are known in Italy by the title of the *Spintrian medals*. One of the names of the hopeful supervisors

of the Tiberian system of education established in Capri, appears in the following inscription on one of them :

C. MITREIVS. MAG. IVVENT.

You remember, perhaps, the fine passage in the Annals : "saxa rursum et solitudinem maris repetiit, pudore scelerum et libidinum, quibus adeo indomitis exarserat, ut more regio puberem ingenuam stupris polluerret, nec formam tantum et decora corpora, sed in his, modestam pudicitiam, in aliis, imagines majorum, incitamentum cupidinis haberet. Tuncque primùm ignota antè vocabula reperta sunt Sellariorum, et Spintriarum, ex fœditate loci, ac multiplici patientiâ.

His infamy also is strongly expressed in Suetonius : "secessu verò Capreensi, etiam sellariam excogitavit sedem arcanarum libidinum, in quam undique conquisiti puellarum et exoletorum greges, monstrosique concubitûs repertores, quos Spintrias appellabat, triplici serie connexi, invicem incestarent se coram ipso, ut deficientes libidines excitarent. Cubicula plurifariàm disposita, tabellis ac sigillis lascivissimarum picturarum et figurarum adornavit, librisque Elephantidis instruxit, ne cui in operâ edendâ exemplar imperatæ schemæ deesset. In sylvis quoque ac nemoribus, passim Venereos locos commentus est ; prostantesque per antra, et cavas rupes, ex utriusque sexûs pube Paniscorum et Nympharum habitu, palàmque jam et vulgato nominis insulæ abutentes, Caprineum dictitabant. Majore adhuc et turpiore infamiâ flagravit...vix ut referri, audirive, nedum credi fas sit !"

But let us turn from these topics which place human nature in so odious a point of view. Below these *camerelle*, stands the Carthusian monastery in a delicious situation ; and the only one in the island ; it is supposed to have been built on the foundations of another of the villas. Here there is an echo which returns three distinct responses. About half a mile to the left is the *Punta di Tragara*, forming a small port, where it is supposed that the emperor kept a squadron to reconnoitre the roads. Some remains of hydraulic works, which have braved hitherto the fury of the sea, and slight vestiges of parterres, lead us to conjecture that this is the site of one of the fructuarian villas laid out by the imperial recluse.

We afterwards ascended to *Castiglione*, now occupied by a small fort, certainly another of the villas ; and from the discovery of several bas-reliefs representing fishes, sirens, and marine monsters, supposed to have been dedicated to the æquorean Neptune. It was raised on arches, the construction of which inclines me to think that this villa was of a polygonal form. Here was found a valuable mosaic covered with astrological signs ; (you know Tiberius was much addicted to that science,) together with a bas-relief representing him with a *patera* in his hand, and in the act of sacrificing. Here too, there are some vestiges of reservoirs.

One of the most delightful of his retreats was at *San Michele*, an eminence between the town of Capri, and the *Villa Jovis*. Here there are substructions of a terrace which projected over the cliffs; and several fragments of *cipollino* and *giallo antico* have been found. Traces of aqueducts conducted with care round the hills, show probably that this was another of the fructuarian villas, embellished with the most luxurious gardens. Here, peradventure, the tyrant as he paced the terraces with his astrologer, Thrasyllus,

reason'd high
Of fate, free-will, foreknowledge absolute,
And found no end in wand'ring mazes lost.

Here, perhaps, he penned that extraordinary letter to the senate, the beginning of which has been transmitted to us by Tacitus: "Quid scribam vobis, aut quomodò, aut quid omninò non scribam? Di me Deæque pejùs perdant, quàm me perire quotidiè sentio, si scio."

Here too as he gazed on Vesuvius, his implacable spirit would burst forth with that terrible line of Euripides, often on his lips:

Εμου θανοντος γαια μιχθητω πυρι.

In vain did he endeavour to sooth his troubled heart with the view of the azure mirror of the Neapolitan gulph, of *desidiosa et ridens Parthenope*, expanding her luxuriant shores from the Surrentine promontory to the *littus beatæ Veneris aureum*. All was black within.

You remember, no doubt, the probation of fidelity which he made Thrasyllus go through at Rhodes. Having conducted him over frightful precipices, accompanied by a stout and trusty slave, he asked him "suspensis et obscuris verbis: *My dear Thrasyllus hast thou considered attentively thine own horoscope!* The astrologer having taken his sideral observations, paused for a few moments, then trembling said: that he was aware that some uncertain but dismal destiny was at hand. Upon this Tiberius embraced him, bade him be of good cheer, and from that hour Thrasyllus never departed from him.

Suetonius tells us that Tiberius was "circa Deos ac religiones negligentior, persuasione plenus cuncta fato agi." Revolving, as I often have, these things within my mind, it may be questioned whether or no, after all, there be not some truth in the sideral influences. We know that the most transcendant spirits of antiquity often disregarded the mere priest sacrificing at the altar; while the skilful astrologer always made them pause, often tremble. It is perhaps one of the knottiest speculations that can occupy the human mind; which the feebleness of our reason

prevents us from implicitly believing; the mysterious links of the system to which we belong, from rejecting.

Our next object was the palace on the beach facing Naples, and under the precipitous rocks of Anacapri. Its ruins are now beat by the waves. It certainly did not yield in magnificence to the *Villa Jovis*. Among the treasures in art here discovered, are numerous columns of *cipollino* and *giallo antico*, Corinthian capitals, a ruined stair-case of white marble, and mosaic pavements. The fragments of statues and marble ornaments dug from the ruins, amount to the enormous quantity of sixteen hundred tons! An altar, decorated with the emblems of the Berecynthian worship, has led to the conjecture that this was the *Cybele* of Tiberius. Contagious is the *Campo di Pisco*, where there is a small level plain, a great rarity in Capri. I will not trouble you further with an account of the profusion of rosso giallo, and verde antico, serpentino, affricano, cipollino, and lapis-lazuli here discovered; but let me state once for all, that the mosaics, and Corinthian capitals of the Tiberian villas, are models of their kind; that there is even a marble unknown elsewhere, called *il marmo Tiberiano*. A bust of Vesta having been here discovered, Count Rezzonico presumes that this was the *Vesta* of Tiberius. The eleventh of the tyrant's villas was at a spot called *Ajano*. Of the columns here found, four of *giallo antico*, all of one piece, now adorn the chapel at Caserta; and eight others, the principal church in Capri.

The twelfth and last is in a vineyard called *Le Grotte*; and certainly the most interesting of the ruins in the island. Here there are four subterraneous arched chambers, 228 feet in length, 38 in breadth, and 35 in height. But what is most curious is, that one of them is nearly filled with a great quantity of pulverized chalk of an exquisite fineness, which the tyrant probably had introduced for the manufacture of his porcelain vases; perhaps those *vasa Myrrhina* mentioned by Plinius, and which some of the French antiquaries suppose were somewhat similar to the Sèvres manufactory. Two of them are nearly filled with the purest water. The chalk is mixed with some metallic substance, which deserves the attention of the experienced chemist.

We found here an honest Capri vintner, who on seeing us approach, exclaimed: *Signori, roba di Tiberio Cesare!* We expected at least a splendid mosaic, or statue; but he introduced us into his wine-vault; where he had arranged a good dozen of casks filled with the produce of his vineyard. He tapped one, then a second, then a third, exclaiming as he presented each foaming goblet, *Signor, un' altro!* with a red cap on his head, and a nose like Bardolph's. The good humour of this Capri wag, who appeared determined to make us something more than men of *taste*, presented an agreeable contrast to the sombre character

of the tyrant, whose villa he now occupies. It was probably some such *dróle* as this, that furnishes Homer with his ludicrous description of Vulcan, in the first Illad:

> Ασβεστος δ' αρ' ενωρτο γελως μακαρεσσι θεοισιν,
> Ως ιδον Ηφαιςον δια δωματα ποιπνυοντα.

We next ascended the precipice of Anacapri by a zig-zag flight of 538 steps, resembling in miniature, the celebrated passage of the Gemmi in Swisserland; and reached, after an hour's ride, the little town of Anacapri, built on a small level, and inhabited by a frugal and laborious peasantry. From the neighbouring precipice, where stands a ruined castle of the middle ages, we rolled as large stones as we could move into the vale below; the noise of them rebounding from rock to rock, a full thousand feet and more, cannot be better described than in the lines of Statius:

> .... dites Capræ, viridisque resultant
> Taurubulæ, rediitque ingens à rupibus Echo.

Picture to your imagination, my dear friend, the columnar and *torreggiante* appearance of Capri, when occupied by Tiberius; who seems to have taken pleasure in building arches, where no one else would have dreamed of turning them; in erecting columns, where no one else would have thought it practicable to haul them up, much less to rear them—picture the gallies arriving from *Baiæ* and *Puteoli*, not loaded with poor felons guilty of stealing a few sesterces; but with proconsuls, senators, knights, prætors, and military commanders, who had pillaged whole provinces; for such was the *game* of Tiberius—picture them on landing, dragged by centurions up the *crypto-porticus* to the *Villa Jovis;* there to undergo the torture, and thence to be hurried to the *Salto;* the tyrant thundering in their ears: Nondum vobis in gratiam redii;* picture the galleons approaching the isle from Alexandria, Sybaris, the *molle Tarentum*, and *Antiochia ad Daphnen*, fraught with marbles, luxuries, courtezans, and artists of all kinds; the rocks of Anacapri covered with theatrical Pans, Satyrs, and Nymphs, not creeping out by dusk, but reeking with unguents and vermilion in the broad blaze of a Neapolitan sun!

Before leaving Anacapri, I took out my favourite Cornelius, and dwelt with interest on the following passages, every word of which bears the impress of genius: "Jacuit immensa strages—omnis sexus, omnis ætas, illustres, ignobiles, dispersi, aut aggerati; neque propinquis, aut amicis adsistere, illacrymare, ne visere quidem diutiûs dabatur. Sed circumjecti custodes, et in mœrorum cujusque intenti; corpora putrefacta adsectabantur, dum in Tiberim traherentur: ubi fluitantia, aut ripis adpulsa, non cremare quisquam, non contingere: interciderat sortis humanæ com-

* These were the words he used, as we learn from Suetonius.

mercium vi metûs; quantumque sævitia gliscceret, miseratio arce batur.....

.....Jam Tiberium corpus, jam vires, nondum dissimulatio deserebat: idem animi rigor; sermone ac vultu intentus, quæsita interdum comitate, quamvis manifestam defectionem tegebat....."

Of the moral of Tiberius, my dear friend, there never was, and never can be formed but one opinion. The line of policy which he observed, has not however in general, been rightly understood. Indiscriminating people are apt to class him with the Caligulas, the Neros, the Domitians. It appears to me that he became exasperated at the commencement of his political career, from the iniquity of his countrymen; which soured a disposition, and corrupted a heart naturally not ill inclined; for it is certain that he began well.* When he left the senate with those impressive words: *O homines ad servitutem paratos!* he showed, I think, sentiments of regret and disgust at the vileness of his countrymen, and a determination to let them know what he thought of them. No good man, it is true, could adopt such a principle of action. His superiority however to Napoleon, in the direction of his energies, is manifest; for that emperor almost uniformly let fall his despotism where it should not. His severe conscriptions harassed the cheerful French peasant, who was the principal sufferer by his system, which nourished bloodshed, pride, and ferocity. Not so Tiberius. He attacked alone the citadel of corruption itself. Odious as was his principle, there was something magnanimous in this. It was a point which Napoleon had not force of genius to reach; though it must be confessed that Tiberius was his inferior in the encouragement of science and art; perhaps too in some other respects. It is certain that the colonies were never so well administered as in his reign; and it is probable that the terror which his name inspired, had a good effect in making the proconsuls, and their subordinate officers, less rapacious in their extortions, and more attentive to the performance of their duties. We cannot discover from Tacitus, that he was severe in the colonies, or even *generally* in Italy; on the contrary, he states that Tiberius treated the provinces not only with lenity, but great consideration.† Rome, Rome, the sink of corruption,

* Egregius famâ vitâque fuit, quoad privatus, vel in imperiis sub Augusto fuit. Annal. VI.

Suetonius tells us that when young, he pleaded several causes with success; that he composed some lyrical compositions in Greek, which language he spoke with fluency; and that he followed his brother's funeral on foot, through Germany to Rome.

† Ne provinciæ novice oneribus turbarentur, atque vetera sine avaritiâ, aut crudelitate magistratuum tolerarent, corporum verbera, ademptiones bonorum abessent, providebat. Rari per Italiam Cæsaris agri. Annal. II.

The reign of Tiberius appears indeed to have been nothing more or less than a reaction of ill from the colonies to the capital.

felt the lash of his tyranny; and I think it may be said of him that no man ever directed a thoroughly bad principle so well as Tiberius Cæsar.

His powers of foresight seem to have been extraordinary. You remember, no doubt, the anecdote of his placing his hand on Galba's head, and saying: *Thou too, Galba, shalt have a smack of the empire!*

He appears to have delighted in solving alone in his aerial mansions, the most difficult political problems; and we must do him this justice, that he was anxious to preserve the empire in peace; though it is pretty certain that war would have tended to consolidate his power.*

The blow which he levelled at the interest and fortunes of Germanicus, was perhaps the most daring stroke of policy recorded in history; and though we of course side with the latter, we cannot resist from being struck with the talents which Tiberius displayed on the occasion. For Germanicus, by his birth, services, good conduct, and esteem with the army, had completely secured the tide of popular favour; while the emperor, by a dismal fatality, to use Milton's words applied to him, was always *hated of all and hating*. It is pretty evident to those who read the Annals with attention, that as Germanicus stood so high, a crisis one way or the other was scarcely avoidable; especially as the empire, notwithstanding the dexterous policy of Augustus, stood but on precarious foundations; and seems rather to have depended on the reigning favourite with the army, than on the new-established hereditary pretensions and right.

There is one point in which it is difficult not to side with him. I allude to that political *capo d' opera*, the crushing of Sejanus, who owed his rise and fortune solely to Tiberius; and who repaid him with contriving his ruin. But the invisible hand of the recluse of Capri sawed away the timbers which supported the superstructure of the presumptuous minister's ambition, and which he had raised with such fond expectations—down it fell with a crash that resounded from Caledonia to the Garamantes—down with it Ælius Sejanus—a grin was heard from the *Villa Jovis*—the wretch had just sufficient time to stare at his own ruin.

Of the monuments of this singular man, the most esteemed is the *Tiberius velatus* of the Vatican: where there is also a sitting statue of him lately found at Priverum, a small town in the Apennines; there is a good bust in the Campidoglio; and a colossal one in the *Studii* at Naples. But the most expressive is,

* Lætiore Tiberio, quia pacem sapientiâ firmaverat, quàm si bellum per ambitionem confecisset. Annal. II.

I think, a bronze of Herculaneum. I have seen him represented in England like a gross butcher; but his features in this bust are by no means coarse. Nose pointed; mouth finely formed; eyes instantaneous, prominent, and as if they would penetrate the inmost recesses of your soul; ears erect, as if pricked by the slightest noise. Over the whole cast of countenance, there is a δεινον τι και αλωπηκοειδες. Such was Tiberius Claudius Drusus Nero. To describe his features may be no difficult task; but to paint the *inner man*, the powers of a Tacitus seem scarcely competent.

Augustus, a far more interesting personage than his successor, visited Capri at the close of his life, as we learn from Suetonius. Before taking leave of the island, let us follow this illustrious man at the termination of his eventful career. Finding his constitution shattered, he returned some legal cases which had been submitted for his inspection, to the law-officers, observing *se nunquam posthac Romæ futurum*. Accompanied by some chosen friends, he went to Astura, where he was somewhat recruited by change of air. Coasting the shores of Campania, he arrived at Baiæ, where he took shipping for Capri. As he crossed the Pateolan bay, he was met by the crew of an Alexandrian vessel, who, dressed in white, and crowned with chaplets, burnt frankincense before him; "se per illum vivere, se per illum navigare jurantes;" a ceremony, which appears to have exhilarated the dying emperor, who distributed a sum of money among his followers, enjoining them to spend it in the purchase of the Alexandrian merchandise. At Capri, we find him attending the gymnastic exercises of the island; "remisissimo ad otium, et omnem comitatem animo."

Being at supper with Tiberius, he saw some of his attendants celebrating by torch-light the funeral of Masgabas, one of his courtiers, in a neighbouring island; apud vicinam Capreis insulam; which the emperor joking called *Apragopolis*, or *the city of the idlers*. It is not easy to discover the island here alluded to; for Ischia, Procida, or Nesita, seem, either of them, too remote to correspond with the words of Suetonius. We are left to conjecture, or that the biographer expressed himself ill; or that the convulsions to which the neighbourhood of Naples is so liable, must have occasioned the disappearance of the isle, and its *imperial* capital, *the city of the idlers*.

We had been forty hours among the rocks of Capri; and having gratified our curiosity with the ruins of the Tiberian villas, embarked on a delicious evening for—*Neapolis*; I had almost written *Apragopolis*. Vesuvius was in activity, and discharged frequent and loud explosions. But it is time to bring this letter to a close, for I see you exclaiming with Juvenal: *Ohe, jam satis! verbosa et grandis epistola venit à Capreis.*

POSTSCRIPT.

On recurring to the architectural lucubration of the first pages of this work, it may be questioned whether or no I have gained sufficient height for my building. If not, the remedy is simple: for *five rows of columns eastward*, read *four*; for *nine rows of columns westward*, read *eight*; and for *five rows of columns northward and southward*, read *four*. Which alteration will reduce the length in either direction nearly one hundred feet. Further consideration indeed suggests that these proportions would be preferable.

[4]

TRAVELS IN ITALY,

DESCRIPTIVE OF THE

3-9611

RURAL MANNERS AND ECONOMY

OF THAT COUNTRY.

BY

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CITIZEN OF GENEVA.

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INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

UNTIL the appearance of these Travels, the system of Agriculture, as it is pursued in the different States of Italy, seems to have been but little understood. How much it is deserving of imitation, in various particulars, the reader will, on perusing them, not fail soon to perceive. The intelligent writer contends, in opposition to Arthur Young, and the generality of our modern political economists, that the system of small farms is not only highly favourable to population, but has the advantage of bringing the greatest quantity of produce to market. The farmer being stationed in the centre of his land, and within the reach of every part of it, is enabled to bestow more pains on its cultivation, and to regulate and superintend his crops with greater precision. By increasing the number of farms, the number of gardens, orchards, and poultry-yards—objects which are considered as trifling on a large farm, and which can alone be rendered productive by the daily attention of an economical and industrious family, is also increased. It is therefore much to be wished that the patriotic example of Count Lodi, in the management of his Piedmontese estate, and that of the Tuscan Knights of St. Stephen, may be one day followed, under certain modifications, in our own country, which boasts of natural

advantages denied to Italy. That territory possesses, notwithstanding, a population of 1,237 inhabitants to the square league, an amount which greatly exceeds that of either Great Britain or France, and may accordingly be considered as one of the most flourishing countries of Europe.

A curious fact is noticed by the writer relative to the cultivation of the potatoe, which was not general in France until after two seasons of scarcity, in 1795 and 1811. It is owing to the French gens d'armes stationed in Italy, that this valuable production is now cultivated there very successfully; thus presenting a certain resource to the inhabitants whenever the corn-crops may chance to fail.

TRAVELS

DESCRIPTIVE OF THE

RURAL ECONOMY OF ITALY.

TURIN, *May* 12, 1812.

IT is now twenty years since I first visited Italy. That beautiful country then presented itself to my imagination as a land of enchantment, separated from the rest of the world by precipices scarcely accessible. I expected to find the countenances and the manners of the people, as well as the face of nature, beyond the Alps, totally different from any thing that I had seen, and I bade adieu to my friends with the feeling that I was going to visit a region unknown.

I have just passed the Alps again, but without being sensible to the emotions they before inspired. The magnificent roads which have lately being opened amidst these precipices, have destroyed the barriers which nature had bestowed on Italy. These vast works are, doubtless, the noblest proofs of our civilization; but in levelling the rocks we have lowered the Alps, and destroyed the illusion of the scene. These mountains no longer inspire terror by their name, or separate the nations between whom they are placed. This facility of communication tends to efface the originality of national character. A similarity of manners is acquired with similar habits and similar necessities. National peculiarities gradually disappear amidst a community of all the customs of life; and the European traveller will soon find himself, wherever he goes, surrounded by the same people.

I was struck with this sentiment as soon as I arrived at Turin. I could have fancied myself in some large and handsome town of France; so great a resemblance was there in all the objects that met my eye. One would have supposed that the dresses, the ornaments, the shops, the promenades, and the placards in the streets, had been sent from Paris with the *Restaurateurs*, and the *Journal des Modes*.

I shall avoid mentioning those parts of Italy which have so often been described by travellers. I shall not speak of its edifices, of its monuments, of its cities, or of the arts which have adorned them. I shall relate its rural history; I shall

say how its fields are cultivated, and how its harvests are reaped. I shall endeavour to describe the landscapes of this beautiful country as I have seen them; at least as they have appeared to me, for the traveller is liable to deception, even when speaking of objects before his eyes. For the sake of order, I shall begin with dividing the several states of Italy into as many regions as I have observed differences in their situation, in their appearance, and in their rural economy.

Italy may be divided into three regions, distinguished from each other by the three systems of agriculture which prevail in them. The difference of their climates, of their productions, and of the manners of the peasantry, marks this distinction to the eye of the traveller, as well as to his observation.

The first of these regions commences at the Alps of Suza, and of Mount Cenis, and extends to the shores of the Adriatic. It comprises all the plain of Lombardy, divided by the course of the Po into two nearly equal parts. The fertile soil of this rich plain yields, in luxuriance, an uninterrupted succession of various productions; and from the skilful arrangement of the crops, it may be denominated the district of *Agriculture by Rotation*.

The second region stretches along the southern declivities of the Appennines, from the frontiers of Provence, to the boundaries of Calabria. I shall call it the Region of Olives, or of the *Canaanitish Cultivation*. This Oriental species of culture is confined to the hills and slopes. The sides of the mountains are graduated by a succession of terraces, supported by artificial walls of turf, and covered with various sorts of fruit-trees. I shall not have occasion to say much of this department of agriculture, in which there are neither meadows nor corn crops, because a very interesting description of it has already been given by M. Sismondi. I wish I may be equally successful in describing the rural economy of the third region, which I shall designate by the name of the *Region of the Malaria*, or of the Patriarchal system. It extends along the shores of the Mediterranean, from Pisa to Terracina, and comprehends all the plains lying between the sea and the first chain of the Appennines.

This region, which is happily the smallest, is depopulated by the scourge of a deadly atmosphere, which has destroyed its ancient prosperity, with its villages, its hamlets, and its farms. Its vast plains serve only as pasturage for flocks, which, like those of the first inhabitants of the world, constitute the whole wealth of their proprietors.

Besides these three grand divisions, Italy also encloses

within the bosom of its lofty mountains, savage tracts, the inhabitants of which subsist on the produce of the woods alone; and the meadows of the Po, watered by innumerable canals, and covered with cattle, remind the traveller, under this favoured sky, of the grazing system of Ireland, and the countries of the North.

I shall attempt, first, to describe the agriculture of Piedmont; from which it will be seen how greatly it increases the natural beauty of this country, surrounded by the Alps, and favoured with the choicest gifts of nature.

ASTI, *July* 10, 1812.

THE first agricultural region of Italy extends, as has been observed, from the foot of the Alps to those of the Appennines, over that vast plain of aqueous formation which commences at the pass of Suza, and terminates only with the eastern boundaries of Italy. This extensive region may be termed the garden of Europe, and is unquestionably of all its countries the most favoured by nature.

The soil deposited by the waters, as rich as it is deep, is almost every where of a perfect level. It is only in the immediate vicinity of the mountains, that stony banks are found: the whole of the plain consists of a black earth of great fertility. The lofty mountains by which Lombardy is every where surrounded, pour into it a prodigious number of streams, which art has not yet succeeded in entirely controuling, but whose currents are broken into an infinite number of canals for irrigation; so that there is scarcely a farm, or a meadow, which has not one of these canals, with its sluice, at command.

This copious irrigation, in so fine a climate, combines with the action of a southern sun, to produce the utmost luxuriance of vegetation.

These great natural advantages have, from a remote period, filled Lombardy with an immense population, and its usual consequences; such as numerous towns, and consequently markets, excellent roads leading from all parts of the country, and the subdivision of the lands into innumerable small farms, each with a farm house in the centre of it, together with a system of skilful cultivation, which allows neither time nor room to be lost. The harvests are inclosed by plantations of fruit-trees of all kinds, intermixed with mulberries, poplars, and oaks. The last two are not planted merely for their shade, but as supports for their vines, the branches of which,

spreading in every direction, cover them as it were with a canopy, and fall in festoons.

The luxuriance of the plantations throughout Lombardy is such, that the eye is unable to penetrate them; the horizon of the traveller is always contracted, and opens only as he advances. The succession of landscapes thus presented, which continually excites the imagination with the expectation of something new; the verdant freshness; the innumerable habitations, uniting a sort of elegance to commodiousness; the fields, whose shady inclosures have an agreeable air of wildness, while their rich cultivation announces all the economy of rural wealth; present at once a contrast and an harmony, which no other country possesses in an equal degree. The traveller finds, not the gigantic and monotonous vegetation of India; nor the extensive farms which occupy the uniform plains of the North; nor those savage scenes in which the cool vales of Switzerland are embosomed; but he traverses a region which partakes of the character of each of these diversities of scenery, and reminds him of them by seeming to unite them all.

Such are the fields which Lombardy thus invitingly offers to the art of the husbandman. The system pursued is simple, because it has been brought to great perfection, and because judicious practices in rural economy are become familiar, and as it were habitual, to all the farmers. The density of the population, and the great variety of the objects of cultivation, have naturally thrown the land into small farms; as is the case in all countries where the soil is highly fertile, and where the produce requires that minute and daily attention, which can be obtained only from a direct and individual interest in it. Those of Lombardy are seldom less than ten, or more than sixty acres in extent.

From the want of other employment for capital, all the landed property of the country has long been in the possession of the higher classes, who inhabit the towns. Scarcely any of the farmers are proprietors; they all occupy on the condition of paying half the produce to the landlord. This tenure is universal: leases at a fixed rent being nearly unknown.

Hence, though Lombardy seems destined by nature for farming on a large scale, it has become, through the effect of its social institutions, exclusively, a country of agriculture in detail.

In order to render the different operations of this system more intelligible, I shall give a description of the situation and rural economy of the charming estate of *Santenas*, situated

ten miles from Turin, on the other side of the hills which border the Po. The road to it lies over the hill of Montcallier, on the summit of which stands a mansion, formerly the residence of the royal family; but which is now uninhabitable, and retains nothing of its ancient grandeur but the fine landscape which it commands. From the terrace the eye follows the river, winding in numerous meanders through the country; its shores covered with plantations, which partly conceal the farm-houses and hamlets scattered among them. At the termination of the plain, the view is bounded by the majestic inclosure of the Alps and the Appennines, which rise like a noble amphitheatre to guard these happy vales. These bulwarks of nature still strike the imagination, at the same time that they teach us that the globe has no longer any ramparts insurmountable to the genius and enterprize of man.

I passed several days among the groves and orchards of Santenas, and carefully observed all the practices of its rural economy. They are so similar throughout the whole of Piedmont, that this specimen will give a complete idea of all the rest. The estate is divided into four farms, contiguous to each other, and of considerable extent, lying along the banks of a canal, from which they may be watered at pleasure. The dykes which keep in the water are shaded by a long line of alders, poplars, and other trees, the lofty branches of which appear to be a sufficient shelter against the most violent storms. Under these woods innumerable shrubs and flowers grow in luxuriance. When I traversed these paths, in an evening of the month of May, they were in full bloom, bent down under the weight of the dew, which is much more copious here than in France. The hay-harvest was going on; and its fragrant exhalations, blended with those of the roses and orange-trees, added an inexpressible charm to the verdant beauty of the scene.

The mansion stands at one end of the domain. Before it stretches a rich extent of turf, watered by the canal, and ornamented with groups of trees and shrubs. This is reserved for the proprietor. At the opposite extremity stands the first farm-house, with its roofs peeping above the fruit-trees which inclose the meadow; forming at once a pleasing object in the landscape, and an agreeable walk.

It is built of red brick, uniting solidity with a sort of rustic elegance, and is remarkable, as are all the farm-houses of Lombardy, for its numerous and costly buildings: these occupy a spacious court. In the centre of one of the sides stands a dwelling of two stories, of regular and agreeable proportions. The ground floor serves as a lodging for the farmer,

and to store his provisions: the upper story is used as a granary. Two out-buildings extend, as wings, from the two sides of the house, and complete that side of the court. They are only a single story in height, and are used, one as a stable for oxen, and the other as a cow-house; there being an entrance to each from the interior. These stables, which are twelve feet in height, are arched, and whitewashed, so that the cattle are never incommoded by the dust falling on them. Nothing can be cleaner, or more carefully attended to, than these stables; and the beasts, which are plentifully supplied with litter, manifest by their gentleness how well they are satisfied with their treatment.

The three other sides of the court are occupied by a portico, from twenty to twenty-four feet wide, and from fifteen to sixteen in height; the roof of which is supported in the interior by a row of pillars, placed at equal distances from the wall, and from each other; so that the space between each forms a square.

Under the ample range of these porticoes, the forage, the straw, and other productions of the farm, are deposited; together with the carts and agricultural implements. One half of the court is paved; the other forms an area for threshing the grain. The manure is deposited without, so that the court is never dirty, and presents, with its colonnade, an appearance of symmetry, neatness, and convenience, of which our filthy, slovenly farms, can give no idea.

Such, with the exception of the dimensions, is the uniform model of all the farm-houses of Lombardy, and ought to be that of all Europe. It gives the greatest room with the least building: it affords the best protection for produce, with the greatest facility of disposal; it is at once the most economical, and the least in danger from fire. It certainly requires an enormous quantity of bricks; but each proprietor makes them on his own land: he prepares all the materials beforehand, and then contracts with the bricklayers for the building. It is neither so troublesome, nor so expensive a business as may be supposed, and as is generally represented.

The exterior walls of the farm were entirely covered with vines, bearing a large grape, but yielding very indifferent wine; it is, however, drank by the peasantry, and custom renders it tolerable. A door opens from the house into the garden, which is separated from the ploughed land by a hedge, and ornamented with fig-trees, shrubs, and flowers. Large gates open from the porticoes upon the cart roads, which communicate with, and divide, the several quarters of the farm.

The land bordering on the canal is laid down in a permanent meadow, flooded at pleasure, and the vigorous vegetation of which allows of its being mowed three times in the year. The turf is formed of oat-grass, meadow-grass, rye-grass, ribwort, plantain, and different species of trefoil. One fourth of the farm is usually thus occupied; the other three are reserved for the plough. The fields are divided by rows of trees, which are generally mulberries, but sometimes maples or cherry-trees; these support the vines, and thus increase the number of crops without taking up any room.

The whole extent of the farm may be about sixty acres. A road, shaded by mulberry-trees, conducts to the second farm, which is in every respect similar to it; and from that to a third. These three farms, with the land reserved for the proprietor, and a few woods, form one of the finest estates in Piedmont.

Each of them is occupied by a family, and frequently descends from father to son, like an ancient patrimony, without any renewal of the tenure, which is continued from generation to generation, on the same conditions, without writing or register. The stock belongs to the landlord, the farmer being allowed the benefit of it at a fixed rent, which he pays in cash, and which is estimated at half the net produce of the meadow, that is, at forty francs per acre. The clover crops he has to himself; but all the others, viz. the wheat, Indian corn, wines, hemp, silk, &c. are divided in kind, in presence of the proprietor's agent.

This sort of conduct is singularly advantageous to the proprietor, who, without making any advances, unless for the payment of the taxes, receives a fixed rent for his meadowland, and a clear half of the gross produce of the other parts of his estate. On this he can safely speculate, so as to dispose of it at the most favourable moment: for having no disbursements to make for the business of the farm, he stands in the situation of a merchant, and seldom fails to profit by it. But this plan can only be adopted in a country where the small extent of the farms, and the contiguity of the land, allow of their being cultivated by a single family; where the work is done by bullocks, whose breed and manure are a profit to the farmer, instead of an annual expence, as is the case with horses; and where the climate and the fertility of the soil allow the continual employment of the land for a great variety of crops, and an extra produce of grain. Under these circumstances, the farmer having no stipulated rent to pay, and employing only his own family, is not called upon to advance any money; he lives upon his small crops, and provides him-

self with sufficient specie from the produce of his yard, and the sale of his corn.

This system possesses the further advantage of bringing the greatest quantity of produce to market. I make this assertion in opposition to the opinion of Arthur Young, who attributes this advantage exclusively to large farms. But, from the account just given, it is evident, in the first place, that the subdivision of the farms increases, at the same time, the number of plantations, gardens, and farm-yards; by which means an abundance of minor produce is obtained, which is lost on a large farm. In the second place, the farmer, from motives of economy, turns all his smaller produce to the best advantage for the consumption of his household, in order to save his most saleable article, his corn, for the market. This may be estimated at one-fourth of the gross amount, to which is to be added the whole of the landlord's share; so that three-fourths of the whole produce of the farm are thus brought to sale, in consequence of the increased production, and careful domestic economy, resulting from this system. I am of opinion, that not any country brings to market so large a proportion of its produce as Piedmont. In France the proportion cannot be more than one-third; judging by the relative numbers of the inhabitants of the towns and of the country. In England it may, perhaps, reach one-half. In Switzerland it scarcely amounts to any thing; and this is the reason why living there is so dear.

The number of towns in Piedmont is surprising; and yet this limited country, having a great part of its surface occupied by mountains, after satisfying its own wants, supplies the territory of Genoa, Nice, and even the port of Toulon, with corn and cattle. Without making an exact calculation, it is evident, from this statement, that there must be a superfluity of produce in the country, which must be attributed rather to its rural economy than to its direct fertility, for the average return of corn in Piedmont is not quite six for one.

It must, however, be allowed, that the system here spoken of is suited only to those countries where the employment of capital has long brought agriculture to its highest degree of productiveness, where experience has established an excellent order of crops, and where the most suitable division of property has been finally fixed. In improving countries, where an advance of capital is necessarily required, nothing but long leases and fixed rents will procure the investment of it, and thus prepare the means of future prosperity.

But it is time that I should advert to the system of cultivation

pursued on the farm which I have undertaken to give an account of.

It is sixty acres in extent, of which fifteen are in meadow: the remainder is in tillage, with about ten acres of clover. This last crop, and the hay, maintain a stock of eight bullocks, and thirteen cows or calves, together with a miserable horse, whose only business is to go to market, and to thrash the corn: making a gross amount of twenty-two head of cattle, or about one per acre for the green crops. The cattle are of the breed of Querci, which prevails through all the south of France, Dauphiné, and Savoy. Here they are leaner, and have smaller horns, but possess, in other respects, the same characters. They are of the same clear dun colour, with the same difference of make between the male and female, the cow being small and ill looking, while the bull is large and muscular, though he never acquires a good shape.

Though there is a vast number of cattle in Piedmont, the farmers have not learned, from their neighbours in the Milanese, to make much advantage from their dairies. They milk but few cows, and derive their profits chiefly from the calves, and from the manure. On the farm I am speaking of, for instance, a pair of bullocks are reared every year. At three years old, they are put into harness for the lighter work of the farm; and, during the two next, are in full work. At five years old, they are fattened, and often fetch as much as 1000, or 1100 francs, thus forming one of the principal sources of the farmers' profits. The forty-five acres of tillage employ two pair of bullocks, from four to five years old, which work two ploughs: add to these, a pair of three years old for the lighter work, and two pair of calves, with the rosinante, which thrashes the corn, and goes to market.

The Piedmontese plough has been so well described by M. Pictet, as well as the skill with which it is managed by the labourers, that it is not necessary for me to give an account of it here. I cannot, however, neglect to mention the dexterity with which they perform, with this single plough, all the operations of deep and surface ploughing, for which such a multitude of instruments have been invented in England. Nothing can be more neat and regular than the dressing given to the Indian corn, when in full vegetation, with a plough and a pair of oxen, so as completely to destroy all the weeds, without disturbing a single stem. In like manner, the potatoe crops which I admired at Hofwyl were not better managed than a field of twenty acres which I saw at La Mandria, where the plough alone had been used.

The rotation of crops is usually for four years, viz.

1st Year. Indian corn manured, beans, do. hemp do.
2d..... Wheat.
3d..... Trefoil, ploughed after the first cutting, and followed by a fallow.
4th.... ....Wheat.

This rotation may be considered as one of the most productive; and the continued fertility of the soil, notwithstanding the repetition of farinaceous crops, shews that it may be pursued for any length of time. This, it is true, must be attributed to the abundant manure, supplied by a meadow mowed three times, the whole of which is spread on the arable land.

In this arrangement of crops, the Indian corn is considered as preparatory to the others; all the manure is reserved for it, and the land is kept perfectly clean, by weeding and dressing. Nothing can be more beautiful than the harvest which follows. The plants, ranged in the most exact order, raise majestically their yellow heads, and give to the fields of Italy a certain pomp which adds to their beauty.

The produce of the Indian corn is very considerable, but its principal recommendation is, that it constitutes almost the sole article of subsistence with the country people, who eat it under every form of preparation. The crop is intermixed with beans of various kinds, and with hemp.

The harvest terminates in September, and as soon as it is got off the ground, the land is prepared for the wheat. It is sown in very narrow straight furrows, which the plough fills as it goes along. The soil having been sufficiently cleaned and manured in the spring, requires no further attention until the harvest, which takes place in the beginning of July.

After the corn has been dried in heaps, under the porticoes of the court-yard, during the latest days of August, it is thrashed on the area, at one of its ends. Instead of trampling it out by a herd of miserable jades, after the stupid custom of Provence, or of leaving it to be devoured by the mice for a year, as at Paris, it is thrashed by a cylinder, drawn by a horse, which a child guides: the labourers, in the mean time, turning over the straw with forks. This business takes up about a fortnight; it is as economical as it is expeditious, and completely cleans the grain.

The trefoil is sown upon the wheat in spring: the quick vegetation of Italy brings it into flower in the early part of autumn; and in October it is mown, supplying afterwards, with the meadow land, a latter-math. The following spring it shoots again, flowers, and is once more mowed; but the hot weather coming on, prevents a second crop: it is therefore ploughed in, and the land left fallow for the wheat.

In the course of four years, therefore, we find three crops of

food for man, one fallow, and two crops for cattle. To these must be added the hemp, the produce of which is sometimes considerable, the silk, the wine, the vegetables, the fruit, the poultry; and, lastly, the young stock, the milk, and the manure.

From this account, it appears that a farm of sixty acres supports a family of eight or nine persons; that it feeds twenty-two head of cattle, of which three are every year fattened, besides one or two pigs; that it produces at least twenty-five louis in silk; that it supplies more wine than the domestic consumption requires; and that the preparatory crop of Indian corn and beans alone, is nearly sufficient for the whole maintenance of the household; so that almost all the wheat is disposable for the market, besides a number of minor articles. The superiority of the agriculture and rural economy of Piedmont, to that of perhaps every other country, may hence be easily conceived; and the phenomena of its great population, and extensive exportation of produce, will no longer appear extraordinary.

LA MANDRIA DI CHIVAS, *July* 20, 1812.

THOUGH an excellent description of La Mandria has already been given by M. Pictet, I cannot quit Piedmont without noticing this establishment, the noblest perhaps of its kind in Europe.

It lies in the form of a perfect parallelogram of two thousand six hundred acres in extent, watered by a canal, and divided by cart roads into one hundred and twenty-six equal squares, one-third of which are in meadow, and the rest in tillage.

The object of the Pastoral Society, which undertook the management of this magnificent domain, was the feeding and improvement of a flock of six thousand merinos.

An enterprize like this, was an innovation in the agricultural system of Piedmont, where the land, consisting chiefly of irrigated meadows, without any fallows, is by no means suited for sheep. They do not, in fact, form any part of its rural economy, and could not even be kept alive, were it not for the vicinity of the Alps, where they are sent to pass five months every summer. On their return, they have the benefit of the after-crop for about six weeks, and are then fed from the rack. They do not, therefore, enter into the regular system even of La Mandria, and might perhaps be replaced to advantage by other stock.

But the richness of the mountain pastures, the abundance and quality of the winter keep, and the continual attention of Count Lodi, have had a great effect on the breed, which is now distinguished from all the rest, by its size and beauty. They are longer in the legs than the sheep of Rambouillet, but equal them

in weight, and in roundness and symmetry of form: the rams have short horns, and are not so fierce looking. Very heavy fleeces, the staple of which is slightly glossy, are clipped, and the wool resembles that of the Electorate of Saxony. This fine flock, which has, however, a rival in that of Messrs. Laval and Colegno, succeeded extremely well, till the year 1811, when the depreciation of wool gave a check to its progress, and brought all the inferior sheep to the slaughter-house, as well as all the lambs which were not bred from select animals. This circumstance, though unfortunate for the company of proprietors, has, however, tended still farther to improve the breed.

There is one circumstance attending the management of La Mandria with which I have been particularly struck, and which I think is worthy of observation, as an example for those countries where the farms are upon a large scale. I have before said that those of Piedmont are small, and the objects of cultivation numerous, but La Mandria, which was formerly the royal stud, presented an uniform and level surface of two thousand six hundred acres in extent, with a single farm-house in the centre. It thus seemed laid out for the system of agriculture on the grand scale which was, in fact, previously adopted upon it. But Count Lodi, aware of the advantages of the Piedmontese system, undertook to introduce it into the vast domain of La Mandria, and he has succeeded. The means he employed are as simple as they are judicious, being nothing more than the subdivision of the land, and a surprizing regularity in the business of the farm.

The soil of La Mandria being all alike, allowed of the same course of crops being adopted for the whole: and Count Lodi has followed the usual rotation of the country, that is—

1st Year..... Indian corn, manured.
2d Year..... Wheat.
3d Year..... Trefoil, followed by a fallow.
4th Year..... Wheat.

The only innovation he has made, is that of reserving twenty acres of the corn land for potatoes, for the use of the sheep.

With the view of adhering to this systematic arrangement, instead of availing himself of the great extent of the domain, to lay out his fields on a large scale, as is usually done, he divided it into regular plots of twenty acres each, inclosed with a fence of alders, and separated by a road running between them.

By this plan, the estate, instead of forming one vast whole, became merely an assemblage of small farms; and such appears to have been the Count's view. Having determined on the course of crops to be followed, he did not, as is usual on large farms, aim at reducing, as low as possible, the number of his labourers, which usually leads to the neglect of the inferior and

distant parts of the farm. He estimated the labour necessary to carry his system into complete effect on every part of the estate, and regulated the number of his workmen accordingly. This was merely a matter of calculation: the difficulty lay in giving motion to a machine which was to represent the multiplied business of twenty farms lying within a common inclosure. This he accomplished, by establishing a sort of military subordination and responsibility; and by keeping, invariably, the same men to the same department.

The establishment consists of regular servants hired by the year, and of day-labourers, all of whom engage, on entering, to follow the order prescribed. The laying down of this rule was attended with some difficulty at first, but custom has long since removed it.

Both servants and labourers feed themselves, receiving their full recompence in money, and clubbing together at the board, as suits their convenience. The former have gardens, the size of which is proportioned to their rank in the household, and for the cultivation of which, a stated time is allowed them.

They are divided into companies, according to their occupations, each company having a foreman, or captain, who is responsible for the manner in which the work is executed, and has his lieutenants and subalterns under him. He receives his orders from the principal, and distributes them among the several squads. Thus the shepherds form one company, the herdsmen another, the carters another, and the workmen employed in tillage a fourth. The day labourers are distributed among the several companies as they are wanted, and are under the orders of the officers of those companies, so long as they are attached to them. All the different employments commence and conclude regularly at the sound of a bell; and the corporals, who are never absent, superintend both their execution and their duration.

In order to preserve this regularity in the business of the farm, Count Lodi made it a rule never to separate the working companies on any account whatever. The fields being all of the same size, the men are set to work upon each of them, all at once, and the business must be completed in a given time. Both men and ploughs work in a line; and I have never beheld a finer rural sight than that of twenty ploughs, in one field, moving at equal distances, in an exact line, all turning at once at the word of command, and commencing their march, with a sort of silent solemnity, in the same order. It was not less gratifying to see a hundred and fifty mowers, ranged in an oblique line, cutting down, with measured strokes, a luxuriant herbage, and followed by a similar line of women, forming an exact parallel behind them, and turning over the swarth as fast as it dried.

It is by observing this strict order that the Count has succeeded in obtaining the most perfect regularity in the performance of the agricultural labours, and that he has been able to transfer the minute attention and precision of the small farm to an extent of two thousand six hundred acres. In the whole of this space there is not a single inch of ground neglected: the whole estate is included in the plan which has been laid down; every part receives an equal share of manure and of cultivation, and repays the care bestowed on it by crops, which could not have been expected from the mediocrity of the soil, and the greatness of the extent. But there is nothing which perseverance and resolution cannot accomplish.

PARMA, *September* 10, 1812.

THE farther we advance towards the east, along the course of the Po, the deeper and more fertile does the soil become; but at the same time the rivers, which flow at a considerable depth within their beds in the vicinity of the Alps, rise to the level of the surrounding country, as they approach the Adriatic, and the soil is consequently more humid. We accordingly find less corn and more meadow land.

This change is apparent as soon as you reach the environs of Piacenza. The size of their farms, and their general management, are the same as in Piedmont; but the rotation of crops and the sources of profit are different. The wealth of this part of Lombardy consists more in cattle than in corn, and the landscape becomes so much the more beautiful and animated in its appearance. The whole right bank of the Po is planted with magnificent oaks, whose majestic branches, spreading from their lofty trunks, give to this part of the country an air of freshness and verdure which we do not expect to find in Italy. The acorns of these trees are of considerable value to the farmers, as they serve to feed an immense number of pigs; and I have been surprised to observe, that their shade does little or no injury to the crops which grow beneath them; a circumstance which must be attributed to the combined effect of the moisture and fertility of the soil, and of an Italian sun.

On the dairy farms which border the course of the Po, the Parmasan cheese is made, of which there is so great a consumption all over Italy. These meadows are the most fertile in the world. Being constantly watered, they produce three, and sometimes four, crops of hay; but, as they are divided into a great number of small lots, few of the farms

are capable of supporting a dairy singly; because this would require the milk of fifty cows at least. It has, therefore, long been the custom for the neighbouring farmers to form themselves into societies, for the purpose of making their cheese together. The milk is carried twice a day to the general depôt, where the dairyman keeps an account of the quantity brought by each person. These accounts are settled every six months by a proportionate division of the cheese.

The breed of horned cattle about Piacenza is also different. We no longer see the large dun-coloured short-horned beasts of Piedmont; but a fine slate-coloured breed, distinguished by the smallness of their bones, the roundness of their make, their lively eye, and their long and regularly-turned horns. They are produced by the continual crossing of the Hungarian breed with that of the small Cantons of Switzerland.

The Hungarian breed is found pure in the south of Italy, and produces the finest and best cattle known; but they are bad milkers, and on this account the Lombards have found it necessary to cross them, in order to turn their meadows to advantage. Every year, from time immemorial, two thousand cows pass Mount St. Gothard to be dispersed over Lombardy, and produce that renovation of the species which alone preserves to the breed of Italy its valuable qualities.

These Swiss cows are not of the breed of Berne, so well known in France, and distinguished by their bright colours and fine shapes. They are from the small Cantons, and from their dull colours, long horns, and loose make, appear to me to be themselves the offspring of the Hungarian stock, greatly improved by care, food, and climate. This common origin renders it precisely adapted for mixing with the Italian breed.

The farms are let on the same terms as in Piedmont, namely, the payment of half the produce; but the rotation of crops is somewhat different. A greater proportion is laid down in meadow, and the Indian corn gives place, in a great degree, to the cultivation of hemp and winter-beans. The usual course is as follows:

1st Year,	Indian Corn and Hemp, manured.
2d ——	Wheat.
3d ——	Winter-beans.
4th ——	Wheat, manured.
5th ——	Trefoil, ploughed in after the first mowing.
6th ——	Wheat.

Tobacco has lately been cultivated in the neighbourhood of Parma with great success: in which case it takes place of the Indian corn and hemp the first year.

This course is still more productive than that of Piedmont;

but it arises from the richness of the soil, and the abundance of dung obtained from the cattle, which enables the farmer to manure every third year. In Piedmont this is only done every four years.

I shall not enlarge on this admirable rotation, which, in six years, gives four crops of grain, one of hemp, and one of fodder. Notwithstanding the rapidity of the succession, it is, as will be observed, so skilfully arranged, that the fertility of the soil is in no wise exhausted by it, while, at the same time, it gives all the opportunity necessary for preparing the land, and keeping it clean, by crops which are regularly weeded. The winter-bean is the only plant on which I wish to make a few remarks.

It has been successfully introduced within the last few years about Geneva, where the winter is very severe. It is, therefore, evidently hardy, and may be employed with advantage in the agriculture of the northern countries, for it will enter readily into almost any course.

The winter-bean resembles the spring-bean in its general appearance. It is sown at the beginning of September, and ought to acquire a certain degree of strength before winter, in order the better to withstand its severity. When the frost and snow come on the stalk dies; but early in the spring the plant throws up from the root two or three fresh stems, which flower in May, and are ripe by the end of July.

Its cultivation is extremely simple. After the wheat is got off, the land is broken up by a single ploughing, and left to lighten through the effect of the season. Early in September the beans are sown, either burying them with the plough, or covering them with the harrow, or lastly, with the dibble, which last method affords an opportunity to clean them with the horse-hoe in the spring; otherwise they must be weeded by the hand some time in April.

As they are ripe as early as July, the farmer has plenty of time to prepare his land for the wheat crop which is to follow, and which almost always does well.

They succeed best on strong clayey soils, where roots will not thrive; they come in well with the different periods of ploughing and sowing, and keep up the fertility of the soil. They, therefore, possess every quality that can be desired, and I have no doubt, that the cultivation of them will rapidly extend itself.

Such is the sketch of the cultivation and general system of that portion of Lombardy which extends along the right bank of the Po; that is, of a part of the first agricultural division of Italy, laid down in a former letter It will be observed

that the crops are almost all destined for food, and that, excepting hemp and flax, there are none for the employment of industry. The result of this abundant supply of provisions, is a vast population, not any classes of which are manufacturers, because the raw materials are without their reach.

They may, therefore, be divided into four classes, namely, the soldiers and public functionaries; the landed proprietors, who live on their rents; the merchants and artisans; and, lastly, the farmers, who rent the land and live by their industry.

This last class, only, reside in the farm-houses scattered all over Lombardy; the other three live in the cities and large towns, and this is the reason why not any of the hamlets or villages inhabited by farmers of property, so frequent in France, are here to be seen. On the other hand, the whole of the landed property being in the possession of the capitalists, the number of persons thus living on the rents of their estates is greater in this part of Lombardy than elsewhere, and gives to the towns an agreeable appearance of affluence.

SARZANA, *September* 20, 1812.

HAVING, in my former letters, given a brief account of the cultivation of Lombardy, that is, of the first of the agricultural districts into which I have divided Italy, I now proceed to describe my journey over the Appennines, which I crossed at the highest part; by which means some idea may be formed of their natural scenery and culture, and the customs of their inhabitants.

Being desirous to obtain some knowledge of the unexplored valleys of these mountains, and of the rural economy of the pastures by which their summits are covered, I set out from Parma, accompanied by Messrs. Ortali and Succhi, two proprietors of Merino flocks, with the view of traversing, in its whole extent, the lofty chain which separates the state of Modina from that of Genoa and Tuscany. This expedition cannot be performed otherwise than on horseback, or more generally on foot, the paths which lead over these mountains being steeper, and more rugged than those of the Alps.

We passed the first night at *Sala*, once the favourite villa of the late Grand Duchess, the sister of Marie Antoinette; it is situated at the foot of the mountains, at three leagues distance from Parma, and at present belongs to a contractor, who has let the estate and its dependencies to my travelling companions. The stables, coach-houses, &c. are converted into sheep-folds, within which two thousand Merinos pass the

winter; in the summer they are upon the mountains, where we were going to visit them. They are supplied with hay from extensive meadows situated beneath the chateau.

There are few situations finer than that of Sala. Being placed on the last of the ridges formed by the declivity of the mountains, it commands the whole plain of Lombardy; while it is itself protected from observation by an ancient forest of chestnut-trees. The majestic scenery which surrounds it is, however, its sole recommendation, the internal accommodations being very indifferent.

We left it at day-break, and proceeded along the foot of the hills in a direction parallel with the course of the Po. The road sometimes ran on a level with the plain, and at others, led along eminences shaded by chestnut-trees, or by trellises of vines, whence we enjoyed an enchanting prospect. The hills in which the Appennines terminate are intersected by streamlets, and covered with cottages; the vine is the principal object of cultivation, and the spots which are too rough for it, are shaded by the vast branches of the chestnut-trees.

Having reached the village of Berzola, we quitted the fertile plains of Lombardy, and, turning abruptly to the south, entered the ravaged valley, periodically devastated by the stream of the Parma, which we ascended to its source, and then entered on the savage parts of the mountains.

We followed the course of this valley for seven leagues, pursuing our way in the bed of the river, which at that time presented no other appearance than that of an arid tract, covered with loose stones, and extending to the mountains on either side, to the breadth of about half a league. The whole of this extensive channel is often covered with water; but the inundation never lasts more than a few days.

On each side of us ran two parallel chains of hills, which at first were no more than gentle declivities; but increasing in elevation as we advanced, at length joined the lofty range of the Appennines, from which they extended themselves, like arms, from north to south; the direction of the central chain being from east to west. These ramifications are evidently stony ridges which have resisted the violence of the waters, and there is a continued succession of them along the whole length of the Appennines.

During the early part of our journey these hills were enlivened by numerous cottages, interspersed with vineyards and cultivated fields, with here and there a steeple peeping up above the chestnut-trees. These symptoms of rural life, however, became more rare as we advanced into the vale, and soon neither vines nor elms were to be seen. The declivities,

too steep for cultivation, presented nothing to the eye but pasturage, with a few trees and fragments of rock. The cottages, which were thinly scattered, were small and dark; and their sloping roofs, covered with flat stones, indicated that we had already entered the region of snow. The beautiful cattle of the plain had also disappeared; a few miserable animals, with some goats and spotted sheep, were alone browzing the scanty herbage.

Towards the close of our progress, these appearances of animated nature abandoned us altogether. The valley became suddenly contracted; the bed of the river, instead of being wide and open, was confined by enormous rocks; and the mountains assumed a grander character, being marked by large masses of rock and forests. In short, all the surrounding objects bore the features of the Alps.

The path we were following now rose suddenly over a rocky steep, and displayed to us a gulph, at the bottom of which the waters were roaring; a bridge boldly thrown over the abyss; and, beyond it, on a woody knoll, the steeple of Bosco, the village which was to terminate our day's journey.

I cannot describe the effect produced upon me by the view of this village, which is the capital of the mountainous district. It bore no resemblance to any that I had seen, and gave me the idea of an Otaheitean hamlet, rather than of an European country town. It has no streets, or rows of houses, nor are there any gardens or cultivated grounds. A number of enormous chestnut-trees, rising at considerable distances from each other, upon a fine turf, unite their branches, and form a verdant canopy, under which the houses are scattered at random amidst this natural orchard. The church is built in an opening of the wood, and has rather an elegant appearance; close by it stands the parsonage-house.

At the time of our arrival, the vesper-bell had assembled all the inhabitants at the temple. They were on their knees before the porch; and although the sight of our party somewhat interrupted their attention, this scene of rural devotion had something inexpressibly interesting in it.

Strangers are always received with hospitality by these mountaineers. The clergy, more especially, practise this virtue with uncommon zeal and heartiness. The worthy curate of Bosco nearly dragged us off our horses to take us to his house. He was acquainted with my companions; but had they been equally strangers to him with myself, he would have received us with the same cordiality. Taken thus by surprise, he was at a loss how best to entertain us. He would have killed his whole dove-cote; he scolded his servant, and broke his bottles,

glasses, and eggs. The result of all this bustle, however, was, that he presented us with six brace of pigeons, and several omelets, which we eat with as much pleasure as he had in providing them.

After supper we were visited by the principal inhabitants of the village, who disputed the honour of being our guides the next day. I took advantage of this opportunity to obtain some information respecting the cultivation and manners of the country, which I shall now lay before the reader; it may be considered as a specimen of what prevails along the whole range of the highest chain of the Appennines.

The soil is too much broken by the torrents to admit of the cultivation of grain, and the climate is too severe for the growth of the vine, Indian corn, or pulse of any kind. The whole harvest is a little hay, grown on favourable spots, which, with the leaves of the beech-tree, forms the winter provision of the cattle. These consist of a few small horses of burden, some spotted sheep, and goats; together with pigs of an excellent quality, which are fed on chestnuts and skim-milk.

During the summer these animals range about the mountains in the neighbourhood of the hamlet; in winter they are kept in the stables. From the milk of the sheep and goats the inhabitants make small, hard, sour, cheeses, which form the principal part of their food. The wool of the sheep is spun during winter by the women, who contrive to weave it into a sort of stuff, which serves as clothing for the whole family.

Thus this uncultivated region supports its inhabitants solely by its spontaneous productions, that is, by its chestnut-trees. These grow in surprising luxuriance and abundance, on the sides of the mountains, and the chestnuts are much larger, and very superior in quality to those grown in the North. They are eaten in every sort of form; but the most usual one, namely, that of a flat cake, to which they give the name of bread, appears to me the only one that is disagreeable. The wheaten bread is brought from Parma, and is a luxury in which they indulge only on grand occasions.

Potatoes would be an important acquisition. There are various situations where they might be cultivated with success; and where, from the certainty of their produce, they would form a valuable addition to the resources of the country. I met with them further on; but here they are unknown. The curate had, indeed, heard them mentioned, and I exhorted him to make trial of them.

The means of subsistence of these inhabitants of the Appennines, who depend solely on the bounty of nature, consist, therefore, in their chestnuts, the produce of which is uncertain, and in

some trifling animal productions; to which may be added a great number of pigeons, who are nourished I know not how, and a tolerable quantity of bees. The population, notwithstanding, is pretty numerous, and the territory much divided. The people are very industrious, but their distinguishing characteristic is excessive economy. They themselves fabricate both their furniture and their clothes, and these form almost their only wants. They make a great deal of charcoal, which is their only method of clearing the woods; but their principal revenue arises from emigration. All the active part of the population quit their habitations to go and work during the summer in Lombardy, or more commonly in Tuscany, whence they bring home their savings, which form nearly the whole circulating capital of the country. They may, therefore, be denominated the Auvergnats of Italy. At this moment, great numbers of them are working on the new road leading from Genoa to Spezia, and are handsomely recompensed for their labours. They hold the French engineers in high esteem: so that the influence of the Polytechnic school is felt even here.

It is evident that a country, whose whole produce is scarcely sufficient to support its population, and which furnishes no marketable commodities, is not likely to attract the capitalist. We accordingly find, throughout all the range of the Apennines, that the farmers are also the proprietors of the land; a circumstance by which these regions are distinguished from every other part of Italy.

The sun was risen when we left our worthy curate, to ascend the high chain of the Appennines. Our party made no little shew, for not only had the whole village contributed, in the most friendly and hospitable manner, to supply us with provisions, but the principal people of the place insisted on accompanying us; so that we mustered fifteen horsemen at our departure from the parsonage-house.

We soon plunged into the midst of a forest of chestnut-trees, which covered the first declivity of the mountain. Our road lay occasionally over a fine turf, but more commonly over rocks, covered with mosses, and entwined by the roots of the gigantic trees which overshadowed us, and beneath whose impenetrable shade an everlasting coolness prevails. We were two hours in traversing these woods, which from time immemorial have been the noblest ornament of these regions, and the manna of these deserts.

We had now reached the foot of a ridge of rocks, which we passed with considerable difficulty, and then entered the region of beech-trees. The ascent now became so steep, that our horses could scarcely scramble up. At length, after a further progress

of two leagues, our guides cried out, that they saw the *Acqua santa.* Accordingly, having gained the highest summit, we found ourselves on the brink of a small lake. Its waters were pure and fresh, and its form a regular oval, like the crater of a volcano, from two to three hundred feet in depth. This declivity was covered with beech-trees, whose verdure was reflected in the limpid waters of the basin; had it not been for this circumstance, I could have supposed myself on the shores of one of the lakes of the high Alps.

The country people attribute great virtues to these waters, which have no visible outlet, so that it is a sort of pilgrimage to visit the *Acqua santa.* I do not know at what height we were, but it must have been considerable, as masses of snow, which had survived the winter, lay around us.

Beyond the lake, commences the extensive summer pastures, called, by the inhabitants, *Macchie.* They extend over the summits of the whole of the high chain of the Appennines, beginning at the valley of La Magra, which separates the lower mountains of Genoa from those of Tuscany and Modena. They are intersected by crags of rocks, which overhang their sunken bases. A few strong built huts are provided for the shepherds, but the flocks remain always in the open air.

Almost all these mountains belong to the Communes of the lower valleys. They are let for the season, at so much per head of cattle. The rate is a piastre, or crown, for a horse, five sols for a sheep, and three for a goat. The latter animals browse amongst the rocks and bushes; the best pastures being reserved for the horses.

The flocks all come from Tuscany, where they pass the winter in the pastures of the *Maremme**. They belong to migratory shepherds, who, like those of Spain, have no other property, nor any fixed residence. They always keep to one sort of animal, some having horses, others sheep, and others goats. They rent the winter pastures of Tuscany at the rate of three piastres for a horse, twelve sols for a sheep, and eight for a goat, for the season.

This erratic system, though injurious in countries capable of high cultivation, is greatly beneficial to those where this is interdicted by the nature of the soil, and whence nature seems, as it were, to have repelled man. The migration of the flocks, in the region of the Appennines, is attended with the double advantage of turning to use the herbage of the mountain summits, and of peopling the unhealthy districts with the only inhabitants capable of profitable by their spontaneous vegetation, as they remain

* Plains, subject to the *Malaria*, or pestilential atmosphere, situated between the sea and the Appennines, in the Tuscan and some other Italian states.

there only during winter. In short, it is the only way of converting the vegetable productions of these countries into wool and cheese, and is, therefore, the most suitable economy for them.

The first flock of sheep we met with, was of the common breed of Tuscany. They were rather low, but admirably formed. Their wool was white and plentiful, and they appeared to me, in all respects, the same with the migratory species of Provence. Their fleeces are rather fine; the wool was formerly shipped at Leghorn for England, but is now sold in Dauphiné. The produce of the cheese is, however, more considerable than that of the wool.

Close by was a herd of horses, which we had much difficulty in approaching: they were all young colts, the mares passing the whole year on the plains. As is the case with all the wild herds, they were moulded very much alike. They are elegantly made, their limbs clean, and small boned; but they were all mule-rumped, hollow-backed, and had the long narrow head of the Italian horses.

These little horses, however, though badly fed, and worse attended to, will gallop to a great distance, without losing either their spirit or their wind. They are fitter for the saddle than for draught, being deficient in shoulder, and in weight, for the collar. As, however, in Italy, all the heavy loads are drawn by oxen, this light little breed is very well adapted to the purposes for which it is needed.

On approaching a rocky tract, covered with bushes and brambles, I beheld a sight I had never before witnessed. This was a migratory flock of twelve hundred goats, which live constantly in the woods, and are never housed. They are perfectly wild, and never come near the herdsman except for the salt, which is given them twice a day, when they are milked; and this was the only time that I had an opportunity of seeing them. They were extremely handsome. I remarked one he-goat in particular, which would have made a fine figure, as the representative of his species, in a menagerie.

At some distance farther, on a noble pasture, was the flock of merino's belonging to my companions, and amounting to about two thousand. I never saw a flock of finer animals, or in better condition; not excepting even that of Rambouillet. It is true, they are managed differently from the Tuscan flocks. Instead of passing the winter in the Maremme, they descend in autumn to the folds of Sala, where they find shelter, and are supplied with the best of fodder. This especial care the merinos seem to require; for the proprietors, tempted by the low price of the wintering in the Maremme, sent a thousand thither in the year 1811, of which seven hundred perished with cold and hunger.

From many other facts of a similar nature, I am persuaded that these animals require more care and expence than any other breed of sheep.

The latter part of the day was thus spent by me in visiting the shepherds' huts, in inspecting the flocks, and in examining the other particulars of this part of the migratory system of Tuscany. We passed the night in one of the huts, and the next morning, at day-break, I took leave of my companions, and set out, with a guide, on my descent towards the Mediterranean.

I had as yet traversed the northern side only of the high chain of the Appennines; and was still half a league distant from their summits, which separate the territory of Parma from that of Tuscany. I began my ascent over a grassy turf, moistened with dew. I already commanded the view of all the chains of the Appennines; but the moment I reached the extreme summit, a boundless horizon opened before me. Never had so noble a prospect met my eyes: all Italy was extended at my feet. In the cloudless distance, the long chain of the Alps stretched farther than the eye could reach, from the frontiers of France, to the boundaries of Illyria; inclosing, as it were, in a silver frame, that vast plain, watered by so many rivers. To the south, the ground appeared to descend by terraces, from the height where I stood to the shores of the sea. I distinguished the bay and castles of Spezia, and followed, with my eye, the magnificent curve in which the sea sweeps along the shores of Tuscany, to embellish, at a still greater distance, those of Naples.

The whole history of this ancient land presented itself before me; from the landing of Eneas on the banks of the Tiber, to the battles of Lodi and Marengo. What a multitude of events recurred to my recollection! What sensations were inspired by this theatre, whence, as in a panorama, I beheld all Italy depicted around me!

The site from which I enjoyed this view, is certainly one of the most remarkable in Europe. I would advise every traveller to visit it. He may easily accomplish this, by going by the new carriage road from Parma to Pontremoli, whence he may, on horseback, reach the point I have mentioned in three hours, and return the same day to Pontremoli. But this excursion, which is, perhaps, more interesting than that of the glaciers of Savoy, can only be made in summer; and most foreigners devote the winter to visiting Italy. They, in consequence, can form no just idea of that country: their acquaintance with it is confined to its churches, its tombs, and monuments; but all the riches which nature displays there, remain unknown to them.

I was now on the frontiers of Tuscany; and looking about me, to see how I was to get down, I perceived a commodious road,

six feet in width, skilfully carried along the declivities, which conducted me from mountain to mountain, till it brought me into the valley of La Magra, in which Pontremoli is situated.

This road, like so many other works of public utility, was made by Leopold, who extended his attentions even to the rendering of the pastures more accessible to the flocks, to which purpose only the road in question, which ought to serve as a model to the inhabitants of the Alps, was constructed.

As I descended towards the Mediterranean, the face of nature wore a totally different aspect. I had lost the fertile inclosures and corn-fields, the meadows and their canals, the oaks and the willows. I was in the region of the south, surrounded by woods of evergreen, oaks and olives, of laurels, and cypresses: and, instead of the clover-sprinkled turf, I beheld the hyacinth and the tuberose. I was on the mountains of Genoa.

Having crossed the valley of La Magra, which separates these lower chains from the high Appennines I had just descended, I entered the Genoese territory, distinguished by its pomp, its wretchedness, and its sterility. Continuing my way along barren ridges, on which grew a few stinted chestnut trees, through valleys devastated by the torrents, and villages which bore the aspect of wretchedness, as the countenances of their inhabitants did that of guilt, I passed through Compiano, a small town which supplies all Europe with exhibitors of monkies and wild beasts, and at length came into the road *della Cornice*, near the port of Bracco.

I have little to say concerning the agriculture of these mountains. They are destitute of herbage, and consequently do not afford pastures, although a few goats and sheep are occasionally to be seen. The valleys produce Indian corn, together with the olive and the vine, and supply some resources to the inhabitants, whose principal dependence, however, is on the sea and on emigration.

What particularly attracted my notice, was a number of little plots of potatoes in very good order; and near the port of Bracco, I saw a considerable quantity of them growing on a piece of land recently cleared, which appeared to be exceedingly well managed. I complimented, on this head, the post-master, whose property I supposed it to be; but he informed me that it belonged to the French gens-d'armes stationed there. He told me that our soldiers, whose numbers it had been found necessary, for good reasons, to increase in these parts, had introduced the cultivation of the potatoe within the last five years. The peasants followed their example, and the last year of scarcity greatly contributed to its progress.

I could not help being struck at the singular means by which Providence had bestowed on this country, the only production, in my opinion, adapted to its wretched soil. Assuredly no Agricultural Society would have thought of it.

I had thus traversed the whole chain of the Appennines, and found myself on the *Riviera*, or coast of the Gulf of Genoa. I followed the windings of the shore to the top of the Gulf, whence, as from a throne, that celebrated city proudly domineers over these seas.

I shall not say any thing of the splendour of Genoa, of its palaces, or of the monuments of its ancient glory, as these have already been repeatedly described. I shall confine my account to the singular aspect of the barren, but majestic scenery by which it is surrounded; and I cannot do this better than by continuing the narrative of my journey.

At six o'clock in the evening of the 21st, I set out from Genoa, on my return to Tuscany, along the road by the sea side, called La Cornice. At present this road is a mere path, traced along the shore, or on the side of the mountains; but, in a few years, it will be formed into a noble terrace, encircling the Gulf, and thus uniting Italy to France. Some parts of it are already completed, but as they do not join, I could not profit by them, and therefore accompanied the courier, who still passes this way, on horseback.

It was a holiday, and the whole population of Genoa was come forth to breathe, during a fine evening, the refreshing breeze from the sea, and the perfume of the orange-trees. The sun was setting behind the mountains, and a semi-tint was beginning to steal over the villas built on their sides, so that I could scarcely distinguish the fresco paintings with which their fronts were ornamented. Elegantly-dressed women, attracted by the galloping of our horses, were peeping out from the numerous arbours which bordered the road side. They were not, as formerly, enveloped in a veil which concealed their whole figure. They had renounced the shawls known by the name of *mezzaros*, which, it is said, were not unfrequently employed for purposes of coquetry, and were dressed in the French style.

After an hour's riding, we were obliged to slacken our pace, the new road terminating here, and quitted these environs, so highly embellished by art, at the close of day. Our road was now a rocky path, the windings of which led us sometimes through woods of olive-trees, and at others, along the sea-shore. It was perfectly dark. The inhabitants had all retired to their dwellings. The plants which grew along our path, exhaled their nameless odours: the nightingales, concealed

amidst the foliage of the trees, poured forth their songs, and innumerable fire-flies, fluttering from flower to flower, illumined their blossoms with a transient light, and seemed as it were, a shower of stars descended upon earth to cheer the night.

Trusting to my horse's acquaintance with the road, I threw the reins upon his neck, and committed myself, without fear, to his guidance. I inhaled the air, cooled by the freshness of the evening, but still soft and tepid. I listened to the murmur of the sea as it broke gently on the shore; for such was the serenity of the weather, that its waves, though coming from the main, made no more noise than the rippling of a brook. I would fain have stopped to enjoy, without interruption, the various sensations occasioned by this scene of repose. All nature seemed to speak a language in unison with the clearness of the sky, and the calmness of the sea. The deliciousness of the climate, and the perfume of the flowers, conspired to create around me an ideal world, which my fancy embellished at pleasure. I wished to protract this pleasing dream, for I foresaw that it would vanish with the return of day; and I regretted its approach, as the destruction of one of those reveries, the illusions of which are so delightful.

The rising sun revealed all the magnificence of the scene which surrounded me. I was then near Sestri, on one of the terraces recently cut in the rock, in the line of the projected road, whence I commanded the sea. It was less calm than the evening before, and its waves, raised by the southern wind, broke at the foot of the rocks, and bedewed the shrubs, which grew in their clefts, with spray. The mists of the morning were spreading, in silver tints, over the sides of the mountains; and villas, embosomed in vines and fig-trees, were seen, here and there, in their recesses. They were decorated with frescoes, which deceived the eye with the appearance of a noble architecture; and their flat roofs were surrounded by a balustrade, covered with jasmine and creeping plants. All around, the surface of the earth presented nothing but naked sterility, or useless shew. The mountains of Genoa seem intended to evince, that nature occasionally delights to invest herself in ostentatious pomp, without any purpose of utility. The vegetables which serve to support life, are utterly excluded, while those which are productive only of ornament, grow here in profusion. We find neither harvests nor fruits amidst these rocks, but every plant is a flower, and every shrub a laurel.

I travelled all day along narrow paths, amidst the magnificence

of this sterile region. I could, with difficulty, procure any thing to eat in the miserable dwellings at which we stopped, nor did our horses find a better supply on the mountains, where they were turned to graze. They were lean and small, but I could not help admiring the spirit with which they climbed up the sides of the mountains. They are brought from the Maremme of Tuscany, and from the wild habits in which they are bred, acquire surprizing obstinacy and spirit. At length, from an elevated point, I descried the extensive basin of Spezia, encompassed by hills covered with olive-trees. The road widens as it descends into the valley; and thence to Sarzana, the traveller again meets with the new one. It was just finished, not any carriage having, as yet, left its trace on the sand with which it was covered. None, in fact, are to be found in the neighbourhood: and I, therefore, continued my journey on horseback to Sarzana, where I arrived as the day closed.

FLORENCE, *May* 4, 1813.

I SHALL not attempt, after M. Sismondi, to give a detailed account of the agriculture of Tuscany. My object is to convey a general idea of this charming country, for which purpose I shall adopt the course I have hitherto pursued, by continuing the narrative of my journey.

Tuscany comprehends three regions perfectly distinct. The Arno, flowing through its smiling vale, forms, amidst the mountains, a sort of basin, in the centre of which Florence is situated; and which extends southward as far as Cortona, and westward as far as Pisa. In the vicinity of the sea, this basin, which, higher up, is frequently very narrow, expands into a vast plain, of aqueous formation, level as a mirror.

The right bank of the Arno is bordered by the chain of the high Appennines: its left extends to the sea, and to the frontiers of the Ecclesiastical State. The surface of the latter is broken and irregular, the air, for the most part, unwholesome, and the hills crowned with ruins of all ages. The Appennine region comprises two-sixths of the whole extent of Tuscany: the rich vale of the Arno one-sixth only: the remainder is occupied by the tract known by the name of the Maremme, or the region of the Malaria, of which Sienna may be considered as the capital.

The fertile and beautiful part of Tuscany is thus limited to one-sixth of its whole extent, and it is to this alone that the descriptions given by travellers are confined. I shall add my account to the rest; but I wish also to make the reader

acquainted with that unhealthy, unknown, and savage country, which nature seems to have struck with premature sterility and death, and which every where bears the marks of happier times, and of former prosperity. Tuscany has been, at two distinct periods, the theatre of the highest civilization, and affords, perhaps, a better opportunity than can elsewhere be found, for observing the influence of man over the works of the creation.

I have, in the preceding letter, described the general character and scenery of the Appennines. They present nothing to the eye but valleys devastated by the waters, rocky tracts, wooded declivities, and natural pastures. The same features prevail in the mountains of Tuscany, and it would be superfluous to retrace them. There is, however, a softer character about the Florentine scenery, as if the vicinity of that terrestrial elysium shed a sweet influence around it. The mountains are not so high, their declivities are more gentle, their pastures greener, and their valleys more populous.

But here, as throughout the Appennines, the inhabitants are poor, living on chestnuts, and migrating, for employment, to Florence, Leghorn, the fertile vale of the Arno, and the mines of the island of Elba.

The Arno, before it reaches Florence, flows through the Val di Chiana. As this valley is, in every respect, similar to that known by the name of Val d'Arno, which extends from Florence to the sea, an account of my excursion through the latter, will give a sufficient idea of the whole course of the river.

I left Florence alone, and directed my course by Pistoia and Lucca, to Pisa, following the right bank of the Arno, along the foot of the mountains. Their bases are covered with olive-woods, whose foliage conceals from the eye innumerable little farms. The higher acclivities are occupied by the chestnut trees, whose vigorous verdure forms a pleasing contrast with the pale tint of the olives, and gives a sort of brilliancy to the entire scene.

The road I pursued was bordered on each side with rural habitations, not more than a hundred paces distant from each other: they are built of brick, and display a justness of proportion, and an elegance of form, unknown in more northern climes. They consist of a single story, with frequently only a door and two windows in front. They are always placed at a short distance from the road, from which they are separated by a low wall, and a terrace of a few feet in breadth. On this wall are usually placed vases, copied from the antique, in which are planted aloes, flowers, or young orange-trees. The

house itself is entirely covered with vines, so that in summer-time the traveller is at a loss to know whether they are verdant arbours, or habitations intended for winter.

Before these dwellings, bands of young girls, dressed in white, with corsets of silk, and straw hats ornamented with flowers to shade the face, are busily employed in plaiting the fine mats of which the Florence hats are made. This manufacture is the source of the prosperity of the Val d'Arno. It brings in annually three millions of liras, which are earned exclusively by the women, the men not being concerned in this branch of business. The girls buy the straw for a few sols, and vie with each other in plaiting it as finely as possible. They themselves dispose of the hats they manufacture, and the profits they derive from them are their marriage portion. The father of the family has, however, a right to exact from the females of his household a certain share in the labours of his farm; but this is commonly performed by the women from the mountains who are hired by the girls of the plain to do the work for them. The latter can, in fact, earn from thirty to forty sols a day by their plaiting, while the hire of a poor woman from the Appennines is not more than eight or ten. They observe, that the labours of the field would harden their fingers, and render them unfit for the delicacy of their work.

Such are the country girls of the Vale of Arno, whose graces and beauty are celebrated by every traveller; whose language Alfieri went to study; and who seem born to embellish the arts, and to supply them with models. They are Arcadian nymphs, but not shepherdesses; they have only their health and good-humour, without having to endure their toils and fatigue.

I have been told, that all the straw required for the manufacture of hats in Tuscany is grown on two acres of land. It is the stalk of a species of wheat without a beard, drawn up, and rendered delicate, by the poorness of the soil. It is sown very thick on calcareous spots on the hills, which are never manured, and is cut before the grain is quite ripe.

The vicinity of the habitations to each other, of itself indicates that the farms attached to them are small, and that property is very much divided in this valley. They are, in fact, not more than from three to ten acres in extent, lying round the dwelling-house, and divided into compartments by small canals, and rows of trees. These trees are sometimes mulberries, but generally poplars, the leaves of which are gathered for the cattle, while their stems are employed to support the

vines, which are interwoven among them in a thousand different ways.

These compartments, in the form of long squares, are sufficiently spacious to admit of being cultivated by a plough without wheels, drawn by a pair of oxen, which are kept by ten or twelve of the farmers at the common expence, and employed by them alternately. They are brought from the Campagna of Rome and the Maremme, and are of the Hungarian breed: they are taken great care of, and are covered with white housings, bedecked with red ribbons and embroidery.

Almost all the farmers keep a light, elegant-looking horse, used for drawing a small two-wheeled cart, tastefully constructed, and painted red, which serves for all the business of the farm; but more especially for taking the farmers' daughters to mass, or to the ball. On holidays, hundreds of these little cars may be seen moving in every direction on each of the roads, filled with young women, adorned with ribbons and flowers.

The farms in the Vale of Arno do not produce sufficient fodder for cows; but it is part of the system to rear calves, which are bought in at three months old, kept for a year and a half, and then sold to the butcher. They are brought from the pastures of the Maremme to the fairs of the Vale of Arno, by the cattle dealers.

The reason of this practice will be better understood from an account of the rotation adopted in these vallies. There not being any natural meadows, the leaves of the trees, the remains of the vegetables, and a little trefoil, are the only food provided for the cattle. Every thing is reserved for man in this country, which is populous beyond measure, through the effect of long civilization. There is no absolutely fixed rotation in this region; but the following is the most prevailing one, and will give an idea of the rapid succession of crops.

1st Year, Indian Corn, French-beans, Peas, or other kinds of pulse, manured.
2d —— Wheat.
3d —— Winter-beans.
4th —— Wheat.
5th —— Trefoil, sown after the wheat cut in spring, and followed by *sorgo*, a species of large pannic, or millet, yielding a coarse flour, which is made into a wretched sort of soup, and *pollenta*.

There are thus six crops in five years, of which one only is destined for cattle.

Though the land is manured only once during this period,

the crops are nevertheless very fine. This must be attributed to the depth, fertility, and coolness of the alluvial soil; to the minute care with which it is cultivated; to the judicious intermixture of the crops; and finally, to the thickly-placed habitations, the fertilizing effect of which, though imperceptible to our senses, we are compelled to admit from experience.

The soil, thus subdivided, supports an immense population; but this is on terms of the strictest economy, never affording a surplus which may be reserved against years of failure. When these occur, the produce of wine, of oil, and of the straw manufacture, brings in return some supplies from the port of Leghorn, and from the markets of Romagna. It is not the natural fertility of a country, or the abundance which it displays, to the eye of the traveller, that constitutes the well-being of its inhabitants. It is the number of individuals among whom its produce is to be divided, and the portion which falls to the share of each; and which is here very small.

I have, as has been seen, described a charming country, fertile, well watered, and covered with a perpetual vegetation. I have displayed its innumerable enclosures, filled, like so many gardens, with a thousand various productions, and adorned by elegant dwellings, enwreathed with vines, and bedecked with flowers. But on entering these habitations you find an appearance of nakedness, a more than frugal table, and a total absence of all the conveniences of life. Not any of the families by whom they are inhabited are proprietors of the farms they cultivate; they are tenants only, and pay to the landlords the half of all their crops in kind. The latter, some of whom own from ten to a hundred farms, reside in the numerous towns of the fertile vallies of Tuscany; so that the population is divided into two classes, who never mix, the citizens proprietors, and the peasants non-proprietors. When we add to this the number of merchants and artizans, who also inhabit the towns, the cause of their great number and populousness becomes evident.

The amount of capital expended in the Vale of Arno, in building the innumerable farm-houses, in subdividing the land, and in bringing the whole system to its present state of perfection, must have been very considerable, without reckoning the extensive works it has been found necessary to establish, in order to preserve the low grounds from the fury of the waters. This valley being placed between two chains of mountains, one of which is very lofty, was periodically devastated by a multitude of torrents which precipitated themselves from them, loaded with stones and rubbish. It was necessary

to coutroul these torrents, and to restrain their violence, without losing the benefit of their waters, and of the soil which they brought with them,

To accomplish this double purpose, the courses of the torrents are embanked by strong walls, and thus formed into so many canals. These are made straight, that the violence of the waters may not break down any angle, and that they may deposit the stones they contain as they go along. Openings are made at regular distances, on a level with the average height of the stream, in order that the water escaping laterally, may overflow the adjacent land, and deposit upon it the mud with which it is charged. A multitude of successive canals, from these openings, divide the principal current; and, while they moderate its violence, diffuse the benefits of its waters over the surrounding fields. These canals branch out into innumerable ramifications, so that there is not a single flat which is not inclosed by them. They are all cut at right angles, and inclosed by walls of brick.

Each torrent having a complete and separate system of restraint and subdivision, the vallies are overspread, as it were, with a net-work of little streams, which diffuse coolness and moisture over every part. A multitude of bridges and sluices connect these islets together, and regulate the communication between them: so that the capital employed in the construction of the whole must have been immense.

Far greater wealth was, however, required, to erect the numerous towns and villages scattered along the course of the Arno. They have an appearance of splendour which is found only in the principal cities of other countries. Their temples, their fountains, their promenades, all their edifices, in short, unite to the most perfect elegance a striking appearance of magnificence and grandeur. The whole capital of Tuscany, at the present day, would be insufficient to build the churches which it contains, with their ornaments, their marbles, porphyries, &c.

I was more particularly struck with this architectural magnificence, this profusion of monuments, on arriving at Pistoia. Of this city it may be said, that it was built as a model, and that the inhabitants had come thither by accident;—for of forty thousand which it formerly contained, only eight thousand now remain. The population of all the towns has diminished nearly after the same rate; and yet its amount is still prodigious. In the prosperous times of Italy it must have exceeded every known proportion. The vastness of the buildings, and the small number of the inhabitants, give to the cities of Italy, at the present day, amid so many palaces, and so

great an architectural display, an air of solitude, and departed splendour.

Beyond Pistoia the country becomes more pleasant and fertile, because the alluvial soil is deeper, and the valley, as it opens, being further removed from the mountains, enjoys a warmer climate. The verdure accordingly is richer, the harvests more abundant, and the horizon more extended.

The road approaches the foot of the Appennines, near Pescia, a pretty town, situated on the side of a valley covered with olive-trees, in the midst of which, on the declivity of the hill, stands a smiling, rural dwelling, accessible only by a narrow path, concealed by groups of fig-trees, vines, and aloes. In this retreat I visited M. Sismondi, at that time engaged in writing the last volumes of his History of Italy. From his sheltered abode he beheld the vast theatre of the scenes he has described; while in the distance, towards the mountains of Volterra, ruined towns and castles seemed to present themselves as venerable testimonials of the traditions of the times.

A single hill, detached from the Appennines, stretches towards the mouths of the Arno, and separates the vale from the territory of Lucca. The plain of Lucca is still more fertile than the vale of Arno. Its agriculture is similar, and its produce much more abundant. But though its natural advantages are greater, the industry here displayed is far inferior. Neither the same elegance in the houses, nor the same care in the construction of the canals, is to be found: every thing is more rough and neglected. The women are ill clad, and have lost the graces of their language, as well as the charms of their figure.

The ancient city of Lucca stands in the middle of this plain, near the course of the Serchio. I know not whence it is, that it has not the least appearance of an Italian town. Its crooked streets, pointed roofs, and irregular construction, render it more like a city of Flanders. I have not been able to meet with an explanation of this singularity any where.

The road from Lucca to Pisa passes, along with the Serchio, through an opening of the hills which separate these two towns, and enters the vast plain of Pisa and Leghorn. On approaching Pisa and the sea, the garden-like cultivation which enlivens the vicinity of Florence, ceases; the trees become fewer, the houses are thinly scattered, and extensive fields lie open to the plough. The innumerable families of the vale have disappeared: a few large farmers occupy the land, for we are now on the confines of the region of the Malaria, and of the meadow-lands.

PISA, *May* 15, 1813.

BEFORE entering the Maremme of Tuscany, I wish to say a word of one of the most remarkable agricultural establishments in Europe, which is situated at the gate of Pisa, and visited by scarcely any travellers. It is called *San Rossore*, and was originally formed by the Medici family; but is now managed by Sig. Batistini with distinguished intelligence and ability.

Between Pisa and the sea, from the mouths of the Serchio to those of the Arno, the waters have left a plain of more than a square league in extent, the soil of which, being mixed with the sea-sand, was too poor to be worth cultivating. A wood of evergreen oaks stands in the middle of this plain, which is covered with a fine turf, and forms the domain of San Rossore.

I visited it on horseback, accompanied by Sig. Batistini. On leaving Pisa you pass by the celebrated hanging tower, which has remained in this impending position for centuries; and immediately enter an avenue, planted with elms, which leads to the casino, or hunting-villa, of San Rossore. On each side of the avenue extend meadows, which supply hay for the winter support of the stock of the farm. The surface of these meadows, however, is speedily converted into a short turf, scattered over with briars and evergreen oaks, which give it the appearance of a neglected park. The Italians designate these wild tracts, composed of wood and pasture, by the name of *Macchie*.

We soon after reached the casino, a pretty square building of two stories, adorned by Leopold with frescoes, representing the pleasures of the chase. Hence we directed our course northward towards the district watered by the Serchio, walking on the turf under the shade of the oaks. On our passage we came to a vast shed, supported by pillars, the upper part of which is used as a loft for hay and the lower divided into several compartments by racks. Here the horses pass the night in bad weather, and are supplied with hay from the racks when the pasture fails.

A little farther on, in an opening of the wood, we stopped near a new sheep-fold, intended for two hundred Merinos, which have been lately introduced upon the farm. They pass the winter in these sandy pastures, and the summer on the mountains. Sig. Batistini's mode of treatment, which is exactly analogous to that of Spain, appeared to me to suit them; for the flock was in good condition, and contained some remarkably fine animals.

On the banks of the Serchio, where the herbage is more luxuriant, we found a stud of horses, which generally feed in this part. It consisted of twenty mares, with their followers, and a stallion. A little farther on was a similar herd. There are eight of them in the whole establishment. These horses are quite wild, and are left entirely at liberty, both on the plains, where they pass the winter, and on the mountains, where they pasture during summer: the only attention paid to them is on the journey.

What principally attracted my notice, with respect to them, was the separation of the mares, who form so many distinct herds, governed by their stallion. These herds never mix, or if they accidentally do, a mortal combat ensues between the stallions; for the fierce jealousy of these animals is altogether of an Asiatic character, far beyond that of the horses of the north.

Each herd has its district, to which it keeps, without any interference on the part of the keepers; and this division, which is strictly observed, is so fairly made, that each has an equal share of the pasturage, in the space which it has appropriated to itself.

These horses are all made very much alike. Their bones are small, but their joints are too weak and flexible. Their haunches are low and flat, the loins and withers prominent, the shoulder loose, the chest deer-shaped, and their heads disproportionably long and narrow. They are, in fact, execrable nags: fit, perhaps, for light cavalry, but good for nothing here. They are too light for draught, too high for the saddle, and too vicious in every respect, and are scarcely ever sold, except to the charcoal-makers, and for post-horses.

Signor Batistini, aware of their defects, took a journey to Normandy, for the purpose of buying some horses there to improve the breed. The only produce of the cross that I saw, were foals of two months old; the awkward shape of the head was corrected, and they appeared altogether very handsome.

On leaving the quarter where the horses were, we directed our course towards the sea, through a wood of evergreen oaks. I remarked that the leaves of all these trees were cropped to the height of about twelve feet from the ground; not a leaf being left below that line. I was told that it was occasioned by the camels browzing the foilage as high as their necks would reach, and that we should soon see a herd of these foreign animals.

We had, in fact, scarcely left the wood, before we found ourselves on a vast sandy plain, bounded only by the sea and

the forest. It was truly an Arabian desert. Some of the camels which were lying down on the sand, got up at our approach, and others which were grazing along the shore, turned their heads and gazed stupidly at us. More than two hundred of them were scattered over the plain, wandering silently about, and awaiting the heat of the day, to return to the forest. At some distance were a group of female camels, with their young, but they took to flight at our approach, and trotted with such rapidity, that our horses could with difficulty overtake them at full speed. In this rapid chase, the camels leaped, bounded, and displayed a vivacity which I did not suppose they possessed, and which their odd figure rendered not a little ridiculous.

The singular appearance of these animals; the profound solitude; together with the prospect of the sea, on which some English vessels, belonging to the Leghorn station, were cruizing along the coast, as if tempted by the fineness of the day, gave to the whole scene a strange and oriential character, to which nothing similar can, perhaps, be found in Europe.

This Asiatic family has subsisted, in this district, ever since the time of the crusades, when they were brought thither by a Grand Prior of the order of St. John, who was a native of Pisa. They are more remarkable than useful, being employed in the work of the farm, but for no other purpose. They supply all the mountebanks in Europe with those which they lead about from town to town, at the moderate price of six or seven louis.

We had now reached the mouths of the Arno, at the southern extremity of the farm. Here feed, during the whole year a herd of eighteen hundred wild cows, still more fierce than the horses or camels; it being always difficult, and often dangerous, to approach them. They are of a greyish slate colour, their limbs small boned, and their whole make round, and well set; they carry their heads nobly and gracefully, and seem proud of the immense horns with which nature has adorned their fronts.

It is impossible to milk these cows, nor indeed is it worth while to attempt it, as they become dry at the end of three months, as soon as they have weaned their calves. These are sold, as soon as they leave the mother, to the little farmers of the vale of Arno. The cows are killed at seven or eight years old, for the sake of their hides and flesh. They are pursued by hunters armed with lances, or torreadors, as they are termed; a sort of festival which rarely passes without accident.

This establishment, the sole principle of which consists in leaving nature entirely to herself, is found in the immediate

vicinity of the country described in my preceding letter, where she has been so transformed by civilization, as not to have a single original feature remaining. These two extremes are necessary to each other. This Tartarian system supplies the industrious Florentine with animals which he has no means of rearing, but which are necessary for the labour of his farm; and a market is thus provided for the spontaneous productions of the desert. This reciprocal interchange subsists every where, to the mutual advantage of both parties, because it enables the respective farmers to devote themselves exclusively to that species of culture which best suits the nature of their land.

This equilibrium is most perfect in those countries where a happy intermixture of natural and artificial crops enables the agriculturist to make these exchanges on his own farm, and where one species of produce serves to fertilize another; as is the case in Lombardy, Belgium, and in every country where art employs the spontaneous vegetation of the earth, to obtain a more abundant supply of productions, selected by the choice of the cultivator.

SIENNA, *May*, 25, 1813.

A PART of my plan was to pass through Volterra, in my way to Sienna, and thus to traverse the country known by the title of the Maremme, or the region of the Malaria. It stretches along the Mediterranean, from Leghorn to Terracina, extending inland as far as the first chain of the Appennines.

It is a theatre in which are contained the remains of the ancient world, and of its vanished glory; a land of memory, where the traveller finds nothing but ruins. Nature, exhausted by her former efforts, seems to have renounced the work of production: the fields are sterile and uninhabited: the waters unwholesome, and embued with sulphur: and the forests have no inhabitants but their aged oaks, which bid defiance to time.

A recital of my journey will, however, give a better idea of this land of antiquity, than mere declamation.

After quitting Pisa, I re-ascended the left bank of the Arno, as far as Empoli, where I left the great Florence road, and took that leading to Volterra and Piombino. This last, which was made by Leopold, and is the only one that leads to the Maremme, is carried skilfully along the side of the hills. It is only nine feet wide, but is kept in such nice order, that it resembles a gravel walk, rather than a high road.

From Empoli I proceeded directly southwards, advancing

towards the chain of hills which incloses the vale of Arno. I continued my way for another mile, under the verdant bowers which adorn the banks of that river, and then began to ascend the hill which was soon to hide this delicious vale from my sight.

As I ascended, the vegetation became weaker and more scanty. I was still surrounded by vines and olives, but their foliage was pale, like the soil from which they sprung. On the other side of the hill, I crossed several small valleys. They were still animated by villages, vineyards, and cultivated enclosures, and watered by a few canals; but the houses had lost the graceful character of the dwellings of the plain. They were clustered around the churches, and were neither adorned with flowers, nor enlivened by pretty peasant girls. A few villas and country houses were still to be seen, distinguishable, at a distance, by their long plantations of cypresses.

The land is here, also, much divided, and occupied by farmers who rent it. It produces good wine, a little oil, wheat, Indian corn, and sorgo; but inferior both in quality and quantity, the wheat yielding only three for one. Sain-foin is also cultivated, but to no great extent. It is grown for the horses, great numbers of which are kept here, being employed in the carriage of all kinds of goods. This description of country, which is by no means unpicturesque, continues as far as *Castel Fiorentino*, situated four leagues from Empoli, on the frontier of the desert.

Here all cultivation ceases, and we enter the Maremme. The surface of the country is undulated, like the vast waves of an immense ocean, but softened in their forms by time, and the labours of man. On the ridges were to be seen, from time to time, enclosures of mouldering walls, and ancient towers, which seemed still to make a show of protection to the houses which were visible through their ruins.

In their valleys were to be seen a few houses, scattered at great distances from each other, and unsurrounded by gardens, or verdure of any kind. They were merely habitations attached to some plots of Indian corn or sorgo, as if to inform the traveller that a few miserable beings still survived the dissolution of their country.

Above all the rest rises the eminence on which the aged walls of Volterra repose. From a distance, that ancient city appears in the horizon like a vast assemblage of walls, steeples, and towers. One might term it the capital of the middle ages, separated, by the wilderness, from all those countries which have forgotten the manners of their ancestors, and their respect for times past.

After having travelled all day, I stopped, as it closed, to pass the night at a solitary house called *Castaneo*. The influence of

the pestilential atmosphere having already been felt here, the proprietors of the estate had abandoned it, and retired to San Gemigniano, leaving, for the entertainment of strangers, a tall spare figure of a man, whose paleness had, for years, rendered him the image of death. I had no other companion than my guide; and had no sooner entered this dwelling, where hospitality had scarcely any thing to offer, than the shaking of the walls, occasioned by an earthquake, which we felt at three several intervals, compelled us to quit it. The shocks here were weak, but elsewhere were violent, having thrown down a house, as also a part of the church of San Casciano.

I sat down on the trunk of a tree, whence I contemplated the wilderness which surrounded me. It was in the state of the tracts called by the Italians Macchie, scattered over with a few aged oaks, which are never replaced; for, as those tracts are used for pasturage, the cattle devour all the young shoots as they appear. These ancient trees, the remains of former forests, indicate, by their presence, that they belonged to a period when man, in these regions, was still able to watch over his possessions: at the present time he no longer attempts it.

While seated at this spot, mournfully contemplating these deserted fields, one of the little cars used in the vale of Arno approached. Two children were laid in it; and the mother walked on foot by the side of them, never taking her eyes off them for a moment. She was still handsome, but pale and fatigued, and seemed overwhelmed with distress. She lifted her children carefully out, and asked for milk for them to drink: there was none to be had. She gave them some water, which was yellow and sulphurous; anxiously watching them as they drank it, and seeming to count, as it were, every drop. These two poor children had been bitten by a mad dog, and the unhappy mother was taking them to Volterra. She told me that a nail of the true cross was kept there, which, if applied to wounds of this sort, prevented their fatal effects. I could not forbear insinuating some doubts as to its efficacy; but she assured me, that it had been employed as a remedy in Tuscany from time immemorial. I took the liberty of telling her that cauterization was considered as still more efficacious; but she then added, that before the sacred relic was applied to the wounds, it was made red-hot. This removed my fears as to the fate of these poor children.

It appears, then, that the secret of cauterizing, so lately introduced in surgery, in these cases, has been long practised in Tuscany. Nothing but the accidental visit of a traveller was wanting to make it known: but what traveller ever goes to Volterra?

The inhabitants of the Maremme fix the period of their decline to about the time of the pestilence which prevailed in the sixteenth century, by which a great part of the population appears to have been destroyed From that period it has never been sufficiently numerous to resist the destructive influence of the Malaria, which augments in proportion as the resistance of civilization diminishes.

The decline of the population, by destroying competition, caused the price of property to fall: at which time the great capitalists of Tuscany obtained possession of it, and, from that moment, all productive activity was banished, without hope of return. The attempts made by Leopold to plant Colonies in the Maremme, all failed, the colonists dying of the fever before the settlement could be established. The soil is become sterile, as if utterly exhausted by the labours of man: it presents merely a pure white clay, mixed with sulphur, which forms in great abundance in this region. Sulphureous springs are seen bubbling out of the ground, announcing themselves, at a distance, by an odour, and by exhalations which give a gloomy aspect to the face of the whole country. There is a frightful appearance about these *solfaterre*, which drives every inhabitant from their neighbourhood. Fetid flames rise amidst whirls of smoke from these little craters, the sides of which are covered with sulphureous incrustations, while a livid water boils in the centre.

There remained, therefore, no way of turning to advantage the soil of these countries, depopulated by nature, and fallen into the grasp of the great capitalists, but to abandon it to its indigenous productions, and to furnish it with a migratory population, which should reside there only during the healthy season, and pasture their flocks on the herbage spontaneously yielded by nature.

The genial climate permitting the growth of vegetation during the whole winter, there has been established, between the plains of the Maremme and the mountains of the Appennines, an exchange of population, by means of which, each of these regions is turned to the best account that its circumstances will admit.

The extensive pasturage of the mountains belong to different parishes, to whom a floating capital would be as little advantageous, as to the great land-owners of the Maremme. An intermediate class has, therefore, naturally placed itself between them, consisting of migratory herdsmen and shepherds, whose only possessions are their flocks, and who follow them from the mountains to the plain, according to the season, hiring the pasturage necessary for their support at so much per head.

Such is the agricultural system of the Maremme—a system,

the adoption of which has, in some measure, been necessitated by circumstances, and which is likely to be permanent; for without it, there would be nothing but a perfect solitude. Its continuance is further secured by other circumstances, both of a local and general nature; for the surrounding countries all depend for their supply of animal food on the produce of the Maremme.

Four hundred thousand sheep, thirty thousand horses, besides a vast number of horned cattle and goats, are fed in these regions, and make up for the total want of breeding stock in the vale of Arno. The effect of this arrangement has, no doubt, been to create a desert in the midst of Italy, and to people it with a set of half savage beings, who are seen scouring along these solitudes, like Tartars, armed with long lances, and clad in coarse cloth and raw skins. But this state of things is still more the work of nature than of man: and some intelligence was manifested in thus getting possession, as it were, in defiance of her, of a tract which seemed destined to be the dominion only of death.

The soil of the Maremme, at the same time that it has ceased to yield the vegetable productions necessary for the support of man, has become the subject of those chemical combinations by which sulphur, salt, and alum, are formed in immense quantities. The collecting of these furnishes subsistence to a great portion of the inhabitants, though the business is only pursued during the season when there is nothing to apprehend from the effects of the air. In the neighbourhood of Volterra, I was surprised to find the road assume a white colour, which the sun rendered perfectly dazzling. It arose from the alabaster of which the road was made. The whole mountain is composed of it, and it is from hence that the blocks used by the modellers and statuaries are cut. This road, paved with alabaster, gave me the idea of an avenue to an enchanted palace, and had a singular effect, when contrasted with the scene which surrounded me.

After having ascended for about on hour, I reached the eminence on which Volterra is built. Ruined convents, deserted gardens, with a few olive-trees, mouldering walls, and roofless palaces, attest the ancient splendour of this city, in which three thousand inhabitants, for the most part peasants or manufacturers of alabaster, still vegetate.

No where are the traces of that gradual decay which silently undermines the works of creation, more awfully impressed, than on the walls of Volterra. Its pale inhabitants wander, like shades, amidst ruins of majestic grandeur; and, as if dismayed at the sight of the surrounding desolation, do not attempt to preserve even their own habitations from the fate which threatens them. They abandon them to the elements, and await, with

resignation, the periodical scourge which nature has commissioned to decimate them every year.

I searched in vain for an inn, and was engaged in seeking for a lodging, when I was stopped by a well-dressed man, who accosted me in French, and our accent mutually discovered to us that we were natives of the same country. This great national tie immediately removed the reserve which so novel an acquaintance seemed to require. He informed me that there was no inn at Volterra, because the landlord could not make a living from it; and he invited me to take up my abode at his house, an offer which I thankfully accepted.

The person who showed me all this politeness, was Receiver of the District: and as I was not aware that he had any other occupation, I was surprised to see so much bustle about his habitation. It was formerly an immense convent, the four sides of which enclosed, within their porticoes, a spacious court. In this court workmen were going backwards and forwards, and every thing announced bustle and activity. I expressed to him my surprise at this, on which he related to me, that a few years before, as he was rambling for amusement in the neighbourhood of the town, he came to a *solfaterra*, and was struck with the quantity of sulphur which the water had deposited on the banks. It was at a time when that substance was become more valuable, in consequence of the supply from Sicily and Egypt being cut off, and he knew that no one claimed the possession of it. He had a slight knowledge of chemistry, and sent to Leghorn for Chaptal's work, with the assistance of which he attempted to make the sulphur into rolls. He succeeded; sent samples to Marseilles, and was desired to send more. This gave him courage; he gradually extended his manufactory, and makes, at this moment, forty quintals a week, which are sent off, as fast as they are prepared, to Provence.

In the evening we went to the theatre, for no town in Italy, however paltry is without one. It was sufficiently large, but as the lights were sparingly distributed, we were obliged to feel our way into it. The admission was only five sous, so that we could not complain of the scantiness of the illumination. At length candles were lighted in front of the orchestra, and the curtain drew up. The house was full. The play was a translation of *The Mines of Poland*, a melo-drama of the Ambigu theatre, for Italy no longer furnishes originals: they are content with translating the pieces performed at the Feydeau and the theatres of the Boulevards. The dresses and decorations were tolerably handsome, and the actors performed with a truth and nature which made me blush for ours, and captivated all my attention. The interest which I felt was, however, nothing in comparison

with that displayed by the impassioned audience of this country town. The critics of Volterra shed tears, leaped, warned the heroine, by their cries, of the dangers to which she was exposed, clapped their hands, and congratulated each other on the happy stratagem by which M. de Pixérioourt accomplished her rescue.

From the towers of Volterra the view extends to a distance over sterile wastes. The nakedness of the prospect is broken only by a few woods of cypresses and evergreen oaks, whose deep verdure, set off by the yellow hue of the soil, makes them appear as if planted for the decoration of so many cemeteries. From the bottom of the vallies rises the continual smoke of the solfaterra, sometimes rolling along in volumes, and at others ascending in columns towards heaven, like the smoke of a sacrifice.

ROME, *June* 10, 1813.

IT is generally supposed that the noxious atmosphere which depopulates the plains of Italy, along the shores of the Mediterranean, proceeds from marshes and stagnating waters, which are every where found to render the air insalubrious. This may, perhaps, be the case in the Pontine marshes; but in the Maremme of Tuscany and the Campagna of Rome, it cannot be attributed to this cause; for we have seen, in the preceding letter, that these Maremme are an elevated region, where the winds and the air have free circulation, and where there are neither marshes nor stagnant waters; and yet I can testify that this scourge is felt with as much violence on the lofty summit of Radicofani, as in the forests of Mount Soracte.

It would seem probable, that this corruption of the air arises from the chemical constitution of the soil of this volcanic region; a constitution which it has gradually acquired by a process of nature, and a course of events unknown to us. It is certain at least, that the cause of these constant and terrible phenomena is not yet known. Both the medical men and the chemists, who have attempted to account for them, have alike failed; for their hypotheses are contradicted by facts, and they have never, to the present moment, been able to discover the source of that mysterious influence which diffuses itself like an invisible fluid; and the presence of which is not in any way indicated. The sky is as clear, the verdure as fresh, the air as serene, as elsewhere: the tranquility of the scene seems calculated to inspire a feeling of perfect security, and yet I cannot describe the secret dread which one

experiences in spite of ones self on breathing this air, at once so soft and so deleterious.

The effect produced by this slow destruction of the human constitution, cannot be conceived except by those who have actually visited these provinces during the dangerous season. Their dejected inhabitants gradually lose the healthy colour of life; their complexion becomes livid and yellow: their strength declines daily; numbers of them perish before the end of the season; and even those to whom Providence reserves a few more years of existence, have scarcely spirits to desire them. They lose their animation, and fall into a complete despondency; and this moral debilitation tends, perhaps, equally with the pestilential atmosphere, to hasten the termination of ther existence.

The effect of this physical and moral depression is a periodical suspension of all social intercourse, as well as of all the pursuits of industry; and the rural economy of these countries has necessarily been arranged with a reference to these circumstances. This economy I was desirous of studying, because it appears to me to have been misunderstood by all travellers: and I shall now attempt to describe it.

The great road from Florence to Rome passes through the Maremme of Tuscany as far as Acquapendente, where it enters the Roman territory. Here the nature of the soil, and with it the face of the country, changes. The argillaceous hills, whose whiteness and bareness fatigue the eye, have disappeared, and a luxuriant vegetation announces the fertility of the black volcanic sand of which the soil is composed. For several leagues the road successively rises and falls, till it reaches the lakes of Bolseno and Vico, around which immense forests, extending from the Appennines to the sea-shore, have grown for centuries. In the midst of these woods, which human industry seems to have forgotton, are openings of great extent, covered, like the savannas of America, with natural grasses, and plants, whose singular growth gives a sort of African character to this neglected scenery.

From time to time we meet with towns and cities, with whose names history has rendered our imaginations familiar; but which, at the present day, seem like the mausolea of generations past, around which the inhabitants have taken up their melancholy residence, through veneration for their memory.

These towns are surrounded by fertile gardens and vineyards, where the vines are not trained over trees, as in Tuscany, but against trellises of reeds. Fig-trees and aloes grow every where amidst the ruins, and adorn them with their deep

verdure and Oriental forms; while at a distance, corn-fields, interspersed in the openings of the woods, display, amidst the wildness of nature, the only mark of the presence and industry of man.

The crops produced by these fields are most luxuriant. The land is previously suffered to repose for seven years in a state of pasturage; and such is its fertility, that immediately after the crop is off, it becomes spontaneously covered with vigorous herbage. In this state it feeds immense herds of horned cattle, horses, and sheep; but after a few years the turf wears out; briers, reeds, the ricinus, or palma-christi, and other broad-leaved plants, cover the soil, and the farmer, after having burned them, ploughs them up. During the year of fallow which succeeds, it is turned over by the spade no less than seven times, and it is not till after this labour, which is necessary to destroy the roots and germs of the wild vegetables, that the corn is sown. The land thus prepared yields a produce of eight for one, and is then again suffered to return to the state of natural pasture, from which it has been with so much trouble reclaimed.

In this part of Italy, therefore, of which Viterbo is the capital, one seventh only of the land is in a state of cultivation; the rest being abandoned to its spontaneous vegetation, and to the pasturage of cattle. The whole extent of cleared land is, indeed, very limited, two-thirds of the country being covered by forests.

The vegetation of these majestic woods, cherished by the hand of nature, is too luxuriant to be employed, as in Tuscany, for pasturage. The eye cannot penetrate their depth; and the imagination peoples their gloom with the manes of that ancient people who formerly rendered these deserts illustrious, and delights in contemplating amidst the solitary shades thus consecrated by their memory.

The sound of the axe is rarely heard here, for the value of the timber would by no means repay the expence of felling it. It is only used in working the iron mines of the Island of Elba, the ore of which is brought to Bracciano and its vicinity. There is no other market near enough to render it worth the while to cut the timber. As for the consumption of the country, it is so trifling as to be scarcely perceptible.

The whole region I have been describing, is divided into vast estates, except the land immediately adjacent to the towns, where there are gardens and vineyards. These extensive domains are at once a result, and a cause, of the insalubrity of the atmosphere, and have long since banished all the rural population from the fields. Throughout the whole

country, not a village, not a hamlet, I may even say, not a farm-house is to be seen. The peasantry live in the cities and towns, where landlords, farmers, labourers, merchants, and artisans, all vegetate together. The only erections that appear in the country are solitary buildings at great distances from each other, called *Casali*. They are attached to the several estates, but contain no families, or inhabitants of any kind; being merely a place of shelter during the working season, for the herdsmen and labourers, who retire there of an evening to avoid the humidity of the nights, and to eat the provisions which are brought to them from the neighbouring town. There is nothing rural, nothing patriarchal about these dwellings. The housewife never collects her children to the evening repast, the cock never sommons the husbandman to his morning labours, the swallow never builds her nest there; nothing is heard but the croaking of the crows, which hover, like evil omens, about these abodes of melancholy.

The cattle which rove about these immense farms, under the care of a few herdsmen, are very superior to those found on the scanty pastures of Tuscany. They are of the most stately make and beautiful form, and their immense horns give them a proud and dignified air, which is heightened by a certain fierce expression, derived from their wild and savage habits of life. All their movements are measured and graceful, and their action is altogether different from the breeds of the North; insomuch, that they are employed in every description of work, even in carrying goods; for which purpose they are far preferable to the horses.

At Ronciglione, situated at the foot of the mountains of Viterbo, commences the celebrated plain which surrounds the city of Rome. It is bounded by the sea and by a range of mountains, enclosing it like an amphitheatre, from the promontory of Circe to the hills of ancient Etruria. The surface of this plain, which is thirty leagues in length, by ten or twelve wide, is not level and uniform, like those of aqueous formation; but forms a continued suite of undulations. These do not follow any common direction, nor are any of them much higher than the others, but they confine the view, so that you only see the country immediately around you.

This peculiar disposition of the soil indicates, at first sight, that it is not the effect of water, a fluid which is always uniform in its laws and direction, but of the volcanic action, which is every where recognizable, and which is altogether irregular.

The vallies which separate the hills of the Campagna of Rome are neither deep nor precipitous. They are mere slopes, softened down by time, cultivation, and the crumbling away

of the soil. The summits are not clothed with wood, but bare, and often entirely destitute of soil; while the sides and bottoms are for the most part very fertile. Throughout the whole of this plain, which bears the name of the Agro Romano, trees are very scarce. The meadows near Monte Rossi are, indeed, still surrounded with majestic white oaks; but thence to the mountains of Albano, we meet only with a few scattered green oaks, beaten by the winds, and which accident alone has preserved. Some rows of fir-trees, however, are occasionally seen at a distance, affording at once a grateful shade to the flocks, and an elegant ornament to these solitary fields.

The general appearance of the plain resembles that of the steppes of Tartary. Like them it pressents an immeasurable extent of turf, spotted with tufts of thorns and briers. It is intersected by dead fences of wood roughly hewn, and stripped of its bark by decay. These inclosures separate the different pastures, and keep the cattle from injuring the corn which succeeds in due course, as the natural turf wears out. They contain from thirty to forty acres belonging to some vast domain, the *casale* of which appears in the distance, saddening, rather than embellishing the scene.

The traveller meets with nothing on the road but a few inns, or post-houses. Those of Baccano and La Storta, belong to the princes Chigi and Borghese, and are built with a magnificence which alone, amidst the desert that surrounds him, reveals to him that he is in the vicinity of Rome. This he would not otherwise suspect, until he reaches the summit of Monte Mario, whence the Tiber, and the seven hills, with their domes and edifices burst at once upon the view, with the cross of the Basilicum of St. Peter, sublimely towering above them all.

Rome, *June* 29, 1813.

In speaking of Rome I shall say nothing of the Coliseum, or the Capitol; but I shall endeavour to pourtray that city, bowed down with the weight of ages, and of glory, arrived at the final term of her destiny, and already presenting nothing but a mighty ruin. I shall simply relate the impressions which I experienced myself. Perhaps the reader may share them with me. Perhaps I may enable him to form some idea of the great scene of destruction, daily accomplishing within the walls of Rome; a scene, the melancholy grandeur of which is, however, beyond the reach of language, and more solemn than all human ceremonies. It is the great festival of the dead, to be worthily celebrated only by the voice of the desert, and the waves of the Tiber.

I was at Rome in 1791. The city, at that time, contained one hundred and sixty-six thousand inhabitants: the streets were filled with sumptuous equipages and liveries, and decorated with magnificent palaces, in which strangers were received with pressing hospitality; every thing, in short, had an appearance of opulence and splendour. On the present occasion, I entered the city by the same road, but, instead of equipages, it was filled with droves of cattle, goats, and half-wild horses, which a number of Tartar-looking herdsmen, armed with long pikes, and wrapped in cloaks, were driving before them. The air was filled with the clouds of dust which they raised.

These men come every evening with their flocks to seek an asylum within the walls of Rome, from the fate which awaits them in the fields. They take possession of the streets and palaces, which are abandoned by the inhabitants, as the population diminishes, and as the advance of the noxious atmosphere drives them towards the centre of the city. The Porta del Popolo, a part of the Corso, the entire quarters of the Quirinale, of La Trinità del Monte, and the Trastevere, are already deserted; and the country people have taken up their residence in them. The population is now reduced to one hundred thousand, and of this number, ten thousand are vine-dressers, herdsmen, or gardeners. There are extensive districts in Rome, which are nothing more than villages, inhabited by the peasantry, whom the pestilential atmosphere has compelled to abandon their habitations in the country.

So rapid a depopulation in the space of twenty-two years, is almost without example. The political events which have occurred during that period, have, no doubt, contributed, in some degree, to occasion this reduction; but its principal cause must be referred to the general circumstances of the city, and to the effect of the Malaria. This scourge is every year advancing. Every year it invades some fresh street, some new square or quarter, and every year its terrible influence is augmented; for it increases precisely in the inverse ratio of the resistance occasioned by the population. The fewer inhabitants there are, the more victims: and one funeral is always the fore-runner of many others.

It is, therefore, probable, that we are arrived at that period of the history of this queen of cities, which is destined to strip her of her splendour, and leave to her, of all her glory, nothing but her immortal name. The walls of Rome, like those of Volterra, will contain nothing but a vast assemblage of monuments, palaces, and ruins of all ages. The goatherd, the vine-dresser, and the shepherd, will dwell in her porticoes. Thus will terminate the history of Rome. She has long survived her rivals;

but, like Athens and Persepolis, she must experience the common fate of all that the hand of man hath raised, and be destroyed.

The city presents every where the appearance of ruin. As there are many more houses than inhabitants, they are never repaired: when they get out of order, the occupiers move to others. Neither doors, stairs, nor roofs, are ever replaced: they tumble to pieces, and are left to remain where they fall. Multitudes of convents have thus acquired the appearance of ruins; and a great number of palaces, no longer habitable, are left without even a porter to take care of them. This universal neglect has, together with the droves of cattle, and Tartar-looking people, which fill the streets, already occasioned a striking appearance of desolation and decay.

Amidst this general neglect of all the private structures, a great bustle is seen about all the remains of antiquity which have been spared by time. The government has recently adopted a grand project of removing the rubbish by which they are obstructed, and of connecting, and grouping them together, so as to place these inestimable remains in the most picturesque and advantageous points of view.

The whole of the space comprehended within the Capitol, the Temple of Peace, the Coliseum, and the Tiber, is already cleared of all its modern edifices, and of all the walls and mean buildings which were accumulated about the Palatine mount, and which obstructed both the approach and the view of this noble area. It is intended to surround it with a double avenue of trees, within the enclosure of which, these ruined temples and triumphal arches will repose on the turf, forming a sort of unique pleasure-ground, diversified by the Palatine and Aventine hills, and ornamented by the Capitol and the Coliseum.

This vast and noble design, inspired by the veneration of antiquity, is only a tribute of respect paid to its inanimate remains, and has no influence on the social state of modern Rome. Every thing there appears to be the work of former times: nothing new is to be seen. Each one uses his possessions to the last, as if a kind of presentiment deterred him from undertaking or attempting any thing: and this species of languor is, itself, a powerful cause of decline, because it extinguishes all productive industry. The labourer, and the artisan, perish for want of subsistence; the whole of the industrious population soon disappears; and the destruction of the class of consumers, ruins, in turn, that of the producers.

There is, in fact, no city where the necessaries of life are so cheap as at Rome; the supplies provided for a population of one hundred and sixty-six thousand, being now consumed by one hundred thousand only. The only advantage of this low

price is, that it tempts the inhabitants to stay. For a long time to come, it is probable that a certain population, consisting of the possessors of property, will be concentrated about the middle of the city, and there struggle against the pestilential atmosphere; while all the rest of Rome, abandoned to the elements, will be nothing but a vast heap of solitary ruins.

Such is the scene which strikes you on passing through those quarters of the city which have been long deserted, and which present a singular mixture of town and country, of porticoes, and of miserable huts. I was, one evening, contemplating this scene, at once so impressive and extraordinary, from the garden of a ruined convent, between the Coliseum and the temple of Peace. Before me lay the valley which separates the Palatine hill from Mount Cælius, with the arch of Constantine, and the Via Sacra. On the summit of the hill of the Cæsars, rose *the deputy of Africa*, the palm-tree, displaying itself in the azure sky, like a last trophy of glories past; while, on the opposite hill, a row of cypresses extended like a funereal decoration to the verge of the horizon, and seemed to mourn that these glories were departed.

On the other side of the Tiber, towards the Basilicum of St. Peter, and the Porta Angelica, I passed through streets entirely deserted, and which were inhabited only by the herdsmen who come to pass the night in this insecure asylum. All the environs of the Vatican were abandoned in like manner. I was particularly struck with this loneliness on going early one morning to the church of St. Peter. The sun was just rising as I entered the area: the gates of the temple were still closed, a profound tranquility reigned throughout, interrupted only by the distant tinkling of the bells of flocks which were returning to the pastures. The obelisk still rested on its brazen pediment, and the two fountains were pouring forth their everlasting streams. The pavement was not trodden by a single foot, and I arrived at the vestibule without meeting a human being. The freshness of the morning, and the tints of the dawn, diffused an inexpressible charm over this divine solitude: I contemplated at once the temple, the porticoes, and the heavens, and, for the first time, felt the full effect of those magnificent phenomena, with which nature accompanies the rising and the declining day.

ALBANO, *July* 4, 1813.

I SHALL now endeavour to give a faithful delineation of the picturesque and rural scenery of the domain of Campo Morto, and its vicinity. The name will sufficiently apprize the reader

that this scenery does not consist of fertile vales or smiling fields, but of the plains which contain the ashes of the Romans.

The route which I pursued has, in part, been described by M. de Bonstetten, in his '*Voyage au Latium*,' and there is a degree of temerity in attempting, after him, to give an account of the solemn scenes which he has depicted with so much truth and beauty. But he visited them with the Eneid for his guide, in search of the City of Turnus, and the camp of the Trojans; while I have trodden in the steps of Columella, with the Bucolics and the Georgics for my companions. It will, perhaps, be found, that we have followed this path, traversed alike by the husbandman, and the warrior, without meeting with each other, and I may, therefore, venture to delineate the same landscape, because my attention was not directed to the same objects.

The estate of Campo Morto is the only remaining endowment of the Church of St. Peter, and the revenue arising from it is the sole provision for its support. It is a vast tract, situated near the Pontine marshes, between Velletri and Nettuno, in the most unhealthy and desert part of the Agro Romano.

From the uniformity of the pastoral system, the agricultural history of one farm is that of all the rest; and, from the rural economy of Campo Morto, the reader may form an idea of that which prevails throughout the whole Patrimony of St. Peter.

I left Rome in company with Signor Trucci, who farms the estate. He was going to inspect his crops, and politely offered to be my conductor, and to explain to me the agricultural practices, and rural details, of his farm. The sky was brightening with the dawn as we set out, and the first beams of day were shot horizontally on the monuments and porticoes with which the entrance of Rome is adorned.

We followed the great road to Naples through a barren and dismal country, as far as the foot of the mountains of Albano. To the eastward, the horizon is bounded by long lines of arches, designed to convey the water to Rome;—a massive colonnade, covered with mosses and other cryptogamous plants, which has escaped the ravages of time. The view to the west is intercepted by a long chain of hills, covered with ruins belonging to the middle ages, which bear the name of *Roma Vecchia:* while the southern horizon is closed by Mount Albano, raising its pyramidical form to the clouds.

The character of this mountain is altogether distinct from that of the plain on which its base rests. Its sides extend themselves, in gentle swells, presenting no trace of their volcanic origin, except the distinct course of each of the streams of lava which have flowed at different times from the summit. These lavas have filled the cavities of the cliffs, and levelled their

inequalities, till at length, being cooled down and pulverized by a course of ages, they have nourished the vegetable germs sown by the tempests in their fertile ashes.

This comparatively youthful soil still enjoys all its native fertility, and by its lively tints, and wild luxuriance of vegetation, recalls to the imagination those primitive days of the world, passed amidst the solitude of nature, ere human industry had felled the forests, or directed the course of the waters, or confided the seed to the bosom of the earth. Every thing in this volcanic region seems to bear the marks of a peculiar and spontaneous creation, alternately destroyed, and renovated, by torrents of lava. It is a scene, the wild magnificence of which disdains the assistance of man, who derives no other advantage from it than that of contemplating its silent beauty.

The Appian road winds through the plain round the foot of the mountains. Here the new road to Naples leaves it, rising in a direct and gradual ascent to the town of Albano, which stands about half way up the mountain, commanding a view of the Campagna of Rome. On the side towards the sea is a garden belonging to Prince Doria, the flowers and trees of which have long been suffered to grow wild; and whose ancient and entangled shades diffuse a solemn gloom, congenial with those recollections of the past which every thing around contributes to inspire.

At the other extremity of the town, the road, cut through a purple rock, and shaded by elms, descends to the bottom of a deep valley, which separates Albano from the ancient city of Aricia, now called La Riccia. Prince Chigi has surrounded this valley with an enclosure, as if he were desirous of keeping its beauties to himself; but the wall was broken down, and I had little difficulty in penetrating its profound retirement. It is shut in by rocks, watered by a streamlet, and covered with a thick foilage. Having been long abandoned by its proprietor to the care of nature, and the seasons, it is now the mansion of uninterrupted repose. It is inhabited only by a deer which strays and pastures there in undisturbed security; and thousands of birds, attracted by the same privilege, have taken up their abode in it. In all the countries which it has been my fortune to visit, I have no where beheld finer scenery than that of this valley, excepting, perhaps, the banks of the Flaon, near Lausanne.

Having quitted the Vale of Albano, I ascended the road which winds round the hill on which the village of La Ricca is situated. Just before it reaches the town, it passes over a precipice where a low wall is erected for the security of passengers. Leaning on this wall I had a distant view of the sea, and of the promontory of Circe, in the horizon to the left. The intervening plain

appeared all of one monotonous yellow tint. No habitations were visible, and the deep verdure of a few woods alone, relieved the uniformity of the prospect. The hills, towards the foot of the mountain, appeared to be of the same volcanic origin. Some ruins were scattered on them, as also a few houses, which I could scarcely distinguish amidst the thick foilage of the vines and shrubs in which they were embosomed. Among these hamlets, one was pointed out to me, which still bore the name of Lavinia. A secret charm attached me to this spot, whence I could wander at pleasure over all the region described by Virgil: a region with which our early life is familiar, and on which we still dwell, with pleasure, in its decline.

Below me, in the fore ground of the landscape, I observed a spacious garden, surrounded by a natural inclosure of rocks. It was watered by the brook which flowed through the valley; and its soil, which was perfectly level, and of the colour of ashes, produced an incredible quantity of fruit and vegetables. Surprised at its fertility, I enquired the cause of my companion, and was informed, that this favoured spot was the crater of an ancient volcano, which, from time immemorial, had been filled with water. It was the Lake of Aricia, on the shores of which Virgil relates that the martial trumpet of Turnus was heard, when he took up arms against the Trojans. Pope Alexander VII. opened an issue for the waters of the lake, and gave it as an inheritance to his nephew, Prince Chigi, in whose family it has ever since remained.

I pursued my way through the town, passing by the palace of Prince Chigi, which commands a view of the valleys I have just described, and entered a country which has returned to a state of nature. The forests which covered the sides of the mountains, as far as the town of Genzano, concealed the face of the country; and I should have supposed it to have been totally uninhabited, had it not been for the appearance of a church, the solitary resort of rural devotion. The architecture of this Christian edifice was in the style of that of the temples of Greece, and rendered the imagination for a moment doubtful to what religion it had been dedicated. The ideas thus awakened, accompanied me to the shores of the Lake of Nerni, alike consecrated by interesting and moral associations. Passing through the woods which cover its banks, we reached the town of Genzano, at a short distance beyond which, we quitted the road to Naples, turning to the west, from Mont Albano, towards the port of Nettuno, along a road, the traces of which were scarcely visible on the turf.

After riding for an hour and a half, corn-fields, and herds of cattle, announced that we were approaching Campo Morto. On the whole of this vast estate, which extends from the foot of the

mountains to the neighbourhood of the sea, there is no other building than the spacious casale: a noble structure, but discoloured and decayed by time, and destitute of all the conveniences of life.

The fattore, or steward, ordered horses for us to visit the farm; and while they were getting ready, I examined this noble, but gloomy structure. It consisted of a spacious kitchen, and two large apartments adjoining, at the end of which were three other rooms, of similar dimensions: all totally destitute of furniture, not even having windows. These formed the ground-floor of the centre building. Above them were six other rooms of the same size, used as granaries; one only being furnished for the use of the superintendants. The wings were formed by capacious arched stables, at once airy and cool; and above them were lofts for hay. This part of the establishment is almost superfluous, being merely used to put up the cattle employed in the work of the farm during the resting time in the middle of the day; at all others they are turned out to graze in the open air.

There was not the least appearance of care or neatness about the whole farm. Neither trees, gardens, nor vegetables, were to be seen. On my reproaching them with their negligence, they replied that the cattle would trample down and destroy whatever might be planted or sown, and that it was, therefore, more convenient to purchase their vegetables, at the same time with their bread, in the neighbouring towns, which are surrounded with vineyards and fertile gardens. The expense of carriage, which is so material an object on our small farms, is nothing on these large grazing ones, where there are always cattle in abundance. They put a loaf, and a bundle of hay, into the cart, and thus equipped, will often perform a journey of sixty miles without any expense.

This abundance of animals constitutes the only luxury of these farms. Neither bailiffs, superintendents, nor even the herdsmen, even think of going on foot. They are always on horseback, galloping at full speed over the plains, with a gun, or a lance, in their hands, and horses are always kept ready saddled in the stables; each person employed on the farm having two assigned to his use. Some of these are old, and employed to train the others: but the greater part are young ones, which the men amuse themselves in breaking, and which are sold as soon as they have become accustomed to the bit. The draught-horses are sold untrained, there being coachmen at Rome very skillful in that business.

The breeding of horses was formerly a favourite pursuit with the Roman nobility. Their estates were, at that time, managed by stewards on their own account, and their breeds of horses were

called after their names. Thus, in 1791, I saw some of the Borghese breed. They were bronze-coloured, like the Xerxes horses, and served as models to the Roman artists. The horses painted by Guido, harnessed to the car of Aurora, are of this description. These titled breeds are now mixed and lost: the nobility having let their estates. The horses reared by the farmers are all black, of a tolerable figure, and are used indifferently for the saddle or for harness.

As soon as we were mounted, the steward conducted us to the part of the farm where the harvest was commencing. Broad stripes, of a golden yellow, extended, at a distance, over the undulated surface of the soil, towards the sea; and we at length came in sight of a sort of army, in battle array, with the commanders on horseback, with lances in their hands, fixed to their stations. We passed several carts, drawn by oxen, which were loaded with bread, intended for the consumption of this army. In a short time we beheld before us a long file of a thousand reapers, surrounding a vast tract of corn, which was silently falling under their sickles; while twelve superintendents, on horseback, surveyed and animated them from behind. They raised a loud shout at our approach, which resounded through the solitude, and was intended as a salute to the master of the farm.

Soon after, the carts which we had passed drew up under the shade of some oaks, which were, providentially, still remaining in the middle of the plain, to shelter the reapers. At a signal given, they quitted their work, and the whole troop defiled before us. There were about as many men as women, all natives of the Abruzzi. The former were good figures, but the women were frightful. They were bathed in sweat for the heat was terrible. Though it was only a few days since they left the mountains, the Malaria was beginning to affect them Two only had as yet been attacked by the fever, but I was told that the number would increase daily, and that, by the end of the harvest, scarce half the troop would be left. "What becomes of these poor wretches?" enquired I. "We give them a piece of bread, and send them away." "But where do they go?" "They return towards the mountains: some of them die on the road, and the others reach home exhausted with hunger and wretchedness, to recommence the same attempt next year."

The repast of this day was a festival; for the master, in order to render his visit the more welcome, had purchased, at Genzano, two cart loads of water mellons, which were distributed to the reapers with the bread, which in general forms their only food. The eyes of these poor people were eagerly fixed on these fine fruits, and I cannot describe the joy which appeared in their countenances, when the large knives displayed their refreshing

juice, and ensanguined pulp, and spread around a delicious perfume.

They make three meals a day, which divides their labour into two periods; and they are allowed two hours sleep in the middle of the day. Their slumbers at that time are unattended with danger; but the earth still serves as their bed after the cold dews of the evening have descended upon it, and they pass the night on the moist turf in the midst of sulphureous exhalations. Their employers say, that they would lose too much time, were they to return every evening to sleep at the Casale, which, in these extensive farms, is often at a great distance.

The corn is left to dry in the heat of the sun for two days, before it is bound in sheaves. Is is then formed into shocks, at regular distances in the field, and a fortnight after is trampled out by horses—for the roller used in Lombardy is not known here. Till within the last few years, the straw was left, after this operation, to be dispersed by the winds; but since that time, an order of M. Degerando has compelled the farmers to form it into stacks, for the purpose of destroying the clouds of locusts which often devastate this part of the country, by setting fire to them; a practice which has been found of such utility, that it will probably be continued. These stacks, scattered over the country on the ridges, resemble African villages, and add to the wildness of its appearance. The corn is seldom left at the Casale, but is conveyed, as soon as it is threshed, to Rome.

Leaving the harvest scene, we proceeded towards a forest, which extended like a curtain before us, concealing from our view the sea. This forest continues, almost without interruption, along the whole coast, from Tuscany to the promontory of Circe, and consists of immense white oaks, which the vicinity of the sea gives an opportunity of exporting.

On the *steppes*, between the corn-fields and the forest, was a herd of one hundred oxen, of a grey colour, with long horns. Being old servants, they were not at all frightened at us. They are always in the pastures, except during the working season, when they are supplied with hay in abundance. Farther on, were some hundreds of wild cows, which seemed as if uncertain whether to attack us, or to take to flight. They decided on the latter, and fled with the swiftness of deer, preceded by the calves, and followed reluctantly by the bulls, which galloped heavily after them, and were the first to stop. They turned fiercely towards us, as if ashamed of their flight, blowing through their wide nostrils, and seeming to bid us defiance. The keepers came up at a gallop, and at the sight of them they became tranquil, and allowed us to pass them: such is the respect paid by the animal creation to man. These cows do not give any milk.

They are sold for slaughter at six or seven years old; and this, with the calves, is all the return obtained from them; but, as they require very little attention, it is by no means inconsiderable. It is estimated at about forty francs per head; so that a herd of one hundred cows, with their followers, will produce, annually, 4000 francs. There are more than a thousand of these cows on many farms,

As we approached the woods, we found a vast number of pigs, partly concealed among the trees, while others were feeding on the plain: the whole number belonging to the farm was about two thousand. They wander, during the whole year, about the extensive tracts bordering on the sea; and are so savage and ferocious in their appearance, that they might be taken for wild boars. They are, however, of a domestic breed, of a black colour; and being fed on the acorns of the forest, their flesh is of exquisite flavour.

We returned to the Casale by another route, in the course of which we met with the horses and sheep. Of the former there were about four hundred, of which, at least one hundred were trained for the use of the keepers: the rest were wild, of all ages, and are used for the sole purpose of treading out the corn. Though thay have nothing particularly to recommend them, they are by no means despicable. They are tolerably well made, and not deficient either in strength, spirit, or wind. They are extremely well adapted for the cavalry: I have seen some of them that had stood the severest campaigns without injury. They are all black, a circumstance which distinguishes them from the Neapolitan horses, which are generally pied. The horses of the keepers are remarkably patient and docile: they will stand for hours together, exposed to the attacks of the flies, and set off, in a moment, at full speed, when any of the cattle require to be stopped. They are naturally less ferocious than the Tuscan horses, and suffer themselves to be caught and trained with much less difficulty.

The life of these keepers, who are to be met with all over the Maremme, is attended with a freedom and independence which is not without its attractions; and to this is added, the interest they take in the cattle committed to their care, and in those which are their private property, and which are allowed to go with the others. They may be seen, armed with a gun and a lance, under the shade of an oak, observing, from their saddles, the direction taken by the flocks in the steppes. In this situation, they will remain motionless for hours, surveying the whole horizon with their dark eyes, and noting the smallest occurrence which takes place. Should a hare or rabbit squat within their range, they drop from their horses, and taking their gun, proceed

to the point with the instinct of a spaniel. Sometimes they ride off at full speed to turn the course of the herds: at others, they dart, with the rapidity of lightning, to separate the furious combats of the bulls. When these ferocious animals happen to meet, they send forth a dull bellowing, throwing clouds of dust into the air; but no sooner has their jealous fury led them to the encounter, than the keeper comes upon them at full gallop. He wounds them with his lance, and drives them, terrified, away. They slowly recede, as if ashamed that their wounds were not received in a more glorious conflict.

The sheep occupied the most elevated part of the farm. The whole flock consisted of about four thousand, but I saw only a small part of them, the rest being at that time on the mountains. I had, however, an opportunity of examining the breed. There are two in the Maremme perfectly distinct. One is the sort called Negretti: they are small vigorous animals, with short legs and straight faces, well furnished with wool, and similar, in every respect to the Dauphiné breed, except that their wool, though of a fine quality, is of a chocolate colour. The whole number of these dun sheep is about 80,000. Their wool was formerly used in making the dresses of the mendicant friars, and the cloaks of the herdsmen; but is now principally sent to the manufactories of Dauphiné, where it is mixed for military great coats. The other breed, of which it is supposed there are more than 600,000, is that of Apulia, and is unquestionably the finest I have seen any where. Their backs are broad and straight, their bodies cylindrical, and their heads, which are disproportionably long and narrow, are ornamented with two long flapping ears, which fall down upon the face. They stand high, but are remarkably free and well set in their limbs; traversing their pastures with a sedate and measured gait. Their wool, which is beautifully white, and almost equal in fineness to that of Arragon, grows only on the upper part of their bodies; but to compensate this defect, they give a prodigious quantity of milk.

As mutton is never eaten in Italy, on account of its inferior quality, the male lambs are always killed, and even a part of the females; and the sheep are milked for cheese. A single ewe will often yield to the amount of three piastres in the course of the season. In the middle of May they migrate to the mountains of Norcia and the Abruzzi, whence they return in October. At that season, and during winter, all these different animals, with their keepers, are to be found wandering, in uninterrupted silence, over these vast steppes, where not a village or a cottage is to be seen, and which appear as if set forth by Providence, as an awful example of the final destiny of the whole earth.

TERRACINA, *July* 13, 1813.

I AM just returned from visiting the Pontine Marshes, in company with the Inspector General of Engineers, who went to examine the draining canals lately opened by government, with a view of completing, if possible, the great works commenced by Pius VI. The opportunity was particularly valuable at this moment, on account of the escort provided for the Officers of Engineers against the banditti, who contribute, even more than the pestilential air, to render the approach of the marshes dangerous.

These banditti have been established, from time immemorial, in the mountains of Sabina and the Abruzzi; and it is almost impossible to extirpate them, because they are rooted, as it were, in the population of the country. They are not mere associations of robbers, without property or fixed residence, wandering in disguise: on the other hand, the hordes who infest the frontiers of the kingdom of Naples, are neither more nor less than the villagers who inhabit the neighbouring mountains. The men who follow this trade are possessed of families and property, and are employed in agriculture a part of the year; but as their labour, amidst these barren rocks, is insufficient to supply their pleasures, or, indeed, their wants, necessity, together with an almost invincible penchant to pillage and murder, leads them to unite in bodies, and not only attack travellers, but frequently the dwellings and resident inhabitants of the plains.

The principal part of the population is enrolled under the standard of a few chiefs, who have thus a little army always ready to take the field, and which is as quickly dispersed as assembled. No more men than are wanted are summoned on any expedition; and unless they are seized upon the spot, the police can never find them, for they return directly to their homes, where they resume their rustic dress and occupations, and are straightway transformed into peaceable peasants, living under the protection of their curate and mayor, whose indulgence is unbounded, and, as it is said, for very good reasons.

A few only of the chiefs are known, and after these the gens-d'armes are continually in pursuit. During the last five years, several of them have been taken and executed, without, however, at all discouraging the survivors. Many of the banditti have been killed in the combats they have had with the military: and many have likewise been surrounded and taken in the expeditions made against them. It was hoped, that the execution of these would have intimidated the rest, but it has only rendered them a little more prudent; for they know that this predatory life exposes them to the danger of the scaffold, and are no more alarmed at it, than the sailor at the tempest.

The most formidable of their chiefs, who had for five years eluded all the researches of the French police, has lately been taken. He calls himself *Peter, the Calabrian.* At Rome, he is known simply by the title of "*The Calabrian, (Il Calabrese,")* and, under this designation, he figures continually in the narratives of the populace, who are always fond of the marvellous. By way of increasing his consequence, he assumed a political character, calling himself chief of the *La Vendée* of Rome. He entitled himself, Emperor of the Mountains, King of the Forests, and Governor of the road from Florence to Naples; but what rather tends to diminish his dignity is, that he was no less a marauder under Pius VII. than under the French government.

Leaving, however, his merits as a partizan out of the question, as a brigand chief he has displayed great talents. This man, who is by birth a mere peasant, presents a singular mixture of rapacity and devotion, of honour and barbarism. He piques himself more especially upon his humanity. Never, he declares, has he shed a single drop of blood, except in battle; and he has always severely punished the cruelties which his band are but too ready to commit. This is probably true, for I have, myself, witnessed the regret which his arrest has caused in all the inhabitants of the neighbourhood, who looked upon themselves as left henceforth without protection against the atrocity of his men.

The government is at present engaged in arranging a treaty with his successor *Gaetano*, similar to that by which Sixtus V. succeeded in repressing the robberies which were committed before his pontificate: viz. by arming the banditti against each other. The soldiers of *the Calabrian*, in despair at his capture, and desirous of saving his life on any terms, sent a herald, a woman who sold fruit at Rome, with a proposal of submission. They offered to protect the road against all the other bands, for a pay of thirty sous a-day, on condition that *the Calabrian* should not be executed, but only transported to Corsica. The treaty was concluded, and a few days after, *Gaetano* informed the commander of the gend'armerie stationed at Sermoneta, that he had some evidence to give him of its execution on his part. The officer accordingly repaired to the place appointed on the mountains, where *Gaetano* delivered four heads to him, which he affirmed were those of four brigands whom his men had killed. Scarcely, however, had the officer returned to Sermoneta, than information was brought him that the bodies of four farmers of the neighbourhood had been found without their heads in an olive wood. The officer accordingly demanded a fresh interview, and reproached *Gaetano* warmly with his want of faith. The

latter allowed there was some reason to complain, if the matter were to be nicely sifted, but that, taking one head to be as good as another, he thought it better to cut off those of four fellows whom he knew nothing about, than to assassinate his brother banditti, who, at the bottom, were very good friends of his. Notwithstanding this specious reasoning, however, the officer informed him, that if this was the way in which he intended to fulfill the treaty, the *Calabrian* should be executed immediately. This threat so alarmed the gang, that they promised faithfully to perform the conditions of the treaty. Some of them were already come to Terracina to undertake the guard of the road, and from the sight of them, I can fully imagine the terror they will inspire into the travellers whose safety is to be committed to them.

Velletri, situated on the southern side of Mont Albano, is the last town through which the traveller passes, before he enters the marshes. Hence the view extends over their vast solitudes, bounded to the east by the mountains of Sabina, and to the west by the open sea. The town is surrounded by vineyards, in an admirable state of cultivation. The branches of the vines are carefully trained in lines along trellises formed of large reeds, presenting the appearance of innumerable ranges of espaliers, extending as far as the eye can reach. In each of the vineyards stands a pretty cottage, inhabited by the vine-dresser, and every thing wears the aspect of the most active and animated industry. Such is the change which appears even in the states of the church, as soon as the region of the Malaria is passed. This fatal region is, however, close at hand. Scarcely had we proceeded half a league beyond Velletri, descending through the midst of vineyards, than we found ourselves on the plains of the desert. The road, as far as Cisterna, lies through a wild and irregular country, formed by streams of lava: it produces a few cork-trees with ragged trunks; and a few farm-houses and corn-fields, still enliven the prospect.

Beyond Cisterna, all traces of human habitation entirely disappear. A vast domain belonging to Prince Cajetano extends hence to Tor Tre Ponti, distant two posts and a quarter. This tract does not properly belong to the marshes. It is a picturesque and wooded region, where fertile pastures, and rich harvests, successively present themselves, in the openings of the foresta. Here and there, groups of huts, of a circular form, thatched with reeds, and inhabited by the shepherds and herdsmen, appear clustered on the plain like Hottentot kraals; and around these are seen buffaloes wandering amidst the luxurious herbage, which the moist soil of these savannahs causes to grow to a great height. They instinctively direct their slow and heavy course along beaten tracts leading to the miry ponds, where they

remain during the heat of the day. The weight of their bodies sinks them gradually in the mud, till their backs are entirely covered by the aquatic plants, so that their fierce-looking heads are the only part of them visible. Towards evening, a herdsman, on horseback, rouses them with loud shouts, striking the water with his lance. The buffaloes then put themselves in motion with sullen roarings, and rush out of the water, adorned, like the river gods of old, with long wreaths of aquatic plants, which they drag after them over the savannah, like the garlands of the Bacchantes.

The marshes commence a little on this side Tor Tre Ponti, where the road again joins the ancient Appia Via, which it had quitted below Albano, and is carried on a causeway in a straight line to Terracina. Below the road, to the right, commences the canal called Navigliò Grande, on which Horace sailed to Brundusium, and which Pius VI. caused to be repaired, at the same time with the road. The plan of that intelligent and unfortunate Pontiff, was to take advantage of a fall of seven feet which is found between the highest part of the marshes and the sea, by opening parallels at regular distances, which should discharge the water into it. Into these he intended to open a second set of parallels, at angles of forty-five degrees; by which means the benefit of the fall would have been extended to the whole service of the marshes. Only two of the principal parallels, with their secondaries, have been finished; but the entire success which has attended them, has shewn the French engineers that it was only necessary to complete the undertaking, to restore the whole of the marshes to cultivation, and they are now occupied in doing it.

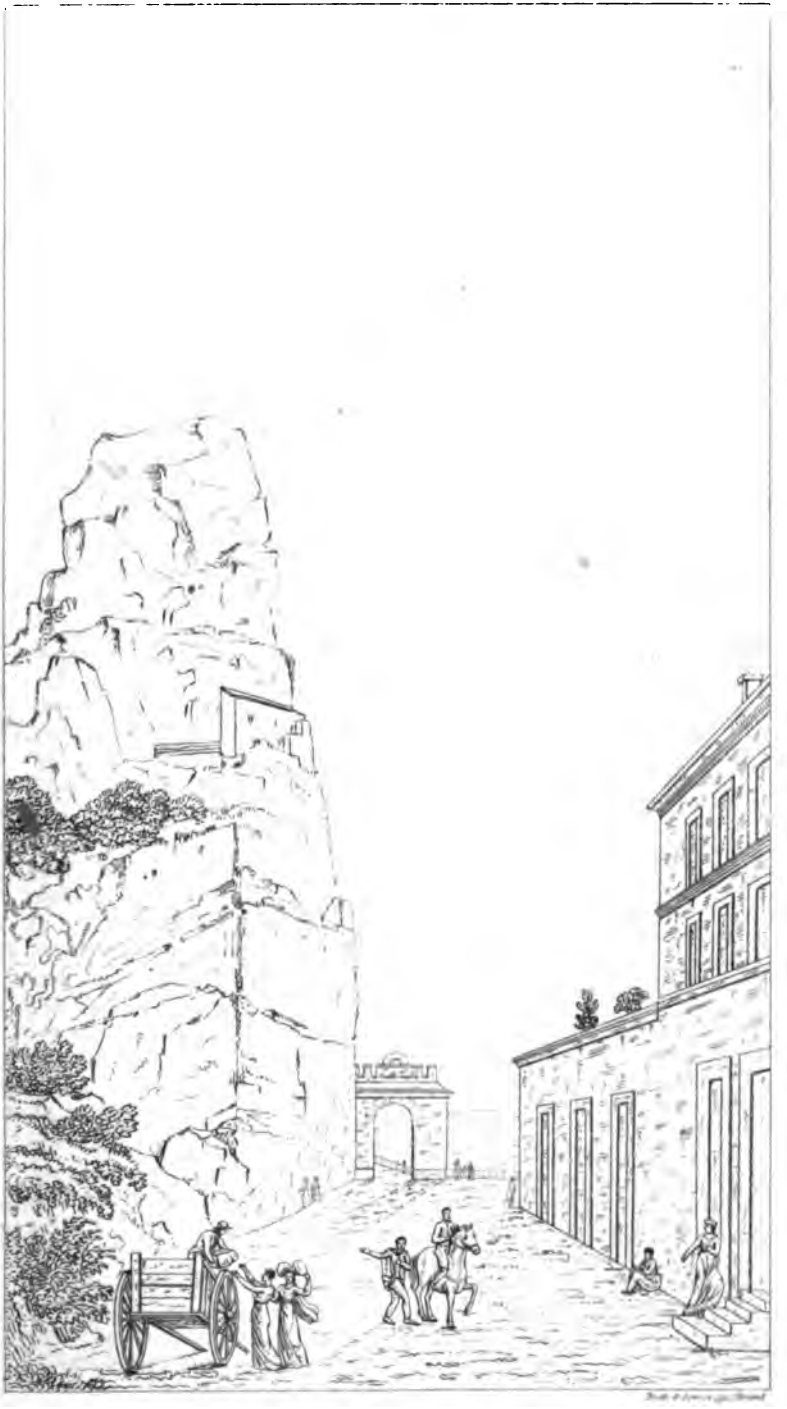
The grand parallels are carried along the marshes, in a longitudinal direction, from north to south, and discharge themselves into the sea near Terracina, at *Bocca di Fiume*. They could not be carried in a transverse direction, from the mountains to the sea, because a low bank, about a league in breadth, runs along the coast, and its soil, which consists of rubbish, renders it impracticable to carry a drain through it. This bank is covered with forests, and appears to the navigator like a mysterious veil which conceals the sight of Italy from the eyes of the profane.

The Appian road, which traverses this region, is covered with a fine sand, and shaded by an irregular line of elms on either side, which form a bower, both over the road and the canal, and extend like a long promenade from post to post. They were not planted, but were left on each side of the road, when it was repaired by Pius VI. The journey is performed with such ease and rapidity, that you are astonished, on arriving at Terracina, at the distance you have come.

Through the whole length of this causeway there is not a village, nor even a pot-house. Pius VI. caused vast caravansaries to be erected at nearly equal distances, which stand amidst these solitudes, as noble monuments of his pontificate. There is something stately and singular about these edifices: the apartments, the stables, and other buildings, are all on a grand scale, but totally unfurnished. They appear at once magnificent and mean; splendid, and destitute of every thing. The beings who inhabit these palaces of the desert are half naked, ghastly, and consumed by a slow fever, which reduces them to such a state of weakness, that they have scarcely strength sufficient to harness the half wild horses which are put to the carriages. These animals, which are taken from their pastures, seem as if indignant at the momentary subjection imposed on them. They snort, paw the earth with their feet, and champ the bit, till they are permitted to set off, and then they dart away in a moment, with a fury which is not unattended with danger, and which increases, as they proceed, at the sight of their companions grazing at liberty in the meadows. This violent and untractable character of the horses in the Pontine Marshes, has obtained for them the name of *scampatores*.

Though the marshes on each side of the road are drained, the air is still as noxious as in the other parts of the Maremme. Thus they do not appear to have gained any thing in point of salubrity by this process; but, instead of producing rushes and reeds only, the dried part is covered with a fine turf, and bears harvests which repay twelve, and even fifteen, for one. Except in Belgium, finer corn crops are no where to be seen. But when Pius VI. undertook this grand project, he did not attempt at the same time, to sow the seeds of industry and population in the country. He bestowed these immense domains on his nephew, the Duke of Braschi, and a few other great proprietors, who contented themselves with proceeding on the usual system of the Maremme farms. A large mansion serves as a common residence, and the lands are pastured by vast herds of horned cattle, horses, and buffaloes; the soil being too wet for sheep. The driest parts are reserved for corn, and are fallowed much oftener than in the territory of Latium: for the land, like the virgin soil of America, being perfectly fresh and inexhausted, the natural herbage springs with such luxuriance, that it requires to be ploughed every two years to cleanse and prepare it for the grain crops.

A part of the drained lands, immediately contiguous to the feet of the mountains, is occupied by the inhabitants of Piperno, Sermoneta, and the villages situated on their declivities. The vicinity of these little farms to the habitations of the villages,



PYRAMIDAL ROCK NEAR TERRACINA, NAMED PESCULO OR PESCIO MONTANO.

enables them to pursue their avocations without quitting their homes, and they raise fine crops of Indian corn, hemp, and pulse. I measured some of the stems of the Indian corn which were sixteen feet high, and the hemp was nearly as vigorous.

There is a luxuriance of vegetation on all sides of this canal, which seems to offer every thing that can support or charm the life of man; but which in reality is found, as in India, to increase with the circumstances which are destructive of it. The level soil presents no obstacle to his steps. An unclouded sun beams in the sky, while bowers of foilage moderate its effulgence. A rich verdure springs every where in this fertile region; and flowers of every hue bloom innumerable under the shade of the elms. Enormous fig-trees grow on the sides of the canal, and blend their flexible boughs and sugared fruits over the stream; while between them aloes, the natives of the East, raise their lofty stems, like the sacred tapers of a solemn ceremonial. Groves of willows, oaks, and elms, protect these flowers and fruits from the storm; and to render their tufted foilage more dense and bowery, the vine entwines its aged stems around the lofty trees to their very tops, whence, like the climbing plants of the American forests, it extends its branches to the neighbouring trees, covering the whole canal with a verdant canopy. In autumn, innumerable clusters hang from these festoons, and invite the birds to partake of their juicy sweets.

But all this magnificence of nature displays itself in vain to the silence of the desert, and is usurped by the savage inhabitants of the forest. Herds of wild boars tear up the earth in search of the roots of vegetables. The hideous buffalo strays amidst the verdure, or lies concealed in the woods. The bird of prey quits his rocks to soar undisturbed over a solitude which he appears to regard as his rightful domain. At certain seasons of the year, multitudes of birds of passage resort hither to repose from their flight, and seem to consider the time which they pass amidst these grateful shades as a festival. Amidst these savage tribes of the brute creation, man now and then appears; but he, even in this abode of peril, wears a hostile aspect. Sometimes a herdsman is seen, pursuing with his lance an enraged buffalo; or the mountain robber, concealed amidst the flowers on the tufted fig-trees, awaits with watchful eye and loaded fusil, the passage of a traveller. Should the unsuspecting stranger escape this peril, the delicious, but deadly atmosphere may yet breathe its secret poison into his veins.

I cannot describe the singular and mingled feeling of delight and terror, which the perpetual contrast between the vegetable

and animal worlds, in this extraordinary country, occasions. It presents a sort of grand image of life, which an unknown and indefinite danger perpetually menaces, while the imagination spreads its delusions around to banish this danger from our thoughts.

I was still occupied in these reflections when we arrived at a part of the road where a section had been made through the causeway to open a passage for one of the new discharging canals. Here the engineers stopped to inspect the works, and in the mean time I employed myself in examining the vertical plan presented by the section of the road. This road was the Appia Via; and the works of ages, if I may so express myself, lay bare before me. Three feet beneath the actual surface appeared the ancient pavement, constructed by Appius, resting on a mass of brickwork. Above this broad pavement appeared a second, formed in like manner of masonry, and raised about a foot higher. This was the new pavement laid by Trajan, which serves as a foundation for a bed of pebbles forming the road, as restored by Pius VI. The ancient mode of constructing pavements is still followed at Rome. They are not laid merely in sand, like ours, but on a bed of well-tempered masonry of flints and mortar, so that the pavements of the streets are like so many walls under the surface of the soil.

We here left our carriages, and mounted on horses, for the purpose of proceeding to examine the new works in the middle of the plain. The season of the year had already rendered it necessary to suspend them; but the workmen were summoned for the day of inspection. We traversed vast savannahs, where the grass was as high as the bodies of our horses, keeping as much as possible under the shade of the trees, for it was past noon, and the heat was intense. The buffaloes fled before us as we advanced, till they were prevented by the new canal from proceeding farther. They then turned round, and assumed a menacing attitude; but the workmen raising a loud shout, they fled precipitately along the line of the canal, and disappeared. The engineers then proceeded to examine the works, and I could not help admiring the wonderful power of human genius and civilization, which enabled M. Prony, at the distance of Paris, to calculate and direct the great works which were at length to change these solitary wilds into Elysian fields.

The part of the marshes, which we were now traversing was not yet drained; and instead of meadows and pastures, we met with nothing but reeds, interspersed with tufts of willows and other aquatic trees, whose pale foilage gave a grey and monotonous aspect to the whole landscape. The soil was

spongy, and the feet of our horses made no noise upon it. It was, however, firm enough to bear; and by following the tracks of the buffaloes and wild boars amongst the reeds, we ran no risk of sinking in. At length, after riding nearly an hour, we reached the wooded zone, extending along the sea-shore, of which I have before spoken. Here the atmosphere, and with it the face of nature, suddenly changed, and we again beheld the mossy turf and the majestic oaks. Notwithstanding the immense size of these trees, the wild vines climbed to their very tops, forming a sort of natural vineyard, whose impenetrable shade afforded shelter to innumerable tribes of birds and insects. The confused and lively hum which arose from these, was truly agreeable after the silence of the marshes.

NAPLES, *July* 18, 1813.

The states of the Church terminate a little beyond Terracina, when the traveller enters those of Naples. On arriving at Fondi, the first town of Campania, he is struck with the irregular manner in which it is built, and with the wretched appearance of the inhabitants. It resembles the towns of the South of France, and its ancient towers recall the memory of those feudal times when men crowded into the inclosure of the cities, to seek, behind their ramparts, a protection which the open fields could not afford them.

This feudal and gothic character is every where visible the moment you enter the Neapolitan territory. The villages, placed on the summits of the hills, are surrounded by walls, whose mouldering battlements are covered with creeping plants, the natural decoration of ruins; and each object indicates, at the first view, that this kingdom has not participated, with the rest of Italy, in that glorious era, when the genius of the arts went hand-in-hand with the spirit of liberty:—that spirit which alone exalts the character of nations, by inspiring them with the love of all that is great.

The traces of this brilliant epoch are manifest in all the other parts of Italy; and one of the beauties of the country consists in the grandeur and elegance of the works of architecture, for which it is indebted to past ages. A refined taste has presided over the construction of all its edifices, from the decorations of its more splendid monuments, to the simple structures of rural life; and this universal character of elegance combines, with the system of cultivation and the natural forms of the landscape, to complete the effect of the whole. The general result, to the imagination of the traveller, is not only a continued series of pic-

turesque scenes, but a striking picture of life and enjoyment. It may, indeed, be deceitful, but the sensations to which it gives rise are not the less real.

We do not, in the beautiful part of Italy, meet with those crooked and dirty villages, which appear the very abodes of poverty; neither do we find any of those gloomy cabins, where the wretched inhabitants dwell promiscuously with their cattle and their harvests. We do not, and it is, perhaps, the only charm that is wanting to the scene, see, as in France, those village churches, shaded by lime-trees, and consecrated to the Eternal by simple hearts and unskilful hands. The churches of the Italian villages would be considered as ornaments to the cities of other countries. The solitary chapels which are met with in the woods, or by the road-sides, delight the eye by their graceful designs. The hamlets, and even the farm-houses, are built with a sort of rural elegance, which the Italians think nothing of, because its general prevalence renders it familiar to them.

This perception of architectural beauty, so universal in Italy, can have originated only in those long habits which for so many ages have conspired to form the national taste. It commenced with the Romans; and the age of Leo X., by renewing the prosperous days of this ancient land of the arts, preserved that traditional skill which has transmitted the noble art of adorning the earth, by the edifices erected on its surface, to the present times. The genius of the painter perishes with him. Raphael was unable to bequeath the magic of his pencil to his successors; but architecture is a positive science, whose trophies may be imitated and perpetuated at pleasure.

But the times which beheld the revival of the fine arts in the rest of Italy had no influence on the kingdom of Naples. Conquered by the Normans in the eleventh century, the only fruit it reaped from that conquest, was the inheritance of their barbarous manners, and the establishment of the feudal system in its full extent. The social state of the middle ages was thus preserved unaltered, and one might, even recently, have contemplated at Naples its institutions and its effects. Against the difficulties opposed to it by these institutions, modern civilization has made but slow progress. Amidst the new customs lately introduced, the impression of an anterior period is constantly observable; and notwithstanding the fertility of this land of the South, there is a wildness in its general appearance which results from the luxuriance of nature having never been completely subdued by human industry; an appearance which few countries of the earth at present offer.

The miserable huts scattered over this fertile region are inhabited by numerous families, who seem reduced to a state of indigence, so disorderly and neglected is every thing about them; but this repulsive appearance of poverty arises rather from the careless habits occasioned by the climate, than from real distress. In this favoured region, the necessaries of life are procured with such facility, that the extremity of indigence is never felt, nor is the increase of population retarded by it. As a proof of this I need only refer to the last census, by which it appears, that the number of inhabitants amounts to 6,345,000. There is no reason to distrust the accuracy of this statement, seeing that it was taken by the mayors of the several parishes, with the view of assessing levies of men and money. They were, therefore, not likely intentionally to augment it.

This immense population must be attributed to the long peace which this country enjoyed under the dynasty of the Bourbons, and which spread a profound tranquility through the whole kingdom. The government had diffused a sort of langour through all the branches of the administration. Every thing went on in the same manner, from day to day. No one disturbed either himself or others, but every one enjoyed, in his own way, an uninterrupted security, which long habit had consecrated.

From the impulsion thus bestowed on the Neapolitans by their manners and institutions, it may be supposed that agriculture is almost the only art they cultivate. Devoid alike of vanity and of ambition, they never aim at magnificence, nor even at that external appearance of enjoyment, by which men in other countries seek to excite the envy of their fellows. The liberal arts, and even those which are simply mechanical, are unknown to them. Every article of luxury is, as well as the greater part even of those of the first necessity, supplied by foreigners, who carry away in exchange the surplus produce of the soil; for in these fertile fields heaven blesses abundantly the toil of the husbandman: his labour is easy, and his reward great.

The corn which is sown in the vallies and plains often produces a harvest of eight or ten for one; and the land, instead of being left to repose for a year after this abundant crop, as was the custom with the Romans, is immediately ploughed, and sown with something else. All these various productions grow with inconceivable luxuriance in this volcanic soil. The hope of the husbandman is thus renewed every suceeeding spring and autumn, and the vicissitudes of the seasons seldom disappoint it. Frequently, after harvest, the land is sown with the scarlet trefoil, a plant indigenous in the South of Italy, and which appears,

when in flower, like a carpet of crimson extended upon the verdure of the fields. These gay inclosures are surrounded by elms and mulberry trees, festooned with vines, affording a grateful shade, and increasing the various productions of the soil.

The greater part of the kingdom is covered with lofty mountains, some of which retain the winter snows on their frozen summits throughout the year. Though not so elevated as the Alps, their scenery is nearly as savage; but the vegetation is richer, and they appear to have lost nothing of their original fertility by time. On their highest ridges, innumerable flocks find, during summer, a rich pasture, which the heats of the season do not scorch. Below this grassy region, the chestnut forests commence, covering the sides of the mountains with their shade. These trees are of such a size, that a small number of them are sufficient to cover a large space. I have seen single trees, the branches of which, descending to the ground on all sides, formed a complete dome. The ancient guardians of these mountains, these aged trees, defy the fury of the winds, and retain, by their roots, the soil which the rains would otherwise wash away. The lower declivities are covered with olive woods, which spring and flourish, as in their native soil, almost without assistance; requiring no other trouble from their possessors, during the whole year, than to collect the ripe fruit which falls from their branches. In the neighbourhood of the villages, the broken and rocky parts are occupied by fig-trees: the citron grows in the gardens; and rows of fruit-trees form the divisions of the farms.

Near Fondi, the orange-tree appears, for the first time, in its natural state: not stretched on espaliers, nor placed in formal rows in tubs, but free and wild, as the oaks of the forest. In these orange groves, the tree is seen in every stage of its growth. Sometimes a number of young shoots springing from the same root, cluster round an aged stem: at others, seedlings, scattered at random, push their young branches through the foilage. A streamlet, diverted from its course, flows in lines of silver at the feet of the trees, watering their roots as it sinks into the soil. One may ramble, or recline, at pleasure, in these woods: the branches are bowed down with ripe fruit, which presents itself to the hand.

Beyond Fondi, the road reaches the foot of a chain of hills, which lead, by a long ascent, on the brink of a precipice, to the village of Itre, in the vicinity of which it follows the windings of the valleys, there connected with each other by the course of the streams, and by woods of evergreen oaks. On the sea-side, the solitary rocks, on which stands the citadel of Gaeta, present themselves to the view; and, beneath its ramparts, the fertile and

smiling plain, watered by the Garigliano, named by the Italians Campagna Felice, commences. Through this elysium the traveller reaches Capua. The surrounding landscape, and the recollections associated with it, lead him to expect, as he approaches the town, to find a country still more rural, and scenery still more beautiful. On arriving at the gates, however, the delusion vanishes: he finds nothing but a fortess, guarded by sentinels, and surrounded with moats and bastions.

NAPLES, *July* 25, 1813.

NAPLES, placed at the bottom of the gulph formed by the curvature of the shore, seems itself, only an additional decoration to the richness of the amphitheatre; and its lively agitation forms an interesting contrast to the profound tranquility of the sea and the shores. The promontory, to the north of the bay, has accomplished the prediction of Virgil, and still bears the name of Misenus, which it received from Eneas. It is easily accessible from the sea, on which account the road which formerly led to it, has been suffered to fall to decay. Carriages can go no farther than Pozzuoli: the road, for the rest of the way, towards the ruins of Baiæ, runs along the shore, over rocks which can only be passed on foot, or on horseback. I preferred visiting the environs of the gulf in the former way, from the opportunity which it gave me of following all its indentures, and of enjoying, with perfect freedom, the sensations inspired by a scene which nature, time, and poetry, have alike contributed to embellish.

I left Naples at day-break, guided only by my former recollections, and arrived, without difficulty, at the entrance of the grotto of Pausilippo. The darkness of night was spread over its long vaults, which I could not pass through without a painful sensation; for this deep avenue, the noble work of the Romans, has nothing to excite curiosity, and affects the imagination only by its gloom.

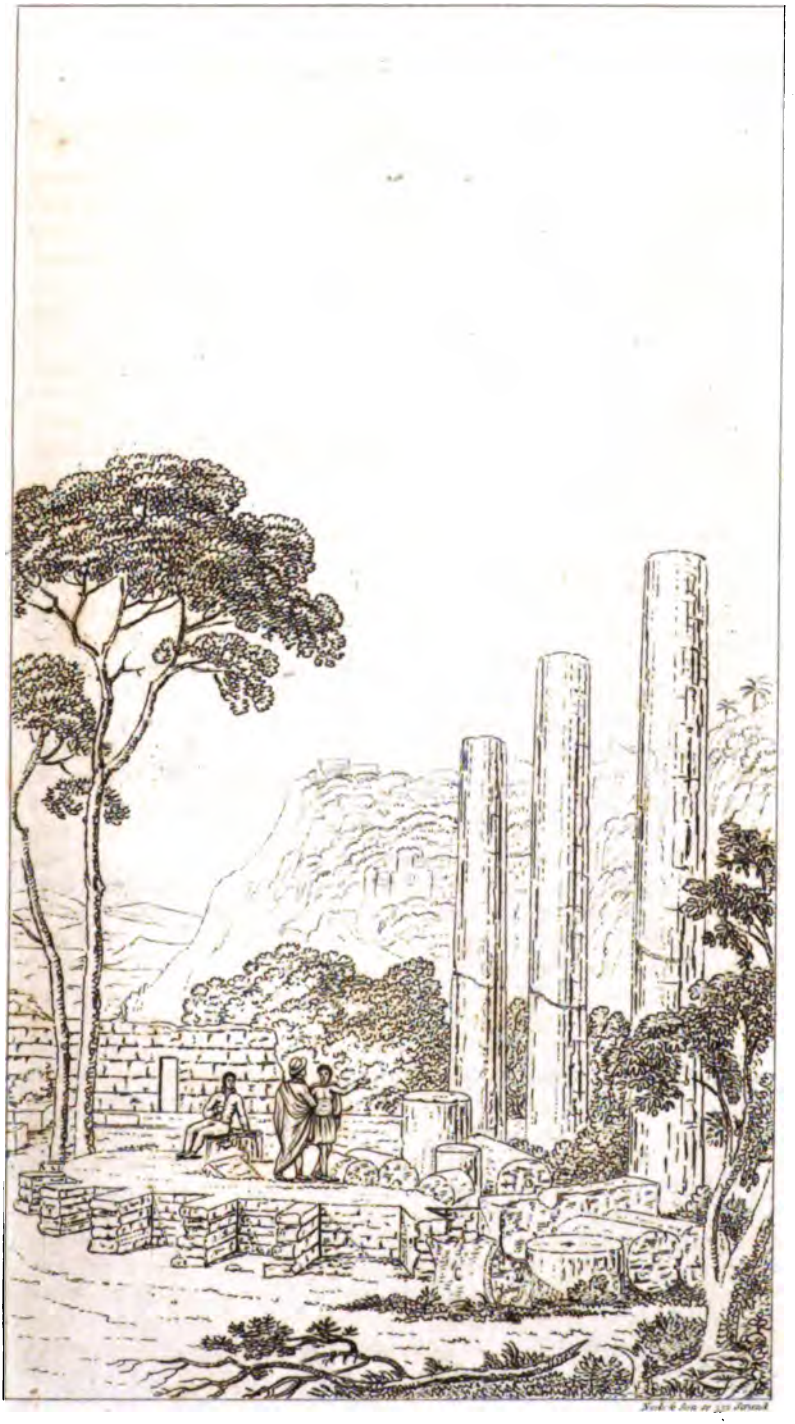
I beheld the light of day again with pleasure, and left the high road to avoid the dust. The fields around me were shaded by elms of sufficient height to allow of several branches of the vines they supported being trained from one to the other, so that successive rows of festoons, loaded with grapes, were seen waving one above another. Under the shade of these, a vigorous crop of young beans, sown since the harvest, were growing; and reminded me of spring in my own country. Further on, the purple tinge of the Indian corn announced its approaching maturity; while, in an adjoining field, long rows of melons diffused their perfume through the air. Self-sown tufts of figs, peach-trees,

and aloes, grew by the sides of these fields, and seemed to invite the labourer to partake of their fruits.

While I was contemplating this rural scene, a band of young peasant girls, preceded by a tambour, passed me on their way to their rural labours. They held each other by the hand, and danced along the path I was pursuing. I would fain have arrayed these virgins of the south in the costume and freshness of the country girls of Florence; for they resembled them in nothing but their careless gaiety. Amidst the numerous privileges which Nature has bestowed on the females of Naples, she has denied them the roseate bloom of beauty, and the attractive graces of simplicity. Their features are hard, their complexions dark, and there is nothing pleasing about them, except the marvellous skill with which they divine the secret relations existing between motion, sound, and thought.

The ravages of time, and volcanic eruptions, have covered the shores of the gulf of Baiæ with rocks and ruins. Amidst the wild vegetation with which they are clothed, there appear here and there a few remaining shoots of the shrubs which, two thousand years ago, adorned the gardens of Campania. I passed the heat of the day at Pozzuoli; and towards evening, rambled on the sea-side, near the ruins of the temple of Serapis, where the remains of the causeway, intended by Domitian to unite, by an easy communication, the two arms of the gulf, are still visible under the water. I there continued my walk along a path traced on the shore. The grasshoppers were chirping, and the waves, agitated by a gentle breeze, died in soft murmurs along the shore. The lake of Avernus, which I wished to visit, is not visible till you have passed a ridge, which I ascended by a rocky path-way. The hill over which it wound, was covered with flowering shrubs, which diffused their fragrance around. From the summit I beheld the lake, reposing in its circular basin amidst a profound solitude. I stood still to enjoy the prospect, The setting sun still gilded the eastern side of the lake, but the opposite shore was already in shade. Notwithstanding the fineness of the evening, it was silent as in the days of Virgil: neither the song of a bird, nor the chirp of a grasshopper, was heard. Not a cottage, or a patch of cultivation, is to be seen on the hills which surround it; and the imagination is left to indulge its reveries undisturbed, amidst its silent woods, and tranquil waters.

I proceeded, the next morning, to the place where the Cumæan Sibyll delivered her oracles. The guide who accompanied me lighted his torch, and conducted me into a subterraneous gallery, carefully cut through the rock, from the sides of which passages opened into other apartments, where the traces of elegant sculpture were still visible. The whole work is artificial, and wants



INTERIOR OF THE TEMPLE OF JUPITER SERAPIS, AT POZZUOLI.

that character of sublimity which nature alone can give. It is not thus that we picture to ourselves the abodes of the Prophets, or the sacred grottoes where oracles were pronounced. In this land of wonders, many caverns might have been selected for such a purpose, of deeper gloom, and wilder disorder.

As you advance towards Misenum, you still continue to meet with ruins, some of which retain the traces of their ancient beauty, but the greater part are buried under water. Nowhere is the destructive power of time more strikingly displayed, than in these scenes once so celebrated. The coast of Baiæ, and the remains with which it is covered seem absolutely incapable of being restored to the scene of the world. The very access to them is destroyed, and you can only get at them by climbing over the rocks. On the top of the cliffs, the aspect of nature is very different. The renovated soil extends in gentle and irregular slopes, intersected by streamlets. The meadows, refreshed by their waters, are clothed every morning with a new verdure. Tufts of aloes, and orange-trees, are interspersed, and cottages scattered amid these groves, where children are to be seen collecting oranges, or gathering flowers. When the mid-day heats become too powerful, grottoes, excavated in the earth, invite you to descend into them. Here a feeble light only is visible, and the cascades which fall on all sides preserve a constant equality of temperature. The obscurity of these recesses, and the sounds of the waterfalls, calm the imagination exerted by so many interesting scenes and recollections, and you return to the shore and its ruins with renewed curiosity.

I was desirous, before I departed, of proceeding to the extreme point of the promontory, to enjoy the finest scene presented by a single view in the universe. It was at Misenum, between the Avernian Lake, and the Elysian fields, near the ruins of Baiæ and the tombs of the Romans. Several vessels, impelled by a favourable breeze, were entering the road of Naples, and thousands of boats were skimming along the bay. The radiance of the setting sun streamed in sheets of gold along the sky; while the wearied earth seemed to await in profound tranquility the mysteries of the night.

PORTICI, *August* 2, 1813.

I AM just returned from an excursion to Vesuvius. This mountain has been so often described, that it may appear superfluous to say any thing further about it. But the eruption of a volcana is so grand a phenomena of nature, that a faithful description of one will not, perhaps, tire the reader's curiosity.

It is now a long time since this awful scene has been exhibited; as if the earth, wearied by the political storms which have agitated her surface, was unwilling to add to the commotion, by her internal convulsions. But I was at Naples during the eruption of 1791, and the account which I am now about to give, is transcribed from a journal which I wrote at the time.

It was in the month of March, and I was about to leave Naples in order to reach Rome in time for the Easter festival. I had just returned to the Hotel de Venice, where I lodged, about eleven o'clock at night, when the people of the house came into my room to inform me that Vesuvius was beginning to throw up clouds of ashes, and that the flames which proceeded from it, announced an approaching eruption. The air was as hot as in the month of July, and as calm as on a fine summer's day. I immediately went out on the terrace of the house. The atmosphere was filled with a shower of ashes. You might feel them falling, but you could not see them. They descended gently and imperceptibly, and accumulated gradually on the surface of the ground. They silenced the noise of the carriages, and covered the whole of the adjacent territory with a dark tint, as if it had been attired in mourning.

The darkness was from time to time illumined by the flames, which darted in long flashes from the crater. Suddenly a luminous point appeared on the side of the mountain, about two hundred yards from the summit. It was the new crater through which the lava had just forced its way. At the same time a general exclamation burst from the whole city: "There is the lava! there is the new crater! It has opened on this side! May God and St. Januarius protect us!" In a moment the churches were all opened: the bells rung; and the whole population of Napels poured forth into the streets and squares. I also went towards the mole, to mingle with the crowd, and share in their alarm and their curiosity.

This spectacle, grand as it was, had not the appearance of a festival. Anxiety was depicted in every countenance, and all eyes were turned towards the luminous point which was visibly enlarging every instant. The priests were already assembled at the altars, and the crowd pressed into the churches. The people were impatient for the departure of the procession, in which they placed all their hopes. The banners were displayed amidst solemn hymns, and soon after they began to leave the churches. The murmur which preceded them, made the people give way; and, as they advanced, every one fell into their train. Even the women left their carriages. and marched through the ashes, with the rest of the faithful.

The processions from all the streets directed their course to the grand square of the palace. The king and the royal family were at the balcony, and the people, as they passed, saluted them with loud exclamations. The processions from all quarters, met in this immense square. They kept crossing, going and coming, and increased in number continually, till at length, wearied out by their own terror, they returned, by long circuits, to the churches whence they set out.

The showers of ashes ceased towards day-break, and the first rays of morning destroyed the brilliancy of the flames, which had appeared so vived during the night. The return of day-light dissipated the fears of the people. They thought that heaven was appeased, and forgot the grand nocturnal scene they had witnessed, without considering that it would be renewed the succeeding evening.

I also retired to rest; for it is only in darkness that the full magnificence of a volcano is displayed, and I was desirous of taking a nearer view of it the following night.

I set out towards Vesuvius about seven o'clock in the evening, in company with a young Livonian. As the day declined, the flames of the volcano resumed their splendour; and, on reaching Portici, we were able to judge of the progress the lava had made during the day. It was no longer a luminous point, as on the preceding evening, but a broad stream, flowing slowly along the course which it had formed for itself.

We took guides at Portici, where we left our cabriolet, and mounted mules. We were provided with torches, but we stood in little need of them, for the sky was sufficiently illumined by the flames. We ascended through the vineyards, to the hermitage of San Salvador, along a rugged path bestrewn with stones and cinders; but our mules being accustomed to it, pursued their way without difficulty, and left us at liberty to enjoy the grand scene which surrounded us.

In this manner we reached San Salvador, at that time inhabited by two hermits, one of whom was a Genoese, and the other a native of Paris. They lived in two separate cells for they had quarrelled, and had not spoken to each other for several years. We were received by the Parisian, who placed before us dates and oranges. An eruption was a sort of festival to him: not that his curiosity was excited by the phenomenon, but because many strangers visited his cell at those times, and gave him an opportunity of talking.

Here we sent back our mules to Portici, for they could no longer be of any use to us. Two of the guides alone remained with us, to direct us to the part of the mountain where the lava had taken its course. Before we set off, we remained for some time before the hermitage, contemplating the fiery

clouds which the volcano was spreading around it. At length we continued our way towards the torrent of lava, which then threatened the unfortunate town of Torre del Greco. It escaped at that time: and was not destroyed till three years afterwards.

We proceeded through cinders and scoriæ, along obstructed paths.: they at first lead us across a wide valley, which separates the hermitage from the upper part of Vesuvius. This valley which was destitute both of grass and shrubs, extended in an eastward direction, along the side of the mountain, opposite to the eruption. It was dark and still, except that a lucid light was reflected upon it from the clouds. It was the vale of death and eternal silence: save that on this night its tranquility was broken by the numerous parties whom curiosity had brought thither, and who were going and coming from the hermitage to the crater.

After marching for an hour we began to climb with difficulty over heaps of scoriæ. We were obliged to grope our way through passages unknown to our guides, for at each eruption the lava alters its course. We soon found ourselves in a region where every thing bore the marks of fire. The air began to be scorching: the very stones were warm; and we beheld fiery clouds rolling over our heads, and leaving an ensanguined track in the sky.

We were within half a mile of the end of our journey, when we met with a lady, attended by two guides, who had been left behind on the mountain by her party. She was sitting on a rock, wrapped in a shawl, and was talking with great earnestness to her guides. Her accent explained to me that she was an Englishwoman, and I went up to her to offer her my assistance, and to ask the cause of her agitation. She replied in French, with an eloquence inspired by the darkness and disorder of the surrounding scene. She informed me that her husband and a party of her countrymen had accompanied her as far as this place, but that the guides had persuaded him that it would be dangerous for her to proceed any further. She had made many entreaties to be allowed to go on, but ineffectually; and had since used her best endeavours to prevail on the guides to take her forward, but without success. She was mortified, she said, to the last degree, at being thus prevented from witnessing a scene which she had looked forward to with so much earnestness.

I ventured to offer her the assistance of my arm, for the short distance which remained. She accepted it with a readiness which surprised me, though it arose merely from her anxious desire of being present at the magnificent spectacle

displayed by Vesuvius: and we set off, notwithstanding the remonstrances of her guides.

She leaned on my arm, and we proceeded slowly, because we sunk into the ashes, and the scoriæ wounded her feet. Nevertheless, we were drawing nearer the torrent of lava, and the glare which proceeded from it gave me an opportunity of observing my companion. She was young and beautiful, but pale with emotion, and seemed to share in the agitation and disorder of the scene.

The ground and the air became hot as we approached the glowing furnace, and gusts of smoke came rolling towards us. We endeavoured to avoid them, by getting out of the current of the wind, but the blast was so violent, that we were twice enveloped in these fiery clouds, and were near being suffocated. The soil gave way under our feet, and the fire appeared beneath the scoriæ, as they rolled down the precipices.

At length, with some difficulty, we reached the end of our journey. The friends of my young female companion were already arrived, but their attention was so fully engaged by the spectacle before them, that they had not perceived our approach. We were therefore obliged to introduce ourselves to them, and I was not without some uneasiness as to the reception we might meet with; but success is always a sufficient justification. We had proceeded safely thither: our imprudence was forgiven; and we had only to enjoy in silence the grand scene before us.

The lady's husband called her Florinda, the only name by which I have ever known her. Twenty-two years have elapsed since that period. Should Florinda read these letters, she will recollect this nocturnal scene upon the mountain, and know who the stranger was that conducted her to that ocean of fire.

We contemplated in silence the burning torrent, which was rolling its waves before us. They did not flow like those of an ordinary stream, but seemed to roll over like masses of rock. It kept continually increasing in breadth, because, as it went on, it rekindled the old scoriæ, so that the whole mountain seemed on fire.

The stream of lava, which was now some hundred feet broad, was gradually approaching the brink of a precipice, down which it threatened to fall before morning: we determined to await the catastrophe, measuring, with our eyes, the space which remained for it to traverse. It kept slowly, but continually, drawing nearer; the scoriæ taking fire before it, and preparing its way. At length the ignited torrent reached the edge of the rocks, and precipitated itself down them with a tremendous noise. Clouds of smoke arose from the abyss,

and were driven by the wind in all directions, while the lava continued to fall into the gulph.

This natural reservoir arrested the violence of the torrent, and saved the habitations which it menaced. It would have required several days to have filled it, and the eruption happily ceased before that time. In that which took place three years aftewrards, no such obstacle occurred: the lava took its course towards the sea, and utterly destroyed the town of Torre del Greco.

The dawn now appeared in the horizon; and, as if by a soft magic, the splendours of the night faded and disappeared before the radiance of day. The fire grew pale, the vapours became white, and there remained nothing but the singular appearance of a mountain moving by its own efforts.

It was time to retire, for the presence of the ignited matter, when veiled by the sun, is highly dangerous: the spectator may be consumed before he is aware of its approach. We therefore returned by the same course to San Salvador, and thence to Portici, where our carriages were waiting for us. Here I bade adieu to Florinda, whom I have never since seen.

ROME, *September* 10, 1813.

As the traveller advances towards the south, the richness and grandeur of this volcanic country increase. I was, therefore, unwilling to return to Rome by the road I had already traversed, and determined to penetrate a little farther into the country, to have an opportunity of still enjoying this oriental climate, and its wild and majestic scenery. I hired one of the light carriages of the country, built to travel on rough roads, and set out from Naples, without having even settled the plan of my journey. The summer heats were beginning to decline, the nights were longer, and copious rains had cooled the air, and laid the dust, I could not have chosen a finer season.

I took the road to Portici, and proceeded without stopping, to Pompeii, where I passed the rest of the day. I shall not repeat what has been so often, and so justly remarked, concerning the unexpected effect produced by the sight of these fine remains of antiquity. The lava has kept them in perfect preservation, and they seem to want nothing but inhabitants. I shall only observe that a great deal has been done within the last four years. A whole quarter has been cleared, the structure and ornaments of which show it to have been the residence of a richer class than the inhabitants of the houses before discovered; and another of the gates of the town has been found. A few

more years, and Pompeii will arise entire from the sepulchre where it has been for so many ages entombed.

There are no ruins in Italy, nor, perhaps, in the world, which inspire the same interest with those of Pompeii, because there is no uncertainty attending them. There is nothing left to conjecture or supposition. Every thing remains as the Romans left it; every thing points out their habits of life. We live with them, we use their furniture, eat at their tables, behold their pictures, and peruse their manuscripts. The whole period that has elapsed since Pliny perished there, seems effaced, and appears but as yesterday.

I stayed a long time looking at the workmen employed on the ruins. They had just penetrated into the interior of a house, and at every stroke of the spade we anticipated a discovery. I know nothing in the world that excites so lively an interest as the progress of an excavation of this kind, in a classic country. Expectation, and curiosity, are raised to their height, and all the history of the scene recurs to the imagination. The eye involuntarily follows the trowel with which the workmen carefully removes the ashes, for fear of injuring the objects he may chance to discover.

I remained fixed by the side of the workmen, who were throwing the ashes with their shovels into wheelbarrows. A wall, covered with fresco paintings, and arabesques, made its appearance, and we hoped to find something interesting on their medallions. Our expectation was however disappointed; they represented only Cupids and Bacchantes.

As the work went on, the chamber was emptied of the ashes with which it was filled, and we came to a lower apartment. The workmen now redoubled their caution, because they expected to find furniture, and other valuable articles. One of them at length touched a hard substance with his trowel. He carefully removed the ashes, and a bronze ornament made its appearance. Leaves, branches and fruit, beautifully sculptured, successively rose from the soil. It was an orange-tree, the stem of which rested on a vase, formed of the same metal, which served as a pedestal for it. This elegant bronze was nothing more than a candelabrum, with numerous lights; each fruit being a lamp. The arts have never produced any thing more natural, or graceful, than this candelabrum, which was dug up before my eyes, as clear and bright, after the lapse of two thousand years, as when it first proceeded from the hands of the artist.

By the side of this bronze, and on the same shelf, was found a bust of Marius; and I flattered myself that I should have witnessed still more interesting discoveries, but the approach of night suspended the operations. The workmen and the an-

tiquaries retired, and I was obliged to follow them. From what I experienced during the short time I staid, I can imagine how a man might pass his whole life in these regions without a moment of weariness or ennui.

The next day I continued my way along the winding shores of the gulf, towards the promontory of Sorrento. In proportion as I got farther from Vesuvius, and the region, covered with scoriæ, which surrounds its base, I entered a rich volcanic soil. The road was bordered by the villas of the Neapolitan families, most of which were painted in fresco, and ornamented with statues copied from the antique. Their roofs were encompassed with a balustrade, and covered with shrubs, forming a kind of aerial grove, where may be enjoyed the coolness of the evening, and the beauty of the landscape. They were surrounded by gardens, of small extent, but carefully decorated. Large aloes, planted in vases formed from blocks of lava, were growing on the pedestals of the portal; and every thing reminded me of the ornamental taste of the ancients. The appearance of these decorated habitations was not unpleasing; for the regular works of art acquire an additional charm, when placed in the midst of wild and luxuriant scenery.

The coast, as far as Castellamare, is rich and populous. The eruptions have as yet spared the eastern side of the bay of Naples, and reserved a delicious rural retreat for its inhabitants. Beyond Pompeii, the traces of the disorder caused by Vesuvius cease, and nature appears young and vigorous. The shore falls in gentle slopes covered with olives and mulberries, vines, and orange-trees. This tract, so favoured by heaven, extends all the way from Sorrento to Salerno, and bears the name of the Piave di Sorrento.

The plain of Sorrento is almost the only part of the kingdom of Naples where the operation of an intelligent and active industry is visible. The peasantry have here attempted, with success, the cultivation of cotton, an article which is now become almost a necessary of life. It was, before, partially grown about Naples for local consumption, but the continental system, by increasing the value of this article, increased also its cultivation; insomuch, that in 1812, sixty thousand bags of cotton were supplied by the farmers of these parts for the manufactories of Europe. The plantations which I have visited, promise this year, also, an abundant crop, and will enrich, by their produce, many families who were before deprived of the hope even of competency; a consideration which added not a little to the pleasure I felt in viewing them.

This plain, which is inclosed by the sea, nearly in the manner of a peninsula, terminates at Salerno; and a little beyond,

you once more enter a Maremma, that is to say, a region infected by the Malaria. The kingdom of Naples is not entirely exempt from this scourge. It re-appears, under similar circumstances, on all the shores of the Mediterranean, but no where in those of the Adriatic. These insalubrious tracts may be readily known by the want of inhabitants, and the cessation of cultivation. The land is divided into large domains, which have the appearance of so many deserts. As soon as you enter upon them, the road loses itself in the turf, or at least the traces of it are so faint, as to be scarcely sufficient to direct the passenger.

Evergreen oaks, aloes, and cypresses, are scattered over this Maremma; for in proportion as you approach the south, the soil becomes richer, and the vegetation more luxuriant. A few ruins, half Roman, half Gothic, appear here and there amongst the fig-trees. Sometimes a herdsman, armed with a lance, is seen near them, watching his flock: at others, these men are seen scouring along at full speed in the verge of the horizon, as if pursued by an enemy. The cattle which they tend, are as savage as themselves. The ferocious animals gaze, in stupid amazement, at the new objects which chance may bring within their range. They are the sole inhabitants of these plains, monopolizing a territory which Providence seems to have exclusively assigned to them.

The wild pastures of the Neapolitan Maremme have not even a casale upon them. There are no partially-inhabited remains of ancient towns; nor are they, like the Campagna of Rome, distinguished by a name which ennobles whatever has the privilege of bearing it. The herdsmen who inhabit these wildernesses, have no other dwellings than huts of reeds. The cattle lie around them, and ruminate in peace through the silence of the night.

After travelling for a long time in the Maremma, the traveller discovers, in the remote horizon, some solitary, but apparently perfect, edifices. On approaching them, they gradually increase in size, till at length they become immense; and a regular colonnade is distinguishable. These structures, the architecture of which is visible, in the clearness of the sky, at a great distance, are the three temples of Pæstum, where strangers usually terminate their tour.

Of all the ruins of Italy, these are the most ancient, and the most striking. Built in those unknown ages, anterior to history, which we people with demi-gods and heroes, these temples witnessed the long career of Rome, from its commencement to its conclusion, and seem destined, in like manner, to behold the termination of the world.

At what period of the earth are we to place the existence of those unknown and incomprehensible beings, who built in Italy

the walls of the Cyclops, and raised in Africa the pyramids of Djiza, and the avenue of the Sphinxes? History is silent; her records throw no light on this miraculous age, the monuments of which confound our reason, and surpass even our imagination; for they appear to have been beyond mortal power to raise. Nothing in nature has, to this day, revealed the mysteries of a period, the ruins of which still remain the astonishment of the world: which reared colossal altars to its gods, and constructed mountains for its sepulchres.

How is it that all trace is lost of that gigantic people, whose domestic animals were mammoths, and who built their ramparts with rocks? The ruins of those which remain, astonish us the more from our being able to form no idea of the genius of the age in which their foundations were laid. It is a world whose history has not reached us; and all that we can do is to contemplate, in silent amazement, the august monuments of it, which time has preserved by surrounding them with deserts.

Even nature herself, at the present day, seems too weak to destroy these mighty ruins, so enormous is their mass. The earth has borne them on her surface, until at length they appear, like the other works of the creation, to form a part of her substance.

These stupendous colonnades, unshaken by ages, behold the seasons roll over them in these solitudes, and serve now only as a retreat for the savage inhabitants of the plain, who seek beneath them a shelter from the storm. An old buffalo may be seen awaiting the return of the sun behind the columns, which has been his haunt for twenty years. The rest of the herd give place to him, as to the lord of the desert, and never dispute with him the retreat he has chosen.

I ought, perhaps, before I left these Maremme, to have learned from the herdsmen the particulars of their customs, and of their rural economy; but these details of actual life appeared so insipid in the presence of so venerable an antiquity, that my mind was wholly occupied with thoughts of ages for ever lost in the obscurity of time. I merely cast a passing glance at the unknown flowers which adorned these deserts, and the herds which were reposing among them. The latter consisted chiefly of buffaloes, which being of a dingy colour, did not at all contribute to enliven the landscape. In another part I saw several herds of cattle, of a different breed from that of Hungary. They were not grey, but of a bright fawn-colour: their horns, of a moderate length, but gracefully turned, and their lofty stature and beautiful make, gave them a noble appearance. From the account I have seen of them, I think it probable that they came originally from Africa.

There were also many horses in these plains. Their figure was much more graceful and spirited than that of those met with in the other parts of Italy, though they were still characterized by the length and straightness of the head. They were spotted with various colours, and in their make and action, bore a great resemblance to the Barbary horses; so that they may be considered as an intermediate race between the Spanish and Arabian breeds.

The Maremme terminate in the vicinity of the Appennines. As you approach these mountains nature seems to revive. The landscape is no longer embellished by the prospect of the sea; but the fields though less cultivated, are nearly as fertile as those about Naples. They are not enlivened by the numerous cottages scattered over the hills of Tuscany and Umbria, nor is agriculture carried to the same degree of perfection as in those provinces. The inhabitants live in towns, advantageously situated for defence; and the principal growth of the country is the olive-tree, which, in this volcanic soil aquires a majestic size, and gives a great richness to the mountain scenery.

A little beyond Salerno, I left the road to Naples, and directed my course towards Nola, on the eastern side of Vesuvius, along a road which was only practicable for a light carriage. The country was well watered, irregular, picturesque, and full of ravines occasioned by the torrents and volcanic eruptions. It was productively, though negligently, cultivated. Fruit-trees grew spontaneously every where, and streamlets murmuring at the bottom of every dell, gave a wooded and rural appearance to the whole.

At Nola I was obliged to send back my carriage to Naples, and to continue my way on horse-back, on account of the state of the roads. I found no difficulty in procuring good horses, which I engaged from station to station. The owners frequently accompanied me, in person, to bring them back; and I found it an advantage to be thus provided with guides resident in the country, because they gave me information respecting the different objects that presented themselves, which I could not otherwise have obtained.

From Nola I directed my course towards Alisi, still approaching the high chain of the Appennines, which constantly skirted the horizon; but I did not actually reach it, because I followed a nearly parallel direction. I went on from valley to valley, sometimes through savage defiles, and at others ascending acclivities more or less steep. The roads were mere tracts, but the country through which they led was enchanting. I wandered almost at random, trusting to fortune, who generally used me well. Travellers on these cross roads were formerly lodged in the convents;

but the duties of hospitality have now devolved upon the curates, by whom they are discharged with the utmost benevolence and simplicity. My guides seemed to consider my reception as a matter of course. They took me straight to the door of the parsonage, and desired me to alight, even before any of the family made their appearance.

The traveller is much less exposed to the attacks of banditti in these parts, than in the neighbourhood of the high roads. So few travellers pass this way, that it is not worth their while to lay in wait for them. Besides, it is not the custom to attack passengers in the interior of the country: the robber, whom it is so dangerous to meet near Terracina, here suffers the traveller to pursue his way unmolested, because he has been accustomed, from his childhood, to respect the territory of these vallies. Habit and opinion are every thing with mankind.

The continued succession of hill and vale through this country, has rendered the objects of cultivation various, and the size of the farms small. The soil and the climate are alike favourable to a thousand different productions. The chestnut, the olive, and the vine, grow here in the greatest vigour, and cover all the acclivities. Indian corn, wheat, beans, and pulse, are cultivated wherever the declivity is moderate.

At the season when I traversed the country, nothing could exceed the richness it displayed. The plants, shrubs, and trees, were alike loaded with fruit of all sizes and colours. Some, by their farinaceous quality, supplied the place of bread to the poorer classes. Others yielded oil, a product in these countries of almost equal necessity. Many sorts, cultivated in our gardens merely for ornament, here form articles of food; and the fruit which covers the frugal tables of the farmers, is coloured, by autumn, with tints which in our northern climates art in vain attempts to impart to them.

I re-entered the states of the church at Alatri. As I passed near Monte Casino, I was desirous of visiting it; but that cradle of the monastic institutions is now deserted, and I was separated from it by difficult roads, and uncultivated wilds. The scenery of this unknown part of the territories of the church is picturesque and mountainous, but much inferior in fertility to the kingdom of Naples. The mountains, no longer covered with volcanic ashes, are bare and sterile. The chestnut woods no longer cover their sides with their protecting shade; a few stinted trees only are scattered here and there. The olive-tree, which delights in broken and rocky sites, alone retains its beauty. Notwithstanding the arid appearance of these mountains, innumerable torrents descend from their summits, and fall in foam over the rocks. The vines, in these parts, are neither carried in festoons

over the elms, nor trained close to the ground, as in the neighbourhood of Albano, but supported on lofty trellises formed of the branches of trees. These rise to the height of twelve or fifteen feet, and form so many bowers, beneath which hang the grapes. They are covered with the richest verdure, and afford an agreeable shade during the summer, but the foliage is so thick that nothing will grow underneath.

The surface of the ground is so much broken in these parts, that scarcely a spot suitable for tillage can be found. Indian corn, melons, and pulse, are grown on a few patches by the sides of the brooks, fenced with aloes and fig-trees. The mountains, which have no other vegetation than the few odoriferous shrubs which grow amongst the rocks, are pastured by a few sheep and goats. Horses could scarcely be kept alive in this arid region, so that the farmers are obliged to employ asses to do their work. These animals resemble ours in nothing but their hardiness. They stand high, are well made, and are extremely useful in these mountainous districts.

The scenery, though worn as it were by time and cultivation, still retains some beautiful features. The olive, the evergreen, oak, and the vine, trained on trellises, still adorn the landscape. The forms of the mountains are bold and picturesque; and the outlines displayed by their numerous chains, as they run into each other, are as fine as the painter could select for his pencil.

The country, though enjoying the advantage of a pure air, as well as an unclouded sky, is, however, unable to support its inhabitants, who are obliged to migrate for subsistence into the Roman Maremme. They reap the harvests, and tend the flocks, of these unhealthy regions, and supply the places of those who are annually swept away by the pestilential atmosphere. Frequently, also, by way of filling up their time, in the intervals between the harvests, they join the troops of banditti, and attack travellers in the Pontine Marshes.

The road, winding under trellises of vines, and woods of olive-trees, led me, amidst a continuation of the same kind of scenery, to Subiaco. It is a mere path, sometimes so rough as to be nearly impassable, but affording, as it passes from valley to valley, continual and unexpected changes of scenery. I might have returned to Rome through Palestrina, by a better and more direct road, but I enjoyed so much this independent way of travelling, through an almost unknown country, that I wished to prolong my journey, and preferred going by Licenza and Tivoli.

Tivoli is only six leagues from Subiaco, but I was a long time in reaching it, for the road, which is a mere tract along the side of the mountains, was at times so stony, that the horses were

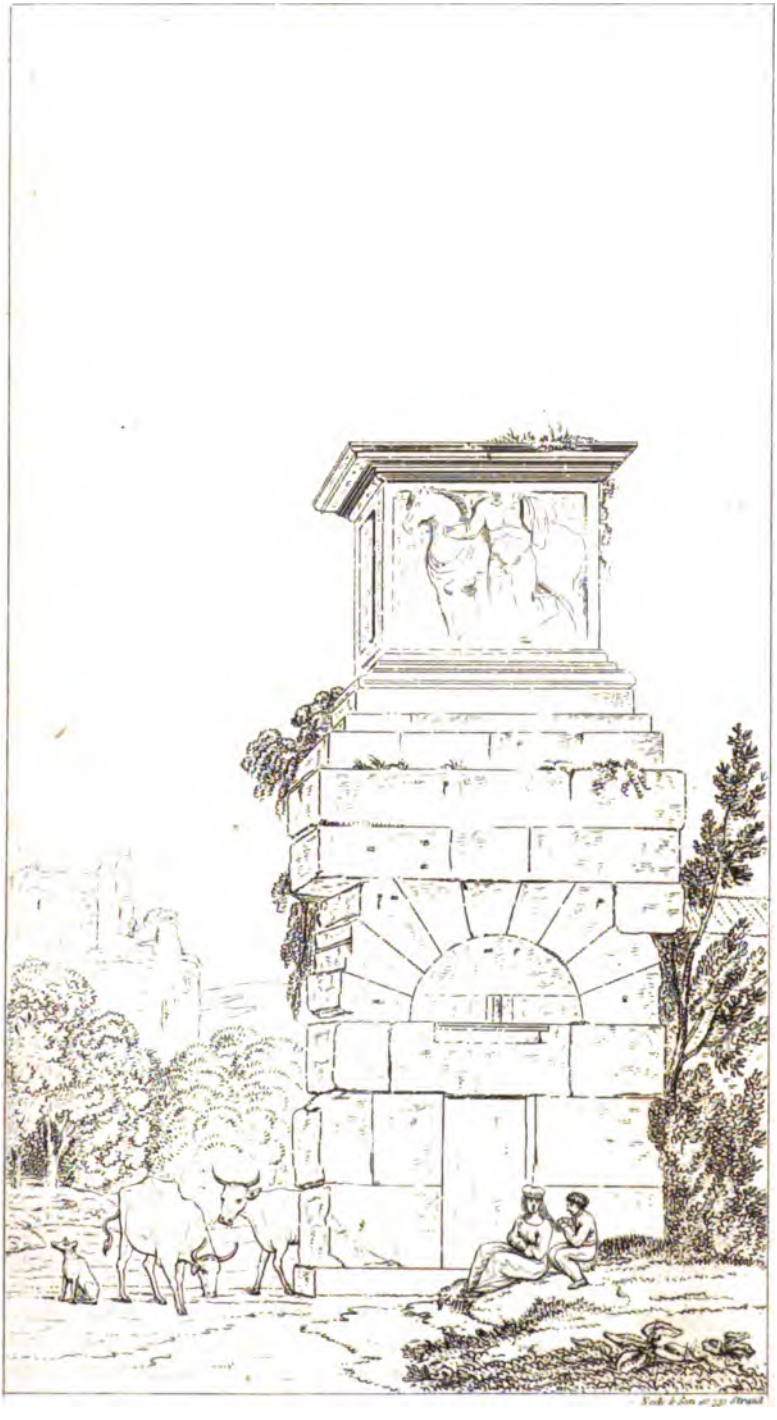
obliged to proceed with caution. The country became still more wild, and was entirely uninhabited: nothing was to be seen but evergreen oaks, and laurels, together with large aloes, which grew on the rocks, and, being full in flower, gave a sort of magnificence to these solitudes. This was the once smiling and populous vale of the Anio, celebrated by Horace, who had a country-house here. I stopped at Licenza for the purpose of visiting its ruins; but I could find nothing but the foundations of some brick walls, just sufficient to show that there had once been a building there. The private habitations of the Romans were not, indeed, calculated to endure. They were built of brick, and of such small dimensions, that, in the course of time, they soon crumbled to dust.

After about three hours travelling, the horizon began to open, and the diminished size of the mountains informed me that I was approaching Tivoli. A single hill was now all that separated me from the wide-stretching horizon of the Campagna of Rome. The noise of the waterfalls broke upon my ears when I had nearly reached its summit, and in a few moments I beheld once more the temples and roofs of Tivoli, with the rocks and dells which surround them. I entered the town by the bridge of the Anio, and turning down a narrow street, I alighted at the inn of the Sybil, where I had so often been before.

I reposed all the next day till evening, lulled by the sound of the cascades, and then revisited the gardens of the Villa Adriana, which place I left towards the approach of night, and two hours afterwards terminated my long excursion. I re-entered Rome, by the Porta Salare, with that sentiment of pleasure which the sight of this first of cities has never failed to afford me.

PERUGIA, *September* 25, 1813.

I know not whether the feelings I experienced on leaving Rome have been shared by other travellers; but whenever I have quitted that city to return to more northern regions, it has been with reluctance and regret. This may be partly owing to those associations by which the countries of the South are enriched in our imaginations with all the choicest gifts of nature; but is, no doubt, to be principally attributed to the agreeable life which a stranger leads there. The manners of the people are affable, obliging, and friendly. Their language is pure and harmonious, and remarkable for its graceful simplicity. No sort of restraint is imposed upon you. You live in the centre of a population of a hundred thousand souls,



ANTIQUE ENTRANCE OF THE VILLA ADRIANA, NEAR TIVOLI.

as much at liberty as if you were in the bosom of a rural retreat. At every step you meet with something to awaken your interest or your curiosity. The imagination is thus agreeably occupied, and the time filled up without effort. I never took a ramble amongst the hills of Rome, without experiencing new, and often profound sentiments of delight and admiration, inspired by the influence of those mighty names in whom all the glories of history repose. The monuments of those ages not only delight us by their elegance and beauty, but are so many testimonies of the truth of history; and, while they inspire us with additional confidence in her records, they give to them an interest, and a reality, which they nowhere else possess.

Before bidding adieu to this proud city, perhaps for ever, it remains for me to notice a few other particulars of her rural economy, and to describe that part of the States of the Church which borders on the Appennines.

The Roman farmers have not remained wholly strangers to that spirit of improvement which has prevailed all over Europe for the last twenty years. To have effected an entire change of the agriculture of the Agro Romano, would have required, not only an immense capital, but a new population, and a new atmosphere. This, therefore, they did not attempt; but when agriculturists were every where endeavouring to introduce the productions of India into Europe, the climate of Rome appeared highly favourable to such experiments. Sugar, indigo, and cotton, were among the productions attempted to be cultivated, and some plantations of sugar-canes were made near Terracina. They were not cut when I saw them; but appeared strong and vigorous. The indigo also succeeded well; but the climate is too variable for cotton, which has found its native sun and air only in the vicinity of Naples. It was tried on a large scale on the fertile lands near Rome; but in 1811 the plants were devoured by locusts, and in 1812, some heavy rains, which fell so early as the middle of September, caused the pods to burst, and the cotton was blown away by the winds. These repeated losses, which were very heavy, gave the farmers a disrelish for the cultivation of colonial produce, and will, probably, put a stop to any further experiments for the present. As I have before observed, the system has been imposed by local circumstances. It is the result of the long history of Rome, the vicissitudes of which it has followed. Her fields, like herself, were once the envy of mankind: like her they are now in ruins; nor when the capital of the world is reduced to a solitude, is it to be expected that her territory should be any other than a desert.

On leaving Rome to re-ascend the Tiber, in a northern direction, you are obliged to follow the great Florence road as far as Monte Rossi. Here you turn eastward to Ancona, by Tolentino, and so to Florence by Perugia. This was the road I intended to take, and I went on horseback from Monte Rossi to the farm of Torre in Pietro, near Civita Castellana, which I wished to visit. The country hereabouts is extremely fine. The road runs through a series of meadows, interspersed with tufts of oaks, under whose shade the cattle were feeding. The face of the country was woody, without being wild, for the light and air circulated freely amongst the trees, which were grouped upon the swells, as we see them in the landscapes of Poussin, who used to repair hither to select his subjects.

I was accompanied by Signor Giorgi, who farms the domain of Torre in Pietro, and with whom I had become acquainted at Rome. The ancient town of Veiæ formerly stood on this spot, and he has lately been enaged in searching for its remains. He was encouraged to make this attempt by M. Millin, who visited the spot in the course of his researches, and his labours have hitherto been very successful. We left the high road, on the other side of the ancient city of Nepi, and soon reached the scene where they were carrying on. The antiques which had been discovered were in the house; and among them, a statue of Tiberius, who had a country seat here. He is represented sitting in a curule chair, in an attitude of command. This statue is highly esteemed by Canova, who places it among the chefs d'œuvre of antiquity. Another discovery, less admired, perhaps, by artists, is that of a temple, in perfect preservation, though completely buried in the earth. It is certainly not quite so large as those of Pæstum, nor even as the temple of peace, or that of Vesta, being only ten feet in diameter, and of a correspondent height. It resembles the temple of Love in the gardens at Trianon, and was, probably, intended merely as an ornament to those of Tiberius, and not for the purpose of sacred worship. Whatever may have been its destination, this temple is characterized by a singularity hitherto unknown in the annals of architecture. Not one of the eight columns which support the roof belongs to any of the five orders which were supposed to comprehend every mode of just proportion that could be devised by art. The artist has had the talent to invent a different style for each of them, and, notwithstanding their singularity, they are all in the purest taste, and of exquisite workmanship. They seem like the production of an Indian imagination, purified by a transfusion through Greece. This monument will, no doubt, soon be engraved, and will supply new combinations to the artist, who

may henceforth indulge, without restraint, in all the innovations suggested by his genius, supported by a precedent of such antiquity.

Among the collection were several other statues of inferior merit, besides a number of smaller objects which were thrown promiscuously into two chests, as being of little value. They consisted of agricultural implements, vessels, and ornaments of bronze, horse-shoes, bits, and iron-work of all kinds. These common articles were of precisely the same form and size with those now employed in Italy for the same purposes. Time has not made the slightest alteration in the habits of the country, in these respects, from what they were in the days of the Romans. I rummaged for a long time among these chests, gratified with seeing the Roman gravity exhibited, as it were, in an every-day dress; for even trifles relating to such a people are highly interesting. The whole collection was about to be transported to Rome, where it will, no doubt, soon become celebrated.

The country about Civita Castellana is broken by deep chasms, of a singular appearance, and for which it is difficult to assign a cause. The nature of the ground renders it improbable that these abysses should have been worn in the rocks by the torrents: they have rather the appearance of having been caused by some violent convulsion. The precipices which overhang them are crowned with wood, as if to conceal their horrors. You come suddenly upon a yawning gulf into which immense purple rocks descend, covered with briers and ivy; while from the bottom rises a dark vapour which keeps them always moist, and covers them with a perpetual verdure.

In the centre of the region thus fortified by nature, rise the ancient ramparts of Castellana, covered with mosses and ivy. The points of the bastions are surmounted by antique stone watch-towers, which overlook the mouldering battlements now nearly effaced by time. These fortifications were erected by Julius II. and, consequently, are not of very remote date, but every thing seems to assume an appearance of antiquity about Rome.

As far as Otricoli the country continues to be occupied by large grazing farms. The cattle are left almost wholly to themselves, and rove about the pastures, or repose in the shade, at their pleasure, unrestrained by the careful attention bestowed on them in other countries.

But no sooner have we reached the first chain of mountains, than every thing assumes a different aspect. The air becomes salubrious, and the houses more frequent. Instead of large uninhabited farms, we find the cottages of the husbandman,

and of the vine-dresser, shaded by trellises, under which may be heard the cheerful sound of children at play, the voice of the mother, and the animation of a busy, active, and perhaps, happy family. Around these dwellings are vineyards, plantations of olives, and patches of Indian corn and wheat. The soil, though hilly and uneven, is cultivated throughout; industry appears every where. Farther on, after decending from the heights of Narni, the traveller enters a plain covered with crops of Indian corn, or wheat, and extending to the gates of Terni; where commence the fine olive-woods, which crown the valley leading to the magnificent basin in which Perugia is situated.

This superb amphitheatre is bounded on the right, by the high range of the Appennines, which separate it from the Adriatic, and on the left, by a less-elevated chain, to the westward of which begin the Maremme of Tuscany. The distant steeples of Fuligno appear in the centre. Still farther, on the side of the mountain, rise the antique towers of Perugia; while the ancient castle of the dukes of Spoleto, with its crenated walls, and half-ruined turrets, occupies the fore-ground.

The lofty mountains, whose snow-clad summits rise over the Adriatic, present to the eye nothing but forests and deep gulleys, whence issue streams which, tumbling in cascades from rock to rock, fall in silver spray into the valley, where they keep up a perpetual coolness. On the opposite side, the hills form a long succession of amphitheatres, sprinkled with innumerable habitations, scarcely distinguishable amidst the foliage of the trellises, and olive-trees, by which they are surrounded. The plain, as in Tuscany, is divided into an infinite number of little farms, planted with mulberry-trees, maples, and poplars, festooned with the garlands of the vine. Indian corn, wheat, and pulse, are cultivated within these inclosures, together with a little sainfoin, and scarlet trefoil. The only difference between this country and Tuscany, is, that it is in a less artificial state. The brooks are left to follow their natural course; their banks are shaded by large trees, and the graceful irregularity of nature is combined with the richer vegetation produced by art.

The pastures, with their numerous herds, have disappeared; a few oxen for the plough, some little black horses, and sheep, are the only animals to be seen. The mountain pastures are occupied during summer by the migratory flocks from the Maremme.

Many of the inhabitants of Rome have estates in this valley, where they come to pass the autumn, and to receive from their tenants their share of the harvest. The rest of the farms belong to persons of property residing in the three towns of Spoleto, Fuligno, and Perugia.

Spoleto, which is the nearest to Rome, is remarkable for its singular situation. An entire mountain, which, from a distance, appears to belong to the high chain of the Appennines, is separated from it by a torrent, whose waters roar at the bottom of a precipice. This isolated mountain appears to have been chosen for a citadel from times anterior to history, for it is surrounded by the remains of one of those walls which have been called by the name of the Cyclops', because no other appropriate one could be found for them. Upon this immense foundation, the emperor Trajan, at a later period, built other walls; and the dukes, or as they were termed, the tyrants of Spoleto, erected a fortress on the point of the rock, whence they fearlessly extended their sway over the whole valley. In order to convey a supply of water to this nearly inaccessible summit, they caused an arch to be thrown across the chasm at a terrific height. It has neither the nobleness, nor the elegance of the Pont du Gard, but it has a still more striking effect. The declivity of the mountain is covered with olive-woods, gardens, houses, and terraces, quite down to the plain. All the mountains round Spoleto abound with consecrated edifices. Here an ancient convent displays its front amidst the woods; and there you see a number of chapels which were formerly the residence of pious hermits. Farther on, stands a church decorated with a long colonnade; a lasting monument of the faith of the pilgrims, whose offerings contributed to erect it. By the side of the road is shown a humble chapel, where a taper is kept burning before a Madonna, which is protected by a grating. It was painted by Raphael, when, in his early youth, he pursued his studies at Perugia, under Pietro Perugino.

Beyond Fuligno, where the valley expands, is a large cathedral, the noble architecture of which is displayed, without obstruction, to the eye of the traveller. This is the church *degli Angeli*, the metropolitan of the order of St. Francis; and at a little distance on the side of the mountain, stands the town of Assisi. Thence the valley is terminated by a mountain of gradual ascent, which unites the two chains of the Appennines. The ancient city of Perugia crowns its summit; and on the opposite side the view extends, far as the eye can reach, over the vallies of Thrasymenus, winding through the distance till they join those of Arezzo and Florence.

The situation of Perugia is one of the finest I have seen. The gentle and varied slopes which surround the town, are covered by innumerable gardens, filled with trellises, fruits, and flowers. The numerous canals which water these gardens, together with the shade of the trees, and the fresh and elastic air of the mountains, constantly refresh vegetation, and make every

thing look smiling and verdant. Passing through these bowers, you arrive at the foot of the lofty walls which defend the town, and find yourself suddenly in the midst of ages long past. The streets, which are spacious, are adorned by palaces of an ancient and noble architecture: the lofty domes of the cathedrals are seen towering in the air, and the terraces of the town command a view of the whole surrounding country.

Vales still more umbrageous and picturesque, conduct to the shores of the lake of Thrasymenus. I should have been more struck with it, if I had not seen those of Nerni and Albano. It is inclosed by wooded and verdant hills, which are reflected in its tranquil waters, but offers nothing particularly to attract the attention. A little way beyond the lake, you re-enter Tuscany.

FERRARA, *October* 5, 1813.

THERE is no country in Europe, nor perhaps in the world, which contains so great a variety of scenery as Italy. The traveller who visits its different provinces, passes, successively, over savage mountains, and cultivated hills, through fertile vales, and desert plains. His eye sometimes rests with delight on smiling fields, where every thing wears an aspect of social happiness; while in the immediate vicinity of these, he finds other regions, which seem destined by Providence to be the tomb of the human race.

This endless variety of form, assumed by nature in Italy, arises from two causes, alike interesting to trace: namely, the original structure of the creation, and the power possessed by man of impairing or increasing its beauty.

The influence of man over the works of nature, is more visible in Italy than elsewhere, because she has no where been so long subjected to his empire. The vicissitudes of civilization have caused this fine country to experience every various degree of prosperity and decline. Its history presents us, in a manner with a series of experiments, exemplifying the changes which the different combinations of society are capable of effecting in the elementary forms of the globe.

In traversing the several provinces of Italy, the different genius of their ancient governments is still plainly discernible. Thus, in the agriculture of Florence, we recognise a period of the highest civilization. Every thing about Genoa displays a state jealous of an independence often endangered, and seeking to preserve it by rendering its territory difficult of access. The ruins of Volterra bear testimony to its subjection; and the solitudes of the Campagna of Rome, indicate the careless indifference of the government of the church in matters of secular policy. These historical testimonies give additional interest to

the tour of Italy, and supply the political economist with lessons of wisdom.

As an instance of this, I may mention a rural establishment in the Val di Chiana, below the city of Crotona. At the bottom of this valley a lake formerly subsisted, of small extent in itself, but surrounded by marshes which diffused their pestilential exhalations all around. This tract belonged to the order of St. Stephen, but, though rich and extensive, was lost to cultivation, and did not yield any revenue. The Tuscan genius, which at that epoch fertilized and embellished whatever came within the sphere of its influence, suggested to the Knights of St. Stephen a plan for draining the lake and its marshes.

It was ingeniously conceived, and skilfully executed. A canal was opened into the Arno, which carried off the water, reserving a supply to be distributed at pleasure through a multitude of secondary ones. The tract thus restored to cultivation, was nearly three thousand acres in extent. It seemed most natural to throw the whole into one grand domain, with a suitable mansion in the centre. But the Tuscans of those times were too well acquainted with rural affairs, thus to consign so valuable a tract to langour and inactivity. Instead of one farm only, it was divided into seventy, separated by roads, crossing each other at right angles, and bordered by canals, forming at once communications and divisions. On each farm was erected a rustic dwelling, of elegant form, and regular proportion, after the usual custom of Tuscany. The land was distributed into meadow and arable, and planted with trees, some of them bearing fruit, others foliage only, but all destined to support the vine, with whose festoons they are now loaded.

I turned out of my road at the entrance of this domain, for the purpose of visiting it, and observing its arrangement and cultivation. I walked on a border of turf by the side of innumerable canals, shaded by a sort of natural trellis, whose waters, distributed over the meadows by sluices, maintained, in the mid heats of summer, a fresh verdure, which charmed alike the senses and the imagination.

Each of the farms is about forty acres— a size sufficient to enable the peasants who occupy them to live comfortably. The produce consists of corn, wine, fruit, vegetables, and silk; and each farmer keeps a pair or two of oxen and a few cows. At the time I was there, they were busy sowing their wheat. The day was very favourable, for a gentle rain, which fell during the night, had softened the earth, and caused it to yield easily to the harrow. Every body was out in the fields. The women were employed in weeding. The father held the plough, and traced the furrow, while the children drove the oxen. Behind them

followed the sower, with measured step, scattering the grain from a linen cloth suspended to his neck, the end of which floated after him in the air like a drapery. An appearance of joy was diffused over the whole scene. It sprang from hope, that balm for all the sorrows of life, which may be said more peculiarly to preside over the day, when the husbandman, confiding in the bounty of Providence, commits his seed to the bosom of the earth. Though threatened by innumerable dangers, the experience of ages gives him an assurance that he shall still see his harvest, in the fields which were reaped by his forefathers.

The plain of Crotona displays one of the noblest triumphs of human industry. Nature had covered it with a lake: industry has transformed it into fertile meadows. It was formerly pestilential; it is now salubrious: it was formerly a desert; it is now inhabited by a happy population. Every thing, even to the streams of water, is formed and regulated by art; but the effect is far from being monotonous. The fields are so verdant, the trees so thick; there is such a buz of insects, and such a singing of birds, that you may fancy yourself in the midst of a wood, where nothing has been done but the opening of a few roads, and the clearing of a portion of the land.

Leaving this fertile valley, the traveller soon after arrives at Aresso. Here the elegant architecture of Florence and Tuscany, which his eye seeks in vain in the wretched-looking towns of Naples, and the States of the Church, again appears. Spacious pavements, frequently repaired, render the streets commodious and clean. The promenades, the fountains, the buildings, and public edifices of every description, throughout Tuscany, are kept in the nicest repair, and respected equally with private property. Arezzo is situated in the fertile vale of the Chiana, at no great distance from the Arno; but, a little below the town, that river takes a wide sweep along the foot of the high Appennines, through the woods of Vallombrosa, and does not reach Florence till after a long circuit. Here, therefore, the road leaves it, and pursues a shorter course over the calcareous hills which occupy the centre of Tuscany. They run through the whole of the territory, as far as Sienna and Montepulciano, and produce the best wines in Italy. The olive also grows on most of their declivities; but the more bare and steril parts are covered by pine forests. The rose-colour sainfoin has been lately cultivated with success on these hills. I saw some very fine crops of it on a farm belonging to Colonel Ricci. This gentleman, who has treasured up a great store of information, has reduced to practice the observations made by him in an extensive course of travelling. He has purchased the flock of Spanish sheep brought into Tuscany by M. de Lasterie. They pass the summer on the

Appennines; and he has prepared winter quarters for them on the dry hills between San Casciano and Incisa.

At length Florence, with its neat agriculture, and gracefully-attired population, re-appears, as you descend from the heights of San Donato, along a torrent embanked by gardens and terraces. On the delightful banks of the Arno, nature seems to display all her bloom, nor is it possible to be insensible to the beauty of the scene. But the picture, though charming, is painted in water colours, and possesses not the warm and vivid tints of the landscapes of the south.

There is great pleasure, when you are travelling, in returning to a place you have visited before. We insensibly contract a sort of attachment to the scenes where we have passed our time agreeably. The objects which surround us become familiar to us, and we feel ourselves in some sense at home. This pleasure I experienced on finding myself once more at Florence, in the same apartment I had occupied in my preceding excursions. The windows opened upon the Arno, and I could not help remarking the resemblance between this part of the city and the Louvre. When I recollected, however, that the buildings which embellish that quarter of Paris, were erected by two queens of the Medici family, I was no longer surprized at the conformity. Italy was, at that time, exclusively, the land of the arts, and the school of taste; and supplied models for the works of ornament erected in every other country.

On the day after my arrival, I went to Poggio a Cajano, the favourite residence of the Medici family. It is a large square building, situated on a rising ground near the Arno, in a heavy yet simple and magnificent style of architecture, which has since been denominated the rustic style. A balcony, covered by the projecting roof, runs all around it, and affords a delightful view of the varied scene of mountain and valley. On the southern front is a walled garden, filled with trellises and espaliers; the others look over meadows intersected by canals, and shaded by various kinds of trees. The interior is handsomely fitted up, but its general appearance is nothing more than that of the residence of a gentleman of good property, whose object has been to render his house commodious, and his estate productive; planting even his avenues with fruit-trees, for the sake of the profit. All the works of the Medici family are of the same character.

The country between Florence and Bologna contains little that is remarkable. The road runs along the lowest range of the Appennines, so that you have neither the sublimity of the mountain scenery, nor the beauty of the valleys. The only thing which attracted my notice, was the improvements making upon the road. The works of this sort, undertaken or completed by

the French government in Italy, during the last five years, are astonishing. Bridges have been built, precipices levelled, and the communications opened all over the country: if the same improvements should be continued for three years longer, every part of Italy will be rendered easily accessible.

On reaching Filigare, situated on the summit of the Appennines, on the confines of the Bolognese territory, the Adriatic, the plains of Lombardy, Illyria, and the Alps, burst at once upon the view, and a new scene of rural opulence and fertility presents itself. The poetic valés of the Tiber and the Arno, with their magic names and cypress verdure, have disappeared. The radiant skies, and wild luxuriance of the south, are gone. The ash, the willow, and the alder, re-appear in the meadows: corn and clover fields are seen; and the landscape assumes the vegetation and the tints of the northern climates. The cattle have lost the fierce aspect and proud gesture of the wild herds. The sleek heifers of the Bolognese are seen indolently pasturing in the rich meadows, tended by children who are playing around them. Nature seems, as it were, drowsy with reflection, and every where teems with abundance, Here fields of wheat bend under the weight of the ear: there, the Indian corn raises its orange-coloured heads to the height of twenty palms. Farther on, the waters of the canal are seen streaming over the thirsty meadows, and, in a single night, restoring their verdure. In another part, long rows of water-melons cover the ground with their beautiful fruit. Towards evening, the farmer is seen, with his children, selecting the ripest of them, which the latter joyfully pile in heaps; while the eldest, unyoking the oxen from the plough, brings a light cart, in which they are conveyed home, amidst the joyful shouts of the whole family. Nor is this exuberant fertility confined to the surface of the earth. The vine displays her purple clusters from every tree, and gives additional luxuriance to this scene of plenty.

The whole country, extending along the right bank of the Po, to Parma, is of this description; but at the mouth of the river, towards the Adriatic, lies that singular and desolate region, known by the name of the Polesino. It commences above Ferrara, and widens as it approaches the sea, like the Delta of Egypt.

BELLINZONA, *October* 20, 1813.

THE country beyond the Polesino, on the left bank of the Po, is fertile in the highest degree. Situated at the foot of the loftiest mountains of Europe, it displays, in the immediate vicinity of their steril rocks, all the various riches of the creation. The traveller contemplates, with awe, the Tyrolese Alps, whose naked precipices, lost amidst the clouds, and towering towards heaven,

seemed calculated to withdraw the mind from terrestrial thoughts; while the plain, through which he pursues his easy way, abounds with all that art or nature can contribute to render this life delightful. The sun beams with a pure effulgence, while lofty trees and innumerable streams, refresh and skreen the earth from his parching rays; rendering the harvests ever plenteous, and the meadows ever verdant. And, as if to protect these blessings from every danger, the same hand which formed the mountains, has prepared at their feet natural basins to receive the torrents which fall from them. In these lakes, their fury is tranquilized; they assume a steady level, and flow in peaceful waves through the channels which human art has prepared for them. Every thing, even to the air which you breathe, is pure, and serene in this delightful region of Upper Italy, bounded by the Alps, and by the five lakes, whose exquisite scenery gives additional charms to the beauty of the landscapes.

You pass through the finest part of the Milanese in going to Lodi, by way of Cremona. This province, called the Lodesan, from the name of the former city, is so fertile, and so abundantly supplied with water, that very little corn of any kind is cultivated in it; the spontaneous growth of the soil being found more productive. The meadows, which are irrigated at pleasure, are mown four times in the year, and yield a produce superior to that of the finest corn land; for the crops exceed in height and thickness any thing I have ever seen. The herbage consists of grasses, trefoils, broad-leaved plants, and a great quantity of ranunculuses, or butter-cups, which make the fields quite gaudy with their yellow flowers. Two of the crops are cut green for the cows, of which a great number are kept here; the other two are made into hay, for winter use. The cows are fed all the summer in the stables, and are not turned out till the latter end of autumn.

Owing to the great richness and value of the land, the farms of the Milanese are not very extensive, seldom exceeding from fifty to a hundred acres. They are, however, larger than in Tuscany, because grass land requires much less time and attention than the cultivation of fruits, vegetables, or corn. The farmers are also richer, from having fewer hazards, and less expences. Of the latter, one of the principal consists in the annual purchase of cattle; for, by some unaccountable singularity, the cows, after the third generation, always degenerate as milkers, and must be replaced by others from Switzerland; from which country all the horses are likewise imported. The stock belongs to the landlord; but is kept up at the expence of the tenant.

The whole surface of the country, which is perfectly level, is divided into plots of two or three acres, by canals, for the purpose of irrigating it at pleasure. This copious supply of water would in a short time injure the quality of the grass, were it not for a thick dressing of manure, which is spread on the meadows every third year. Notwithstanding this powerful corrective, the turf degenerates in time, and the polygamous and umbelliferous tribes gradually increase at the expence of the grasses and trefoil. The irrigation is then suspended, and the land ploughed, and sown the following spring with hemp, the only plant capable of subduing the natural vegetation on this soil. Its stems rise to a prodigious height; and, after it is pulled, the land is occupied with a crop of some kind of pulse till spring, when it is sown with oats, which are seen waving in the wind, at the height of six or seven feet. These crops are suffered to exhaust the ground previously to the wheat being sown, lest it should be rendered too succulent by an exuberance of fertility. Indian corn generally follows, and a second crop of wheat concludes the course. The land is then left to itself; and a winter-dressing of manure being given to it, soon becomes covered with fresh herbage, without requiring to be sown. As soon as the new turf is become sufficiently thick, the sluices of the adjoining canal are drawn up, and it is laid under water.

The canals of Lombardy are not faced with brick, as in Tuscany, and are wider, on account of the greater abundance of water. Osier-beds are planted all along the sides, by way of strengthening the banks. Behind these are alders and willows, intermixed with large plantations of poplars. The latter require to be planted at considerable distances, for they do not rise pyramidically, like the cypress, nor do they grow close and round, like the French poplar, but spread their branches like the birch-tree, and aspire to an immense height. The canals having long been formed, these plantations are now grown up to their full size, and the water has worn the banks into little indentations, like those of the natural brook. The rugged and mossy trunks of the willows hang, covered with ivy and convolvuluses, over the stream. The poplars raise their symmetrical stems above them, like a vast colonnade, of unequal, but mighty proportions; and the whole scene is at once smiling and graceful in the details, and noble in its general effect.

To the westward of the Lodesan, on the banks of the Tesino, this fine country of wood and meadow terminates, and wide plains appear, extending to the horizon. Few houses or peo-

ple are to be seen: a pale monotonous verdure pervades the whole. You now enter the rice-grounds.

Before the traveller quits Italy,—while he yet lingers on her utmost limits, one would say that she is desirous of presenting him with a last display of her magnificence, and her beauty. On the shores of the lakes in the north of the Milanese, on the frontiers of Switzerland, oriental luxuriance, and Alpine grandeur, unite to form the fairest scenes with which the globe is embellished. The lofty mountains, where dwells eternal winter, and the fertile plains, "the green abodes of life," are brought together as if by magic; and every various tint that colours the surface of the earth, every beautiful form that adorns it, are presented, in blended succession, to the eye. The plants of the northern and southern climates mingle their perfumes in the same valley: the orange-tree grows by the side of the fir, and the citron by the side of the cytisus.

The natural advantages, and enchanting scenery, of the lakes of Upper Italy, have long since attracted a numerous population to their shores. The hills are covered with habitations, which are not palaces, for the grounds attached to them would not have been sufficiently extensive. Neither are they cottages, for the inhabitants are too wealthy not to bestow some expense on their residences. They are small, but elegant and commodious dwellings, having nothing rustic about them but their beautiful situation, and the trellises by which they are shaded. They are surrounded by orchards, rising on terraces one above the other, in which the fruits of Europe, and of Asia grow together; while the streamlets which descend from the Alps bring with them the limpid coolness of their ices, and the murmur of their cascades. The verdure of the hills is reflected in broken images from the waters of the lake; a moving picture painted by nature, as if to shew to man that her works were capable of being imitated.

The fineness of the day tempted me to continue my way to Switzerland across the lake of the Lugano. As I approached the Alps the hills became higher, the houses less frequent, and the trellises less verdant and bowery. The fruit-trees disappeared, and were succeeded by the lofty sons of the forest, whose vast branches were bent by the winds. The streamlets became torrents, and poured in cascades over the rocks. The song of the birds ceased, and nothing was heard but the distant moan which announced the approach of the snow-storm and the tempest. The air, no longer embalmed with the perfume of the orange-flowers, was filled with the wild odour of the fir. I had now reached the last turn of the lake. The boat entered a bay

surrounded with rocks, where the pale tint of the Alpine snows was reflected in the water; and looking up to heaven, I beheld immediately before me those mighty mountains, whose majestic grandeur seems to render them worthy to be the sovereigns of the world.

I disembarked at the foot of the rocks, near Lugano, and pursued my way towards the wild secluded vales of the mountains, with a sort of melancholy feeling. The only habitations to be seen were a few huts scattered upon the sides of the mountains; and I heard the distant tinkling of the bells of the flocks, the sound of which, repeated by the echoes, is so delightful to the ear of the Swiss shepherd. These simple sounds, one of the harmonies of the Alps, announced the approach of the herds which I soon after met. All the cattle of the valley were descending from the mountains for the winter. The shepherds did not wear garlands of flowers, as on the day of their departure to the pastures, for the flower season was passed; but each carried a green branch. The villagers left their work, and came out of their cottages to meet their cows, the companions of their winters, and the supports of their families. The animals seemed sensible to their welcome, and each of them, recognizing the door of the shed where it had been reared, saluted the sheltering roof, and the family of its master, with joyful lowing.

The traits of this picture could not be mistaken: I beheld once more the simple scenes and manners of Switzerland; but, though on my native soil, I could not forbear turning a last look towards Italy, and, with an inexpressible feeling of regret, I bade a final adieu to that delightful country, which no man ever quitted but with reluctance, or re-visited but with renewed pleasure.

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[5]

LETTERS

ON

Italy;

5-9612

ILLUSTRATED BY ENGRAVINGS.

BY

A. L. CASTELLAN,

HONORARY MEMBER OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS AT PARIS.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

M. CASTELLAN is well known to the Foreign Literary World by his "Lettres sur la Morée, L'Hellespont, at Constantinople;" to which his Letters on Italy form a sequel. The Visit to Italy, of which he gives an account in the latter work, was made at the conclusion of the last century.

These Letters are valuable, as they tend to show this delightful country in a new point of view. M. CASTELLAN traversed Italy with the eye and enthusiasm of an Artist, though not without bestowing due attention on the remains of antiquity and the interesting recollections with which the seat of Roman greatness abounds. Equally attached to the beauties both of Nature and Art, M. CASTELLAN has given a lively and spirited sketch of a country which is favoured beyond all others in its delightful scenery, and in its rich treasury of Works of Art.

TRAVELS IN ITALY,

&c. &c.

LETTER I.

Passage from Corfu to Italy—Arrival at Otranto—Earthquakes in the kingdom of Naples—Temple of Minerva—Appearance of Otranto—Passage to Brindisi—Visit to a Villa—The Convents of Brindisi—State of the Town—Dresses of the Italians.

THE passage from Corfu to Italy does not in general occupy more than four-and-twenty hours: we were eight hours, ere we passed the eastern side of the island, visiting, much against our will, every little port. During the night the mountains of Epirus presented a singular and imposing appearance: a thick red-coloured smoke rolled round their sides, or surrounded their summits with a fiery girdle. The wind added strength to the flames and forced them into long sinuous streams, not unlike torrents of lava, which seemed to blaze along the foot of the mountains, displaying their shape by the reflexion of their blaze. In short, the scene had all the appearance of a vast volcanic eruption; it was, however, nothing more than the burning of the innumerable spicy shrubs which covered the face of the country; an operation which the husbandmen find very useful in supplying fresh shoots of herbage, the succeeding spring, for their flocks.

At length, after tacking frequently, and having approached very near the shores of Epirus, we were borne back on the Isle of Fano, or the Scogli, which are indeed nothing but shelves of rocks. A few half-starved wretches exist here, who were unable to offer us provisions of any kind, not even water. Our impatience increased when we beheld the Venetian galleys, which swept through the channel with great rapidity, in every part of it, by means of their powerful tiers of oars, and which could have conveyed us instantaneously to our destination, if

the captains could have been prevailed on to lend us their assistance. A real misfortune was now added to our perplexity; calculating upon the usual length of passage, the provisions, which we had not spared, were nearly all consumed, and it was found necessary to limit us to a small ration. To add to our difficulties the excessive heat of the weather had corrupted our store of water. This disagreeable situation was becoming very alarming, when most fortunately a favourable breeze sprung up which bore us through the channel, and our captain, like a new Achates, called out "Italy, Italy!" and pointed out in the horizon an elevated strip of land. "Italy!" this word echoed through our hearts, which beat as joyfully as those of the companions of Æneas, and with a kind of rapture which we could not help feeling—a sentiment which every artist would have felt in our situation, and which did not surprise even our Greek sailors.

The coast of the ancient Apulia is exactly such as it is described by Virgil, and it forms a striking opposition to the deep declivities of the other shore. We now caught sight of the turrets of Otranto, and with every sail stretched we ran to anchor, rejoicing that we had arrived at the end of our difficulties, when a cannon-shot, hissing above our heads, pierced one of our sails, and we perceived, on the other side of the roads, a galley which made a signal for us to come to, and send on board her. It would not have been wise to have refused such a pressing invitation, and we did not wait to be asked a second time. Our sailors let go the sail in terror, and the captain immediately entered the boat; my friend accompanied him, and they rowed away while we put the ship about to await the result of this ill-auguring circumstance. When they arrived on board the galley, the captain, who was incensed at our disregard of his signals, threatened to sink our little vessel. He had imagined it belonged to some fishermen who would gladly offer him the first-fruits of their labour, but when he recognised a French officer who could complain of this violent proceeding, he endeavoured to treat the matter as a joke, boasting of his skill in firing so as to attract our attention, and procure himself the pleasure of our acquaintance. My companion told him that his pleasantry was rather rough, and that we should have preferred a little less address and more circumspection. The return of our embassy procured us the liberty of coming to anchor, which we did at the entrance of the roads near a mass of rocks, on the summit of which a small church is built.

Otranto has a very picturesque appearance: the view on the right is terminated by the extreme point of the rocks; in front lies a flat shore, which serves as a port for the un-

shipping of goods, and a steep causeway, terminated by two columns, and leading to the gate of the city. This shore is used as a promenade by the inhabitants. In the back-ground a few elevated spots of ground are covered with verdure.

The city extends on the left, and forms at the extremity a rounded promontory. It is built on a platform of rocks which fortify the shore, and afford a protection against the force of the sea and the attacks of artillery. The citadel, which was built by Alphonso of Arragon, and the plan of which is difficult to be comprehended, is commanded by a square tower which supports a belfry on the top, to alarm all the coast when the Turks endeavour to land. The remembrance of the horrors suffered during the siege in 1480 from the Mussulmans who mastered the city and threatened the surrounding country, still keeps the inhabitants in a state of watchful alarm.

Earthquakes are frequent in the kingdom of Naples. In 1450 one was felt which spread terror amongst all the inhabitants, and for many months they lived in fear of being buried under the ruins of their habitations. The province of Otranto suffered extremely; and the Terra di lavoro, Abruzzo, and Puglia were covered with ruins. Some castles were swallowed up without leaving the slightest trace behind them; and 30,000 persons are computed to have perished. At length, in order to appease the divine anger, king Alphonso commanded a procession to Brindisi, to the ancient church of Santa Maria di Leuca, situated on the promontory of Otranto. On this spot formerly stood a temple, which is said to have been that of Minerva, seen by Æneas on his first arrival in Italy.

We may here observe, that the temples of Minerva have resisted the attacks of time better than those of any other divinity—probably because this goddess, who was the patroness of wisdom, found more favour in the eyes of the Christians than any other heathen deity. Whatever be the reason there certainly remain many of her temples which have been converted into churches. We may mention that at Athens, which would still have remained entire but for an unfortunate accident; at Rome the temple of Minerva Medica, the church of Santa Maria della Minerva, &c.

We may also remark, that with very little alteration the statues of this goddess might have been rendered subservient to the Christian worship, and that many of the ancient Madonnas resemble in attitude and drapery the images of Minerva; for it was nearly the fifteenth century before the Virgin was represented holding the infant Jesus.

The houses of Otranto rise above the line of ruins which surround the crumbling walls, and crown them in an agreeable

and picturesque manner. In the simplicity of their form, in their flat roofs, in the terraces by which they are terminated, and in the small windows so distant from one another, we recognized the style which painters attribute to Italian buildings, and which differ exceedingly from that of the edifices of other countries.

Diversity of climate ought always to govern the mode of building. Here the absence of snow renders useless the pinnacles which disfigure our houses. The necessity of breathing the fresh air in the night, and the custom of sometimes sleeping in the open air, are the causes of their terraces and verandas; while their windows, being few and small, admit less heat into the interior of their habitations. The Italians, however, have nothing further to do than to pursue the taste of their ancestors; and we may see they still inherit their genius by the character of grandeur, simplicity, and beauty, which distinguishes all their buildings,—from the simplest cottage to palaces and temples.

In consequence of the necessity of performing quarantine we were not allowed time to examine the interior of Otranto; we were therefore not able to judge of its riches and its population, which is said to amount to 3000 souls. The quay was covered with merchandizes, and the number of ships which frequented the port made us conclude that commerce was in a flourishing state: the city also appeared busy and active. In the evening we perceived on the beach some equipages more rich than elegant, and some gentlemen on horseback well mounted. The pretty peasant girls wore bodices of taffeta and skirts of white muslin, and their heads were covered with straw hats or silk handkerchiefs. Until the night was far advanced the air resounded with strains of music, and with melodious voices mingling with the sound of all kinds of instruments.

Our passage from Otranto to Brindisi, where we were to finish the period of our quarantine, was very short. Our hearts seemed to expand with the thought that we should shortly be no longer exposed to the caprice of the winds and waves, and that after a period of captivity, too long for our wishes, we should be permitted to traverse a land which we almost considered as our own country.

The city of Brindisi is built upon a point of land, the angle of which juts into the port. A lofty column of ancient white marble rises on this spot, surmounted with a rich composite capital; and near it lie the pedestal and base of a similar column which they told us had been transported to Lecca, the chief town of the province so called, where it adorns the principal

square, and supports the statue of the tutelary saint. The other edifices of Brindisi are constructed of brick and stone; churches covered with roofs of flat tiles, or with depressed domes, with their square and arcaded belfrys supported by little columns, gave us a good idea of the Lombard architecture which preceded the revived style, and which displayed a character very superior to that of the crowd of buildings of later ages where the beauty of the edifice is lost in the excess of useless ornament, and in the contortion of every architectural part. Here and there palm trees rise, intermingled with a few cypress and other trees, which form a fine contrast with the buildings, and render their outline very picturesque.

At length the period of our quarantine expired. Impatient to enjoy the pleasure of once more walking at liberty, and to satisfy our curiosity, we traversed the city in every direction. After having been so long shut up in our little vessel without the least exercise, the height of every thing we saw, and the length of the streets appeared prodigious to us; every new object drew from us an exclamation of joy or of surprise, and the view of the country above all produced the most delicious sensations.

This taste was particularly gratified by a visit to a villa, which possessed great attractions for the artist and the antiquarian. Although the buildings were sinking into ruin, and the gardens were abandoned to the dominion of Nature, who seemed to have asserted over them all her rights, we were no less surprised than enchanted by recognising in this situation all the characteristic marks of an ancient villa. These it has preserved by reason of its never having ceased for ages together to belong to contented families, who, averse to change, thought it was sufficient if they enjoyed the pleasures of their ancestors, and who had not therefore been tempted to make any change in the order and ancient disposition of the place.

It is not built on a very regular plan, and the builder has confined himself to the advantages which the inequality of the ground afforded, which is supported in some places by terraces, under which there are vaulted halls, ornamented with stuccoes and paintings, and which served the ancient proprietors, as they may still serve the present, as a refuge during the intense heat.

The part which appeared best preserved was a large gallery *(ambulacrum)*, shadowed by a very ancient vine, if one may judge from the size of the branches, which twines itself around the marble columns. Most of the capitals bear marks of antiquity; their form is very simple: it consists of a square basket, on the planes o fwhich are carved in relief the symbols

of agriculture, or animals, such as sheep, goats, &c. A few of these capitals, which exhibit marks of repair, clearly of modern date, enable us to judge more accurately of the antiquity of the others.

Less curious to examine the city of Brindisi than to distinguish amidst modern structures, or those of the middle age, traces of the ancient Brundusium, we should have preferred calling up the manes of their ancestors to conversing with the present inhabitants. However, we were obliged to be content with the living, and we prepared to pay some visits. Our first was to the Governor of Brindisi; he could not receive us, as he was in the access of a fever. Our next was to the Archbishop, but he was too ill, and had been carried into the country. This account gave us much concern, as he was represented as a very respectable character, a man of learning, and a lover of the arts. He possesses a rich cabinet of antiquities.

The convents only were left, to give us an idea of the society of Brindisi: let not this sentence astonish the reader, for his surprise must soon cease. The cloister and society! these certainly in former times were incompatible expressions, but they are now no longer so—we are told that the Jesuits gave to their order the title of a society, and that in fact they caused a revolution in the monasteries, which seem from this period to have almost become the asylum of tolerance, politeness, and proper enjoyment. The monks, without losing any of the dignity of their situation, have adopted the tone and manners of polished society. This change is very perceptible at Brindisi, where, without any exaggeration, nearly half the people are inhabitants of convents. The reason of this is very simple: in a confined situation, possessing neither the advantages of industry nor of commerce, the citizens are exposed for three-quarters of the year to obstinate maladies, which make them prefer the comfort and assistance which association affords to the solitude of a private family: the poverty of many individuals is another powerful cause. In the convents are found cheerful company, games of all kinds, and music; so that, in fact, their apartments are become saloons. We have visited several convents of females: the ladies crowded into the room, and shewed much anxiety to see us; they overwhelmed us with questions as frivolous as our answers, but some delightful music came to our assistance; voices such as we then heard are only found in cloisters; the hymns sung in perfect harmony, accompanied by the organ and other musical instruments, produced a great effect—it seemed almost like a concert of angels in the middle regions of the sky. Abundance

of refreshments were offered us, and we departed with a very agreeable impression of these religious establishments.

We have mentioned the poverty of the town; the interior of it is consequently gloomy and silent; the least article of luxury cannot be obtained here; in fact, sickness has depopulated whole streets. There are some large houses which are called palaces, but they are uninhabited, and the long grass waves in their court-yards; the proprietors have fled to seek elsewhere a purer air, and a less monotonous life; on the walks a few women may be seen, and now and then some monks: we remarked three heavy-built coaches drawn by mules; they contained monks.

The port, which should present an animated picture of merchandize and commercial bustle, is even more dull than the town; it only displays a stranded galley and a few boats. The works ordered by Government languish, affording employment to some galley-slaves, who are guarded by almost an equal number of soldiers, for the most part sickly and diseased: the usual food of both is large white onions, and the inhabitants do not fare much better. Troops of beggars assail the church, and the doors of the convents, where soup is distributed: misery is here so great, and disease so extended, that one hospital was not sufficient, and they were obliged to erect another. The inhabitants of the country seem to enjoy an easier life, at least if one may judge by the costume of the women, which is very neat.

In general, I believe there is no country where dress is more elegant and rich than in the kingdom of Naples—it varies from canton to canton, and from village to village, with the strangest singularity. The costume of the inhabitants of Brindisi appeared very remarkable, especially of the men, who wear our fashions of fifty years since; our fashions, indeed, make the tour of Europe, but they arrive very late at its extremity. Paris, which is the centre of activity, necessarily possesses less influence in proportion to distance; fashions there are like the flowers which bloom during the day, and fade at night; carried into the provinces they live a little longer, and when, at last they reach foreign countries, they take root and flourish there a long time.

LETTER II.

Departure from Brindisi—San Vito della Macchia—Fine landscape—Ottara—Monopoli—Ruins of Egnatia—Polignano—Singular Caverns—Mola—Bari—Fine tract of Country—Giovinazzo—Towns on the Coast—Ancient roads—Barletta—Description of the field of Cannæ—the Tavogliere of La Paglia—Fine mountain view—Bovino—Beautiful scenery—Ariano—Plain of Avellino—Monte Virgine—Cemetery of the White Benedictines.

WE set off from Brindisi, and it was too late ere we reached San Vito della Macchia, to flatter ourselves with the hope of seeing this little town to advantage, which we were told would well repay the trouble. It is also called San Vito degli Schiavi, from a tradition that it was built at the commencement of the 15th century by slaves, who erected there a magnificent church and a splendid palace. We had no opportunity of judging of these, but we were sure of one thing, that the founders had extended very little of their munificence to their inns, for that where we lodged, and which was the best or rather the only one, was very miserable, and yet the population amounts to 4000 souls.

The *Vetturino* did not fail to awaken us an hour before our departure, that we might not make him wait, as we had a day's journey of 35 miles before us.

The sun, as it arose, discovered a very interesting country. The chain of the Apennines was on our left, and the blue summit of these mountains had a very picturesque effect. On our right the sea burned with the rays of the sun, which seemed to pour down from the top of an ancient fortress called Santa Sabina, one of the strongest on the coast. Here and there some trees were scattered, and some shepherds' huts, whilst the flocks were seen hastening to the pasture grounds. We could also perceive the little town of Ostuni, situated on a hill, and surrounded with woods, which supply the inhabitants with the pleasures of the chace. The appearance of the country, the fine weather, the open air, and the exercise,

seemed to strengthen us, and give an appetite. We arrived in this disposition at Ottara, where we were to dine.

Our vehicle stopped in the yard of the most wretched and dilapidated inn which can be imagined. The Vetturino having told us, that, as we had still a considerable distance to go, we could only stop a very little time, immediately left us, and bestowed all his attention on his horses; we had then to run from house to house to collect some miserable provisions for our still more miserable dinner. It was nevertheless very late when we arrived at Monopoli, and we had much difficulty in procuring them to open the gates.

Before resting an entire day in this town, we could not resist the desire of visiting the ruins of the ancient Egnatia, to which, it is said, this town owes its origin. The walk was very agreeable at this season of the year. We directed our steps towards the Abbey of San Stephano, formerly a commandery of the Knights Hospitallers, through odorous groves of oranges and lemons which surrounded it. At a little distance, and on the borders of the sea, there stands a small fortress, protected by artillery, and garrisoned by some soldiers, who are always ready in case of alarm, on the signal of the *guardia-marina*, to march towards that part of the coast which is attacked: soon afterwards we arrived at the scite of Egnatia.

The spectacle of a town in ruins and depopulated, is one which ought to excite the attention of the historian, the man of observation, and the artist; the one find traditions, the other sensations, and the third picturesque effect; and all of them deplore the disasters of a powerful city, whose history has perished from the memory of man.

The traces of the ancient towers and walls of the city are visible, but we could not find the temple of which preceding travellers have spoken; nor did we penetrate into the place which is called *il Parco*, and which has a subterraneous vaulted corridor lighted with glass. The other edifices, as the halls of baths, tombs, aqueducts, &c. present nothing but a heap of ruins, round which parasitic plants have climbed. Egnatia did not answer our expectations, notwithstanding all our desire to see it.

From Monopoli to Polignano we followed the sea-coast, where, at stated distances, guards are placed. The country is more fertile than picturesque, and is planted with olives and vines.

Polignano is a pretty little town, built upon rocks, which are hollowed into caverns, into which the sea-water flows, and which may be traversed in boats; they descend into them from the town by stairs cut in the rock. The population is

reckoned at 4000 souls, and includes many respectable families; the country around produces good wine and fruits, and the port excellent fish.

Mola, where we dined, and which is called Mola di Bari, to distinguish it from Mola di Gaëta, is situated on the road from Naples to Capua. It possesses a citadel, said to have been founded by an Athenian colony, on a point which projects into the sea. The inhabitants, who are reckoned at 8000, have preserved nothing of the taste and politeness of their ancestors; the streets are narrow and dark; some soap and leather manufactories render them filthy and unhealthy: there is also a custom-house and a salt warehouse. After having travelled during the day on a very flat but rocky and fatiguing road, we arrived at Bari, one of the most interesting towns on this coast.

Every little town which we have passed through on our route, boasts, perhaps with reason, of the importance which its antiquity confers on it, or of the historical facts of which it has been the theatre. The inhabitants never fail to relate every revolution, vicissitude, and disaster, which can be remembered, and to name the emperors, kings, and bishops, and, in short, every important personage who has given them cause to grieve or rejoice. The vicissitudes which Bari has experienced, have left it very few relics of antiquity; all that we saw was an ancient mile-stone marked the 28th.

Oct. 25.---On leaving Bari we were much delighted by the beauty of the country, so well cultivated and sowed, as it were, at small distances with little towns, all situated on the borders of the sea, with convenient ports for small craft, and surrounded with rural farms, cottages, and villas, which gave an idea of the riches and industry of the inhabitants. We distinguished, in the gardens, plantations of orange and lemon trees, arbours of vines, hedges of laurels, and parterres bordered with cut box, containing all the flowers of the season. We also travelled through woods of large olive-trees, which stretched nearly to the borders of the sea, and through fields covered the cotton plant. At this period of the year many Albanians pass over into Italy to assist the labourers; and, as they preserve their costume, we had much pleasure in recognising in Italy the habits and manners of Greece. The citizens and peasants whom we met on our route were well cloathed and mounted; they saluted us in a friendly manner, and possessed an air of happiness, from which we inferred they were well governed: the municipal administration is, in fact, well conducted. Each of these little towns possesses respectable public establishments, academies for youth, and hospitals for the poor, the infirm, and the destitute.

Giovenazzo, the first of these towns after Bari, is old, and built, it is said, on the ruins of Natiolo or Netio; but the period of its construction is uncertain: it is surrounded by walls, and its cathedral is in a good style of architecture. The population is said to amount to 5,200. A few miles further on lies Molfetta, a modern town, whose inhabitants, in number 3000, are said to be very industrious. Then follows Besceglia, built on a rock which is washed by the sea.

It is remarkable, that in this part of the country the houses of the peasants are all built on the same model; at first, on the authority of former travellers, we imagined them to be ancient tombs, which they resemble in form: they are built in isolated situations, and rise here and there in the midst of the plains and pasture grounds, for here the *Tavoliere* commences. (*See Plate I.*)

Trani, like the other towns situated on the coast, is built of a yellowish stone, which does not grow darker by exposure to the atmosphere, and which gives the edifices a light pleasant appearance. This town contains some curious monuments, and is inhabited by many of the nobility. The population is reckoned at 14,000 souls; but it possesses less commerce than Barletta, where we arrived very late with an intention of staying two days.

In the time of the Romans, Magna Græcia was intersected by an infinite number of roads; and although the Via Appia was the most celebrated, there were many others equally good, and constructed with the same care---such as the Domitiana, the Herculeana, that of Campania or the Consularis, the Nolana, the Latina, the Egnatiana, and the Brusiana, which led from Reggio to Calabria. These roads had all their different branches; at present there is only one great road, which traverses the kingdom, and that is in bad repair.

The streets of Barletta are straight and well paved; the walls, which are a mile in circuit, are solidly constructed; and the citadel is strong: they shew to strangers the *Orfanosio*, or retreat for orphans, two schools of polite learning, and some churches. Here resides the *Reggio Portolano*, who, under the command of the royal chamber of Naples, inspects the provisions which are collected in the Capitanate and the territory of Bari. Here also the Royal Council of Commerce is held, and this town is the residence of the Inspector of the Salt Manufactories, and of the Grand Prior of Malta, who holds the assemblies at which the Knights bring proof of their nobility. The number of inhabitants is said to be 16,000.

We now made a visit to the celebrated field of Cannæ. The expression which is applied to designate the theatre, where

the pride of the monarch-people was humbled, gives a strong idea of the traces which this terrible catastrophe has left on the mind, and of the consternation which seized the people of that day, and which has descended to their posterity—the plain is called, *Il campo di sangue,* or the Field of Blood. It is very sterile, and contains only a few scattered villages, and crowds of cattle which with their rude conductors wander about in the pathless waste. After having left on our right the Adriatic and the Castle of Barletta, situate some miles from that town at the mouth of the Ofanto, we crossed that river by a bridge. This stream is the ancient Aufidus, which, in the sanguinary contest at Cannæ, was covered with floating corpses. When we had crossed the river we entered an immense plain, which, as far as the eye could reach, did not contain a single tree. We were only interrupted by numerous flocks, which were spread over this sterile land; from morning to night nothing was heard but the barking of shepherd-dogs, the shouts of their masters, and the sound of their horns, with which they answered one another, or collected their flocks.

We passed some very miserable villages—San Cassano, Latomba, and Cirignola; between Cirignola and La Stornara we passed the two branches of the *Tratturo delle pecore,* which lead from Foggia the capital of the province—the one towards Ascoli, the other towards Canosa. We arrived very late at Ordona, an inn surrounded by some huts, where we could get nothing but rushes to sleep on. Having foreseen the absolute nakedness of this land, we luckily provided ourselves with some viands, which it would have been impossible to procure there.

It is now time to give some account of the *Tavoliere* of La Puglia, of which we have traversed the greater part. They give this name to the tract of land which lies between the Adriatic and the Apennines, and which extends from Civitare to Andria, in length about 70 miles, and in breadth 30. This vast plain of pasturage is frequented by a set of people, whose cattle successively consume the herbage of every part; yet it would maintain more human creatures than it does cattle at present, if the system of pasturage, which is favoured by the Government from pecuniary motives, were not preferred to tillage. At the present moment the Tavoliere supports immense flocks of sheep, and the revenue arising from it is reckoned at 425,600 ducats.

At some miles from Ordona we began to remark the progress of vegetation; first a few thickets, and then some plantations of olives, which certainly were sufficiently distant from one another. At length we perceived the mountains so long

wished for, and by their blue tint could see they were covered with vast forests; as we approached them we felt a sensation of delight which can be experienced by none but painters—their forms gradually expanded, and the outlines of each became visible, and we could distinguish the different kinds of trees with which they were covered, and the little villages and rural habitations built on their sides. We now began to ascend a more elevated country; the cattle of Sauri is the first object in this interesting picture; it commands the plain intersected by the windings of the Cervaro; Bovino next presented itself to our attention.

This town must formerly have been of much importance, if we may judge by the ruins with which it is surrounded, and the marbles, medals, and other antiquities which are found in turning the ground. We had 20 miles to go ere we reached Ariano, so having dined in haste, favoured by the most beautiful weather we gave ourselves up to all the enchantment of the sylvan pictures, which unfolded themselves to our eyes during the remainder of this, and for several succeeding days. Sometimes the road lay along narrow parapets, raised on and bounded by deep declivities; sometimes it was elevated on lofty causeways, and now it was formed of bridges thrown from rock to rock, in order to leave a free passage to the wintry torrents; farther on it descended with a gentle slope to the bottom of the vallies; then we followed the windings of streams, whose rapid waters dashed past rocks which impeded their course, or finding a smoother channel, murmured through the meadows, beneath the shade of nut-trees and alders.

Although it was late in the year, vegetation was still rich and abundant; in the plains which we had quitted the trees had become bare, and the meadows scorched up by the heat, and covered with dust: but here the trees bore the rich livery of autumn, the vines glowed with a purple hue, and the transparent grapes fostered by a refreshing dew, hung in clusters from the extremity of the branches. The hills were covered with orchards, from which Pomona filled her ruddy baskets, and the summits of the mountains were cloathed with the unfading verdure of the pine.

Occasionally, isolated and arid rocks rose before us, crowned with ancient castles, whose pyramidal keeps were now only the refuge of ravens, or the boast of noble families, whose origin they recalled. The picture varied every instant; when we traversed, in the morning, a deep valley, the shadows of the mountains generally covered the greater part of it, while the opposite heights burned with all the rays of the rising

sun; these rays darting through the summits of the rocks, pierced in luminous columns the mass of dense vapours which were collected in the valley; while at night the immense disk of that brilliant luminary sinking before us, illuminated all our path. Before it disappeared, it seemed to communicate a rapid motion to a million of floating atoms in the inflamed atmosphere, which, as it sunk, were plunged, like ourselves, into the shade and the stillness of night.

I have traversed many countries, all celebrated for the beauty of their scenery; I have travelled through Greece, Italy, and Switzerland, and the livelier plains of my own country, but I have no where met with such a rich union of picturesque objects as in the kingdom of Naples.

The climate of this province is more temperate, and the air more pure than that of Campania; the towns are almost all of them built upon the sides of hills; the elevation of the ground, and its mountainous form, render it colder than Campania; indeed, frost commences at the end of October, but the rivers never are frozen. This province produces good marble, and has a salt mine at Monte-Fuscoli. Notwithstanding the feudal system, it is the best peopled part of the kingdom after Campania; the pasture-grounds are few; as for thefts, the number was so great that we left off counting them; we lost several little articles by the way, but all our inquiries after them were vain; all the answer we got was an articulate sound, a grimace, or a shrug of the shoulders, as though they mocked us. Having left an article of some value at our inn we despatched a messenger back for it, having the politeness to pay him before hand: the consequence was, that neither messenger or property ever made their appearance.

At length we perceived Ariana, situated on a range of high rock which rose in the midst of a plain washed by the *Calore* and the *Tripaldo;* we reached the town after many windings, for our course resembled that of a vessel in distress, which is obliged repeatedly to tack in order to enter the port. The fatigue of our horses, which had ceased to regard the admonitions of the whip, the coldness of the evening air, and the calls of hunger increased our impatience, which seemed to afford much diversion to our driver; he insisted on the advantages of the impregnable situation of the town; he boasted of the purity of the air, and the beauty of the prospect, and answered all our pressing inquiries by the words *adesso, adesso, arriviamo, ci vuol flegma.* We had need of all our patience not to lay a hearty malediction on the men, whose madness had led them to build their habitations out of human reach.

Ariano is a miserable town; all its manufactures consist of

common earthenware: the soil is mixed with marine remains. The country between Ariano and Avellino presents some very picturesque prospects; sometimes embosomed in rocks, and amid the deepest solitude, we listened to the rush of the torrents, the cries of the birds of prey, and the roar of the winds which swept through the clefts of the mountains. Farther on we found ourselves buried in the deep silence of woods which seemed impenetrable. On leaving the forests the scene changed, and as we emerged we perceived by the noise of a mill, the barking of dogs, or the *zampogna* (the pipe of a shepherd,) that we were in the neighbourhood of human habitations. At last the plain of Avellino was spread before our eyes in all its richness.

There is not a spot in it uncultivated; every part is covered with vegetation; orchards are mingled with vines, and meadows with corn-fields: all the gifts of Nature are lavished most luxuriously, which delight the eye, and rejoice the senses. Magnificent avenues of trees lead to the gates of the town; and, as the traveller enters, he recognizes the bustle of commerce and industry, the footsteps of the arts, and all the appearance of a populous city.

On the *Monte Vergine* there is a convent of white Benedictines, founded about 1134; the cemetery of the convent is considered as a curious object; it is a vast cavern on the same level with the church, and is cut in the rock: it has the singular property of preserving the bodies deposited in it, in the freshness of the period of their dissolution. On leaving this town we left Monte Vergine on our right; the appearance of this mountain is curious, it is sprinkled over with chapels, oratories, and crosses, the whole length of the winding way which leads to the sanctuary. The buildings present a very picturesque outline, and the whole effect is almost theatrical.

LETTER III.

Arrival at Naples—Character of the Neapolitans—Vesuvius—Castel-nuovo—View from the Gulf of Naples—Visit to Pouzzuole—Grotto of Pausilypo—Curious effect of the sun-beams—Singular phenomenon—Remains of Antiquity—The Solfatara Tomb of Virgil—and of Sanazaro.

WE are in Naples! The city of which the Italians themselves are at a loss for expressions of sufficient admiration, compressing their praise into the proverb—*See Naples and die!*

As we approached we entered the walks which extend from the gates of the city, bordered with fountains, chapels, and houses of entertainment; a little later and it would have been pleasant enough, but at present it was nothing but a scene of noise, dust, and disorder—only imagine crowds of peasants in every description of dress, carts loaded with the produce of the country jostling brilliant equipages preceded by outriders, open carriages, and horsemen spurring through the crowd, and in the midst of this confusion our melancholy vehicle dragged slowly on by our tired horses.

The Neapolitan delights in ease, pleasure, and noise; he is full of vivacity, speaks quickly, and at great length; and he has great power of comic expression in his gestures, which are innumerable; much attached to fetes and shews, nothing is seen but rope-dancers, pickpockets, puppet-shows, and ballad-singers: they make great use of the tambourine, of the castanets, or *nacchere*, and of the *colascino*, a two-stringed instrument. Their religious festivals are generally preferred, and they certainly are very brilliant. The churches seem to be converted into theatres, and resound with light and cheerful sounds; the audience turn their backs on the altar, and fix all their attention on the orchestra. The processions are an object of great curiosity; they extend to an immense length, as almost the whole population of the city is enrolled in some one of the fraternities of white, blue, grey, or black penitents.

The pleasures of the table are much sought after by the Neapolitans, the least sober of all the Italians. During the carnival, and the great festivals, the streets seem loaded with viands, which are scarcely sufficient to supply the consumption of the day; at every corner stand immense baskets of maccaroni, which the passengers carry away by handsfull; while ices are distributed from coolers filled with snow. At another place you may see them measuring out to the Lazzaroni the coffee, which they call *levante*, and which if it does not possess the fine flavour, at least has the colour. Pride and misery, which in great capitals border so nearly on one another, present in Naples a striking picture; individuals who sport splendid equipages, lacqueys, and couriers cloathed in rich liveries, live in the most restricted style in the interior of their palaces, of which they perhaps only inhabit the garrets.

The Lazzaroni, however, seem to boast of their poverty; they walk bare-footed, and frequently without shirts, and sleep in such places as the recesses of a church. These people are completely unincumbered, without a hearth, and without a home, they live continually in the open air; as soon as they have collected a few *carlini*, they spend them in a glass of ice,

or some boiled maccaroni; they then fall to sleep, till urged again by necessity to seek their little sum of money, that they may once more enjoy their *benedetto far niente.* There are many different accounts given of the Lazzaroni: some pretend that they form a separate body, and elect a king who enjoys a pension, and that their number amounts to 40,000, all which is false—the population of Naples is only 400,200, and it is very improbable that a tenth part of it should be composed of Lazzaroni.

In the manners, institutions, and even language of the Neapolitans, the footsteps of strangers are visible; the French more especially have left many traces of their dominion; their name even is become the generic designation of strangers, and the word Frank is applied to every foreigner. The Greek origin of the Neapolitans may be still perceived in their physiognomy and their character; they possess the intelligence and quickness of perception, and even the manual address for which the Greeks were remarkable; they are like them lovers of noise, joy, and pleasantry, and of mimicry and satirical productions; we therefore find amongst them the best mimics: the facetious Tiberio Fiorelli, who gained such celebrity in France, under the name of Scaramouch, came from Naples.

One of the greatest objects of my curiosity on my arrival at Naples was Vesuvius; my surprise and disappointment were great on beholding this celebrated mountain—I had imagined to myself a volcano ploughed into deep furrows by streams of lava, which marked with black traces their devastating path; I thought to walk amongst hanging rocks, demolished edifices, and the crumbling ruins of the mountain over which clouds of thick floating smoke passed, forming a scene almost resembling one of the mouths of Tartarus: in fact, however, I only saw a hill of ordinary dimensions, of a broad conical shape, without any variety in its appearance, without any inequality in its declivity, of an uniform ashy colour, and the crater of which exhales a little vapour, which is only perceptible in the morning and at evening, when the rays of the sun fall upon it obliquely. No doubt the volcano, filled with fire and flame, burning in the darkness of night, and terrifying the country, its bellowing and shaking would have produced a livelier impression on my senses, than this dark and sterile mass which rises in the midst of a flourishing country. Nevertheless, when one thinks how a whole people can gaily dance and sing on the edge of this terrific precipice—that their harvests, their orchards, and their delicious villas, are supported by a thin bed of earth, cloathed indeed with the

most verdant carpet, but undermined by ever-burning fires, which may at any moment engulph them—this contrast of animated and vigorous life with a spot where every thing languishes and dies—this opposition of the brightest colours with an uniform grey and livid tint—the silent crater, and the profound but deceitful calm—all inspire a melancholy kind of feeling, and a conviction of disaster, which persuade us of the emptiness of human pursuits, and speak of peril and death.

Castel nuovo, from which there is a fine view of Vesuvius, is a favourite promenade of the Neapolitans, who walk there for the sake of enjoying the pure air, and the odours of the flowers with which the valleys are covered; they are wafted by the land-breeze very regularly, which every evening sweetens and refreshes the streets of Naples, which are parched by the heat of the sun—it re-animates the over-fatigued frames of the inhabitants, communicate fresh vivacity to the spirits, and gives birth to festivities and pleasures which stretch far into the night.

The view of Naples from the sea has been compared to that of Constantinople, and it is said these two cities form the most beautiful pictures of the kind in the world; but Naples is infinitely more picturesque, and it owes this advantage to the disposition of the ground, which, by its winding and abrupt lines, displays the edifices of the city better, towering above each other, and yet gives the masses sufficiently detached and distinct, while the borders of the Bosphorus, in general level or rounded into hills, present lines of great length without variety of form, and without contrast of effect.

In arriving in the Gulf of Naples, leaving the isles of Ischia and Capree, which seem like advanced guards, the most beautiful pictures break upon the sight; on the left the steep rocks of Procita stretch from Cape Misene, behind which the Gulf of Pouzzuole is seen, overshadowed by Monte Barbaro.—As the gazer approaches, the interest is concentrated, and his eye takes in the prospect between Pausilypo and Mount Vesuvius: Naples occupies the centre, and its edifices rise in groups behind Santa Elma, the Acropolis of the ancient Parthenope.

To enjoy this view an hour should be chosen favourable to picturesque effect; the traveller should enter his boat towards the close of day—the sun is setting behind the tomb of Virgil, surrounding it with his resplendent rays; not yet concealed behind the point of Pausilypo, he still sheds his lights on the remains of antiquity, which lie dispersed on the shores of Pouzzuole, and be at last plunges himself into the sea between the promontory of Misene and the isle of Procita, though he still gilds behind us the rocky cliffs of Anacapri.

The evening deepens, and the clear azure of the sky is painted with the colours of the rose and the violet, and then with a grey silvery tint, the soft shadowing of the mantle of night, through which even now a few trembling stars are visible—the breeze dies, the waves grow tranquil, the sea becomes smooth and transparent; and the star of Venus, reflected in the waters, shines like a diamond swimming on their surface, while the voices of the sailors rise upon the air singing their evening hymn.

After having tasted all the sweets of the deepest calm, and enjoyed the most sublime beauties of Nature, the noise and bustle of the city was more than I could bear, and I hastened to repose.

Although it is late in the year the weather is beautiful, and the atmosphere is as pure as in any of our summer days; the plains are still green; there is no season more favourable than this for visiting the delicious banks of Pouzzuole. I set off with my friend in a *calesso*, a vehicle drawn by one horse, and we traversed the populous streets of the city, dashing over the pavement, and piercing the crowd with the speed of light, and grazing and crossing other carriages, which flew as quickly, yet without any other injury than the anxiety occasioned by the rapidity of our course; when we arrived on the quay of Chiaya, our horse redoubled his speed, and in a moment we reached the grotto of Pausilypo.

At sun-set in this place, but only at this period of the year, a very picturesque effect may be observed; the horizontal beams grazing the side of the grotto, penetrate into the cavity, and illuminate all the length of it; and when you pass at this moment, the particles of dust always in motion, have all the appearance of a stream of flame, with which the passengers are dazzled, and almost suffocated, and immersed in which they seem only like transparent shadows.

On leaving the grotto we drove to a village called *Fuori-Grotta*, and then through a country where the trees were twined together by festoons of vines; after that we entered a long avenue of poplars, leaving Cape Pausilypo on the left, and on the right the *Vomero* covered with beautiful villages and seats, overtopped by a delicious hermitage, from which all the *Campania felice* is seen, and even a part of the Roman states. The sea, with all its isles, lay before us; the road is cut amongst the rocks, and a numerous body of galley slaves was employed in repairing it. The miserable lot of these wretches causes many melancholy reflexions, and casts over the laughing landscapes a shade which tarnishes its beauty.

The history of Pouzzuoli is well known; celebrated in the time of the Romans for the unbridled luxury and voluptuous-

ness of its inhabitants; it was destroyed by an earthquake. The declivity of the hill, at the foot of which the modern city is built, is covered with the ruins of ancient edifices and temples; that of Jupiter Serapis is alone distinguishable by its form. The foundations exist entire; three columns are still standing, and the fragments of the others lie scattered about; this temple was magnificent, though of small proportions and of a circular form.

The three columns present a singular phenomenon, which has never been explained in a satisfactory manner; these columns, and many of the others which have been overthrown, are perforated nearly all at the same height in the form of a ring, by a little marine worm (the *mitylus lithophagus*). Some people pretend that this is a proof that at some period the waters of the sea have flowed much above their present level, and that they have left these traces on the shores of Pouzzuole; but this assertion, though supported by many clever men, seems by no means satisfactory; for how can it be supported, that an inundation, which must have covered a part of Europe, and have lasted long enough to have allowed these worms to pierce the marble, has left no trace in history, and that there are no marks of its remaining but on the coast of Pouzzuole? The real cause probably is, that these columns have been all cut from the same quarry, which has contained a bed of marine petrifactions, softer than the base of marble, which, being decomposed, have left the cavities with which the column is pierced.

On ascending the hill we meet with subterraneous remains bordering the road, belonging to some ruins which they call the Temple of Neptune; a little higher there are some remains of a Temple of Diana, the ruins of an ancient way, and an aqueduct, of which some portions are well preserved. The last object is an amphitheatre, the seats of which, no longer visible, are entirely covered with little gardens. On leaving the amphitheatre our guide conducted us to the *Via Campana*, an ancient consular road, which forms a continuation of the Via Appia; it is bordered with tombs constructed by the ancient inhabitants of Pouzzuole; the sepulchral chambers are varied in their forms, but are built in a good style; they are all built of brick covered with stucco, or with cement, on which are still distinguishable the remains of paintings of exquisite taste. If these tombs have been violated, it is owing to the shameless curiosity of modern times, when the sacred asylums have been overthrown in search of vases containing only tears, or some few pieces of gold mixed with cinders!

Continuing to ascend, the traveller arrives at a sort of inclo-

TOMB OF VIRGIL.

sure, which is clearly the crater of an ancient volcano: it is the *Solfatara.* The mouth of the crater is immense: surrounded by arid rocks, the centre is crowned with a wood of young chesnut-trees; a winding pathway, overshadowed by their foliage, conducts us to the alum mines and to the Solfatara. On the way our guide related to us some curious facts respecting this place. Thus, if you dig to the depth of one foot, the stones which lie there are too hot to be held in the hand; if you stamp violently on the ground it returns a sound which seems to indicate the existence of great cavities.

But the most extraordinary appearance is that of the columns of smoke which rise from the crevices of the ground, covering it with crystallizations of every colour. To catch the full effect of this spectacle it is necessary to stand on the side from which the wind blows, or it is still better to wait till the atmosphere is calm. The vapour then rises in thick twisted columns of brilliant whiteness; they whirl around, enlarging as they ascend, and at last they seem to dissolve into air, leaving no trace in the azure sky. An attempt was made to establish an alum manufactory where these vapours issue most abundantly, but the fevers which attacked the workmen caused it to be relinquished.

In descending the steep sides of the crater, by a very difficult path we visited the fountain of *Pischiarelli*, which appears to takes its course from the furnace of Solfatara. The waters possess strong medicinal properties. Tired with our journey, we stood in need of repose, of freshness, and of shade, and we found them all on the borders of the limpid lake of Agnano, where we enjoyed a rural repast.

As we ascended a hill an ancient edifice, covered with verdure and crowned with laurel, met our view. The following inscription was traced upon the rock:

QUÆ CINERIS TUMULO HÆC VESTIGIA? CONDITUR OLIM
ILLE HIC, QUI CECINIT PASCUA, RURA, DUCES.

It was the tomb of Virgil! Time has shewn less respect to this last asylum of the illustrious dead, than to his unperishing glory: the monument is in ruins, and the interior is empty. (*See Plate II.*)

The memory of great names adds beauty to the most desolate scene. I was now surrounded by objects, which to the most picturesque charms, added the interest of having been described by Homer and by Virgil. There, Avernus, the marshes of Acheron, and the grotto of the Sibyl, lay stretched before me; farther on, the city of Cumæ, and the perfumed hills of Falernia. At my feet was the superb Parthenope, and the sea of Misene, while my eye rested on the

isles which adorned its bosom; then turning off at Capree, it rapidly glided along the shores of Lorrente, along the Latarian mountains, the rock of Hercules, and the ruins of Stabia, Pompeii, and Herculaneum. At last it reposed on temples, on marble palaces, and all the beautiful edifices of the capital, whose low murmurs, and light wreaths of smoke, scarcely reached my elevated station.

It is said that the tomb of Virgil was constructed by the orders of Augustus in the bosom of the villa which the poet possessed upon the borders of Pausilypo, and where a great portion of his work was composed. The younger Pliny informs us that this country residence was afterwards the property of Silius Italicus, who was consul after the death of Nero. He was formerly the owner of the villa to which Cicero gave the name of the Academy. Silius delighted to meditate in the very spots where Virgil drew his inspiration, and which prompted his own muse in the composition of his poem on the African war. The tomb of the immortal poet was to him an object of worship, and he suffered not a single day to elapse without visiting it. This monument, the situation of which is pointed out, in the place where it is now seen, by Ælius Donatus, a grammarian of the fourth century, now presents only ruins, of which the original design can hardly be conjectured. It is covered with a vault constructed in *opus reticulatum;* in the interior are seen several niches, to which access is only obtained by irregular passages opened by violence about the year 1326, until which period a sarcophagus remained in the tomb, supported by nine small columns of white marble, and containing the ashes of the poet. These venerable relics were removed by King Robert of Anjou, who was anxious for their safety, and transported to Castel-nuovo, where, notwithstanding the researches of Alphonso I. of Arragon, they have never since been seen. In the time of Eugenius, about the year 1625, the following inscription was dug up in the neighbourhood:—

"Siste Viator, quæso; parce, legito, hic Maro situs est."

On leaving the ancient heritage of Virgil, the eye enjoys a prospect of the greatest richness. Pathways, winding down gentle declivities, border the edges of the rocks.—They are supported by enormous walls, piered with arcades, and flanked by counter-forts. Houses, embosomed in gardens, rise on these ramparts in the form of steps. These are again surmounted by terraces, rendered impenetrable to damp by cement, and on which flourish the arbutus and the vine. These aerial bowers guard the habitations from the rays of the sun, and make the most delightful retreats, which, catching the refreshing sea-breeze, temper the heat of the atmosphere. During the

night, especially, the most delicious freshness is found here. Many persons pass the night on these terraces under no other roof than the vault of heaven, or the shade of the trees, a pleasure well appreciated under the serene sky of Naples, and in the warm, dry, and healthy climate of Greece.

At the foot of the mountain, on the borders of the sea, at the extremity of the beautiful piers, which in this spot stretch out in semi-circles, rise the church and convent of Santa Maria del Parto, celebrated for the tomb of Sanazaro, the Virgil of the Neapolitans.

King Frederic, who was much attached to the poet, gave him this agreeable retreat, with a house which he had built there. Sanazaro took great delight in embellishing the solitude which he never afterwards quitted, and whose charms he unceasingly celebrated.

We may judge of his despair, when, during the siege of Naples by the French in 1528, Lautrec, having made this place his head quarters, was attacked there by the Prince of Orange. They fought with great fury on both sides; at last, Lautrec was defeated, but the Casino and its plantations were destroyed. The poet, in grief, quitted Naples, and died soon afterwards, leaving this estate to the monks of the Holy Virgin, that they might erect, on the ruins of his favourite retreat, a church, which he endowed with an income of six hundred ducats, and to which was given the name of *Santa Maria del Parto*, in remembrance of one of Sanazaro's poems, entitled, De Partu Virginis.

The relations of Sanazaro carried his body to Naples, and raised a magnificent tomb to him in the church of Santa Maria, at the foot of the mountain where the ashes of Virgil repose, and on it were inscribed the following lines, written by the celebrated Cardinal Bembo:—

> "Da Sacro cineri flores. Hic ille Maroni
> "Sincerus Musâ proximus ut tumulo.*

The Neapolitan bard wrote on the model, and indeed caught many of the beauties, of his master. Like him he sung of the Shepherds, and the pleasures and labours of the country; but, instead of depicting heroes, he has produced, in the poems on which he rested his reputation, a most extravagant mixture of Christian mysteries and mythological fables. Although his Latin poetry is written with great purity, and in his Italian poems, and particularly in his *Arcadia*, there is much delicacy

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* "Fresh flowerets strew, for Sanazar lies here,
"In genius, as in place, to Virgil near.'
Roscoe's Leo X. v. 3, p. 389.

Accius Sincerus was the academical name of Sanazaro.

and simplicity, yet it may perhaps be said, that his talent has more facility than originality, more grace than vigour. In short, to mingle with the poets of antiquity, he seems to have resigned his rank amongst the poets of modern times.

The tomb of Sanazaro has been the subject of much lively discussion amongst the historians of the arts; and, as it is well designed and executed, the glory of it is attributed to several different artists. Some assign it to Gio-Angelo Poggibonsi, a Tuscan; others to Girolamo Santacroce, a Neapolitan.

The executors of the poet, and the brothers of the convent of Margellina, formed themselves into two parties, when the monument was to be erected. The former declared themselves in favour of the design modelled by Santacroce; the monks wished Poggibonsi, who was one of their order, to undertake the whole work. At last they came to an arrangement, and each of the artists had a portion of the work assigned to him.

LETTER IV.

Description of Pompeii.

I CANNOT quit this part of Italy without giving some account of the Museum of Portici, which contains a very complete collection of antiquities, discovered in the bosom of the earth, still perfect, and in the very situation in which they were surprized by the dreadful scourge which at the same time overwhelmed the cities of Herculaneum, Pompeii, and Stabia. (See plate III.)

Portici is a country residence of the King of Naples, who frequently visits it with his court. This palace, which commands a magnificent view of the sea is surrounded by beautiful gardens, planted on the base of Mount Vesuvius. It was built in the year 1738, by Charles of Bourbon, who also founded the Museum. This immense collection consists of a vast number of bronze and marble statues, of pictures, and of vases of gold, of silver, and of earthen-ware still more precious. On one side are seen articles of furniture elegantly designed, such as tables, curule chairs, tripods, lamps and candelabra; on the other, instruments of agriculture, of chirurgery, of music, and kitchen utensils. In another quarter are arms offensive and defensive, jewels and other appendages of the toilette; intaglios, cameos, and other precious stones set in rings, in pins, and bracelets. We find there also colours for painting, eggs, cheese, walnuts,

POMPEII.

and leguminous vegetables, the forms of which are still distinguishable. There are even some remains of wine and oil. One of the greatest curiosities is an entire library, which once was the delight of some scholar of the Augustan age, and which creates despair in our own; for all the rolls of Papyrus have been either reduced to a cinder or destroyed by damp. The latter fall into dust the moment they are touched, and the others only owe their superior preservation to the heat which has calcined them. With skill and industry, it is even possible to unfold them, and to put them into a condition to be read and transcribed. The famous Padre Antonio Piaggi, the inventor of the process, has as yet unfolded only a very small number. The slowness of his operations, and, above all, the disappearance of a great part of these precious manuscripts, are causes of just complaint.

It was in the first age of the Christian era, and in the reign of Titus, when that violent eruption of the volcano occurred which destroyed several cities, and filled all Italy with consternation. To the ruin which seemed to have extinguished them for ever, Herculaneum, Stabia, and Pompeii, are indebted, for their miraculous preservation and their present celebrity. Herculaneum and Pompeii stood near each other, but the history of the latter is but little known; it was a sea-port town, situated about five miles distant from the crater of Vesuvius, at the mouth of the Sarno. Its harbour was common to the inhabitants of Nola, of Nocera, and of Acera, but the eruption of the volcano changed its site, or, rather, that of the river, which now flows several leagues distant from its former bed. The lava and the ashes filled up the port, and created a new shore, which encroached to a great extent upon the sea.

Pompeii had been much injured by the earthquake, in the year 63, and it was entirely buried by the eruption of 79,—the first-mentioned in history, and fatally celebrated for the great number of cities which it destroyed, for the multitude of its victims, and for the death of Pliny. Herculaneum, much nearer the volcano, was overwhelmed by a hard and compact substance, which it has been necessary to dig out with infinite labour, in order to disengage the monuments. This substance, in its fluid state, had penetrated into the remotest recesses, and had filled them as if with molten lead; whilst Pompeii had only disappeared under a shower of loose ashes. These it was easy to remove, since they only rose a few inches above the edifices. This shower of stones and burning matter extended as far as Castello a Mare, the ancient Stabia, and covered the country for thirty miles round, but with an intensity decreasing

in proportion to its distance. At Pompeii there fell stones weighing as much as eight pounds, and at Stabia not more than an ounce.

In 1689, on turning up the earth in the neighbourhood of Vesuvius about a mile from the sea, some antique inscriptions were found, making mention of the city of Pompeii, which was not suspected to have existed on that spot, and this discovery produced no further consequences. However, in 1713, the Prince D'Elbeuf, a general officer in the Austrian service, built a country house, at Portici, a beautiful spot, but almost deserted. Having occasion for some blocks of marble, he was informed that an inhabitant of the village, in sinking a well, had discovered a large quantity. The prince purchased the land; and his workmen, having discovered a vault, penetrated into it, and found several fine fragments of marble statuary. Encouraged by this circumstance, the prince redoubled his researches, which produced so many remarkable acquisitions, that the jealousy of the Neapolitan government induced it to assume to itself the direction of the works. At last, at the depth of 70 feet there was discovered an entire city—the ancient Herculaneum, with its temples, its theatres, its private houses, replete with marble and bronze statues, with pictures, and with furniture; and, in a word, with every thing which the unforeseen and sudden catastrophe had allowed no time to remove.

It seemed impossible to restore Herculaneum to the light of day, because the earth which covers them now supports the cities of Portici and Castello a Mare; but, the true site of Pompeii having been fortunately discovered under land little adapted to cultivation, it was easy to obtain possession of it, and it was determined to disengage that city from the mass of ashes which concealed it.

The first excavation, made in 1755, discovered by a singular and fortunate chance, the road which led to the gate of the city. It has three passages: that in the middle for carriages; and the two others, which are much narrower, for foot passengers. The road, paved with irregular blocks of lava, and lined with causeways, runs into the interior of the city, not in a direct line, but in a winding course, and varying considerably in breadth. Before entering the city, we see the tombs, according to the custom of the ancients, on each side of the road; and, at a little distance, a country house, having a court ornamented with columns; it is raised only a single story from the ground, beneath the level of which are found dining apartments, and other rooms, which were used as cellars, or as retreats from the heat of the weather.

The houses of the ancients had not, in general, like ours, a

multitude of stories, rising one above another; they were unacquainted with those long suites of apartments which luxury and wealth have since introduced. The rooms are small, without any communication between themselves, and often only lighted by the door. They all opened into a portico, something similar to the cloisters of a convent, which surrounded a small court where the air was refreshed by a little fountain. The upper story was lighted by a few narrow windows; those which opened on the street were situated like the windows of the Turks, about six feet from the ground, and were closed by leaves of talc, by plates of alabaster, and sometimes by little squares of unpolished glass; this construction prevented the inhabitants from seeing what passed out of doors, and also protected them from the impertinent inspection of others. Timber wood was rarely used in the construction of these houses, and its place was supplied by arches; and, in general, the roofs terminated in terraces. The floors were inlaid with Mosaic work, and the external walls were covered with paintings, worked on beautiful stucco.

In visiting Pompeii, a striking resemblance is found between its buildings and those of the Levant, and particularly of the modern Greeks. We find there those low seats running round the apartments, on which the inhabitants, no doubt, reposed, as in Turkey, on cushions, carpets, and pillows. These seats are raised about a foot from the floor, which prove pretty clearly that the ancients sat in the oriental mode, a fact which is further supported by the seats in the theatres. We also find in the Levant, marble pavements, Mosaic works, paintings on the walls, fountains in the courts, and even in the interior apartments, windows removed from sight; rooms lighted only by the door opening into covered galleries supported by columns. The vapour-baths of the orientals; their painted, gilt, and sculptured tombs; their sepulchral edifices, situated at the gates of the city, at the side of the high roads, and surrounded with public walks; the same arrangement of the shops; the foot-paths raised in front of the houses, and along the roads: all these customs of the Levant are founded on antique usages. The resemblance is such, that these ruins appeared to me the remains of a Turkish city, with the exception of the architectural style of the public buildings; and if it had been inhabited by Orientals, I should have conceived it to have been built by them. In fact, a tolerably correct idea of the manners of the Romans may be formed amongst the Turks; while many vestiges of their arts are to be found in the Museum of Portici.

Amongst the buildings of Portici, one observation struck me

with astonishment,—the extraordinary diminutiveness of their proportions. The houses, the streets, the squares, of this city, seem to have been constructed for a race of pigmies. The principal street is only twelve feet wide; the others eight or ten. The lateral gates of the city are only four feet wide; some rooms are only six feet square. The walls of the town are only twenty-five or thirty feet in height, and the steps which lead to the ramparts will not admit two persons abreast.

This circumstance presents a striking contrast with the other antiquities of Italy, and particularly of Sicily; where we find colossal temples, with columns so enormous that a man can readily stand in one of their flutings, which are not less than eighteen inches wide. How can we reconcile the proportions of this minute city with the accounts of historians, which are calculated to aggrandize the works, and even the personal stature of the ancients?

Even in Rome itself, notwithstanding its immense extent, the common citizens occupied but little space. The houses of individuals must have been as confined as those of Pompeii, if we take into consideration, that half of the city was occupied by the immense palaces of the emperors, which alone were equal to small cities; by the circuses, the theatres, and an immense number of temples, chapels, baths, and gardens. It is true, that the Roman people spent the day in the open air, or in the public establishments, and therefore only stood in need of a small habitation to shelter them during the night.

It presents, in fact, a singular spectacle, when we behold this city, of so remote an origin, and discover in it the traces of those antique manners which the classical authors can only imperfectly display. The structures of the town, though somewhat injured in the higher stories, were, when discovered, perfect in other respects. The statues, the Mosaics, and even the pictures, preserved all their freshness; every article of furniture, every household utensil, remained in the spot which they had occupied sixteen centuries before; bread, wheat, fruits, although dried up, or slightly burnt, might still be recognised; and, above all, several bodies of the inhabitants were discovered in the attitudes and dress in which they had been surprized by death: some in the act of flying with their most precious jewels, or concealed in remote retreats; and others surprized at table, or stifled in the bath.

LETTER V.

Departure from Naples—Terracina—Temple of Jupiter Anxuris—Description of the Pontine Marshes—Arrival at Rome—First View of that City—Visit to Tivoli—Celebrated Men—Temple of the Sibyl—Scenery around Tivoli—Grotto of Neptune—Dreadful accident.

NOTWITHSTANDING my desire to depart, I felt considerable pain on leaving Naples; my former companion was compelled to reside some time longer in that city, and my new fellow-traveller did not seem inclined to waste his thoughts in melancholy meditations. He was a young Roman who had been finishing his education at Naples, and who was impatient to return to his family to display the extent of his acquisitions. His memory certainly was well stored with an abundance of quotations and anecdotes which rendered his conversation very interesting. As we passed Gaeta he mentioned the Cecubian wines celebrated by Horace; at Capua he gave us the history of its destructive pleasures; here was Formianum, the favourite retreat of Cicero, and at this turn in the road he was perfidiously assassinated. In spite of my friend's entertaining exertions, I could not prevent myself from falling to sleep: my pitiless companion then raised his voice that he might converse with the postillion, but receiving no reply he consoled himself with singing a *canzonetta*. He wakened me to join in the chorus, in which our post-boy sung the base.

The appearance of the rocks of Terracina excited my curiosity and the loquacity of my companion. "It is," said he, "the Anxur of the ancients, the capital of the Volsci:" and he then related its ancient history. From the summit of Mount San-Angelo, and near the monastry of that name, are the ruins of some vast edifices attributed to Theodoric. After draining the Pontine marshes, and building Terracina, the sovereign of the Goths, struck with the beauty of the prospect, from these heights, built a magnificent palace here, and surrounded the city with walls and strong towers, many of which are still visible; but death surprised him ere he had completed his splendid undertaking. The remains also of a temple of Jupiter

Anxuris are seen here. Under the ruins there is an excavation opening towards the south. It is the work of nature, if we may judge from the stalactites which hang from the vaulted roof and cover the walls. On penetrating into the inner cavities of this grotto it is said the sound of winds and the dashing of waves is heard. It is thought that this cavern served as a retreat to some of the primitive Christians, who fled from persecution, to practice in this solitude their mysterious ceremonies. But the sulphureous waters, which rush forth from many parts of the rock, render it probable that it was formerly used as a bath; and some remains, such as were used as ornaments in the halls of baths being found here, strengthen this conjecture.

The pyramidal rock of Terracina, called *Pesculo*, or *Pescio Montano*, was formerly crowned with a strong fortress, which commanded the passage to Campania, and could have defended it against a numerous army. The rock is isolated on three sides, and is joined to the mountain by its base. It seems worked with the chissel, like a wall, to the height of upwards of two hundred feet.

After visiting all the curiosities of Terracina, I resolved to examine the famous Pontine marshes which extend nearly to the gates of that city. I took a guide, and our route lay over the summits of the mountains by the ancient road of Piperno, then descending into the marshes, traversing them sometimes in a *sandalo*, a flat and very light sort of boat, and sometimes meeting with dry and solid ground. My companion, who was to meet me at Cisterna the following day, filled my pockets with garlic, and furnished me with a flask of a certain liquor to defend me from the influence of the *aria cattiva*.

The Pontine marshes occupy a plain of twenty miles in length and ten miles in breadth, bordered on one side by the Appennines, and on the other by a chain of hills which run from Mount Circello, and separate the marshes into many little lakes, which appear to be formed by the waters of the sea. Between Mount Circello and Terracina the stagnant waters extend as far as the sea, into which the superfluous waters pour themselves. The portion of the Roman territory which the marshes occupy, was formerly so fertile that it was called Feronia, from a temple of that goddess, the patroness of vegetation. In fact, in the times of the Romans, the *ager Pontinus* was considered as the granary of Rome, and it was covered with towns and splendid edifices. Atticus, Mecænas, and even Augustus retired hither to enjoy the delightful picture of rural pleasures and labours. The hills were crowned with olive trees, and their sides blushed with the clusters of the vine, while the plains were intersected with streams and ponds.

Appius Claudius, when he was constructing the famous road which bears his name, and which passed over these marshes, was the first who raised the banks and cleansed this portion of the country overflowed with the unchecked streams. Under the consulate of Cornelius Cethegus the draining was continued, but it was not finally completed till the time of Augustus. This tract of land retained its salubrity for more than four centuries, till the incursion of the Barbarians, and the removal of the emperors.

Under Theodoric it was again proposed to drain it, but, at the end of the fifth century, the plague, famine, and, above all, the attacks of the Barbarians, caused the enterprize to be abandoned. The writers of this age speak with horror of the Pontine marshes. When the Goths were expelled from Italy the popes turned their attention to this undertaking; but Boniface VIII. was the first who seriously applied himself to this object. When the apostolic chair was transferred to Avignon these labours languished. They were again attempted by some of the Pontiffs, but without success.

It is to Pius VI. that the present improved state of these marshes is owing; who, after having pursued a well-advised plan, of which the experience of many years has proved the success, has changed the appearance, and even the nature of the place lately so frightful, and converted it into one vast garden. It is with pleasure no longer mingled with fear that the traveller proceeds through a magnificent avenue, straight, well-paved, and shaded with beautiful trees, and bordered by canals, the evaporations from which are said to be no longer noxious, serving merely to give freshness to the atmosphere.

Attempts are making to lead back the inhabitants to this deserted spot. Along the road four post-houses are built; and inns, granaries, mills, and bakehouses. There are also several houses built for the workmen and the superintendants. In addition to these a convent and a handsome church are found there. The lands have been divided, and some parts let on long leases. Villages will shortly rise, and then this plain, lately so unhealthy, will form once more the granary of Rome and the rest of Italy.

I rejoined my companion at Cisterna, and it was dark ere we reached the gates of Rome: and, on the following morning, my eyes opened on the ancient capital of the world. From my windows I could see innumerable palaces and cupolas of marble, and the summit of Trajan's column. I am absolutely distracted! I admire! I compare! I study!—One object attracts me and another calls off my attention; and I seem to wish in

one day to amass recollections to serve me the remainder of my life.

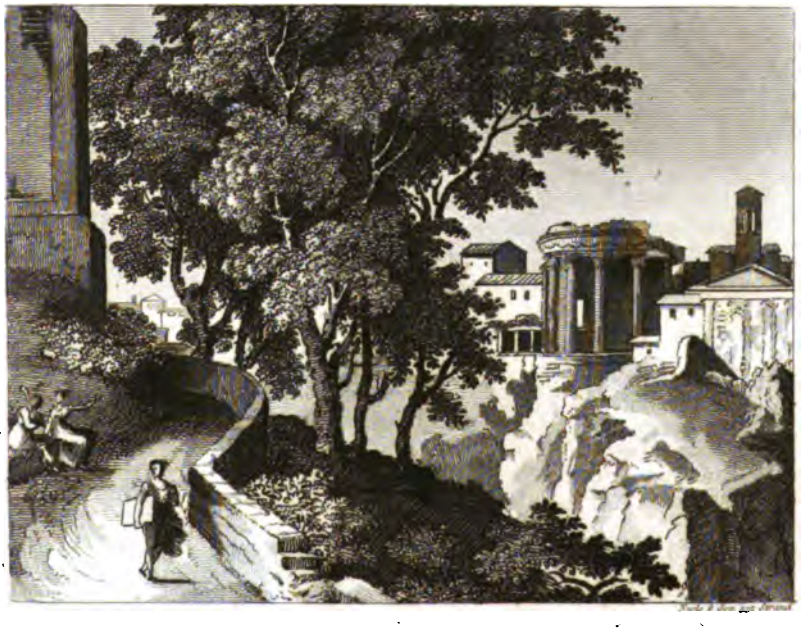
What a scene for an artist! The borders of the Tiber, the hills of the city, the shape of its walls, the immense heaps of ruins, the admirable variety of the gardens, which make you think you are wandering in the country when you are surrounded by the walls, all furnish the painter with studies and picturesque subjects, and with infinite sources of renewed delight. There is not a single bye-way which does not offer him an opportunity of exercising his pencil. Here the open gate of a house of ordinary pretensions displays at the bottom of the court a little fountain surmounted with some fragments of ancient sculpture, shaded by jasmine bowers; there a flight of stairs open to the air, leads to the summit of a terrace crowned with an arbour and bordered with vases of flowers, which the attentive hand of a young girl nurtures and cultivates: farther on the fragments of an aqueduct serve as a frame to the rich perspective. On one side a rude cabin, inhabited by an hermit, stands against an ancient palace of marble, of which there is nothing left but the front of a hollow wall, the unequal summit of which is decked with wall-flowers. Everywhere the new city rises on the ruins of the ancient kingdom of the Cæsars, while the magnificent marbles which form the modern tombs were fashioned for the city of Augustus or of Adrian.

It is this fortuitous mixture of distinct elements which gives Rome such charms;—it is the ideas which rise on surveying them, and the deep train of feeling which they occasion, that render this place so attractive in the eyes of the artist, and make him regret that he cannot consecrate his life to beholding it.

I pass my time in wandering about without design or determinate object; and if I have not yet seen the museums and the more precious monuments of art, at least I have caught the picturesque and moral character of Rome. I have become familiar with the inhabitants, and with the topography of their city. My portfolio is full of sketches, and my memory of delightful recollections.

I resolved to visit Tivoli before winter made any further advances. Leaving Rome by the gate of San-Lorenzo, a little less than a mile off, we passed the church of the same name, one of the most ancient of the Christian edifices. Its character is simple and imposing. Constantine is generally regarded as the founder, but it has been successively restored by Sixtus III. and several of the succeeding Pontiffs. Many of the architec-

COTTAGE OF THE SHEPHERDS OF LA PUGLIA.



TEMPLES OF VESTA AND OF THE SIBYL.

tural parts have been borrowed from still more ancient buildings. I passed over the Tiburtine road, bordered with the relics of innumerable tombs and temples. In the midst of these, quantities of cinerary urns are perpetually discovered, and inscriptions and other curious remains. Here stands the tomb of the haughty Pallas, the freedman of Claudius. Farther on lies the *Campo Verano*, beneath which are catacombs filled with the bones of Christian martyrs. Passing over a canal of the Solfatara I reached some baths called the Baths of the Queen; they are probably the remains of a villa belonging to Regulus, a famous jurisconsult, mentioned by Pliny and Martial. I then arrived at the bridge of Lucano, which is terminated by the monument of the Plautian family, who possessed a superb villa at this spot: the tomb is of a circular form, resembling that of Cæcilia Metella. Constructed principally of travertine stone, it was faced with marble and ornamented with columns and statues. The decline of day made me hasten forwards to Tivoli.

Who can sleep the first night of their arrival at Tivoli? My delightful bed-chamber was close to the temple of the Sybil, or rather of Vesta, and in sight of a magnificent cascade. The stream dashes itself down, disappears, and separates into a thousand little currents in the subterraneous passages which pierce the mountain upon which this part of the city is built. *(See Plate V.)*

The fall of the waters produces a deafening sound, sometimes imitating the noise of thunder, according as the sound strikes directly on the ear, or is dispersed by the wind. Between me and the cascade lay the bridge, the church, and the town; and the effect of the moonlight on the river which flowed round the town was most beautiful.

How different was the scene when I beheld it in the morning, yet equally delightful! The heavens were cloudless, and the dashing of the cascade seemed softened, and it was mingled with sounds which told of the awakening of nature and of man. The chirping of swallows, the turning of mills, the noise f the horses' hoofs as they passed the bridge, the voices of the peasants, cloathed in their best habits and hastening to church, the sound of the bells floating on the air, all announced a day of festival. It was indeed so to me to find myself at Tivoli! Nothing is pleasanter here than the perpetual chiming of the bells, so disagreeable in other places: it resembles in Italy a sort of aërial music. So well do this people, whose taste is so delicate in all the arts, know how to harmonize and time their sounds, and to produce intonations as correct as those with which nature has inspired their songs.

The ruins of the temple next drew my attention; situated, like an eagle's nest, on the pinnacle of hollow rocks, and surrounded by precipices down which the river dashes, this edifice of a circular form, is built in a style of architecture singular, rich, and elegant: of the eighteen Corinthian columns which surrounded it in the form of a detached peristyle, only ten now remain. The light must have entered by the door or through an opening in the roof, for the windows appear less ancient than the primitive building, the origin of which is unknown.

During the Augustan age the environs of Tivoli were the retreat of a crowd of celebrated men,—Virgil, Horace, Propertius, Varro, and lastly Mecænas, the protector of letters, of arts, and of all those who cultivated such pursuits with success, fixed their residences on the borders of the Anio. Mecænas built at Tibur a villa, or rather a city, the immense circuit of which is still filled with an infinite variety of beautiful edifices which almost seem destined for immortality. This wise Roman flying the noisy pleasures of the capital preferred the charms of a private life to the vanity of grandeur; and rejected the first offices of the state, offered to him by the most powerful ruler on earth, who was also his most intimate friend. In his Tiburtine villa Augustus frequently visited him; and in the house of Mæcenas the emperor sought consolation under the afflictions of sickness.

Tucca and Varus, both poets and courtiers of Augustus, the intimate companions of Mecænas, were the persons who at the recommendation of Virgil introduced Horace to the friendship of their patron. The good offices of the latter were extremely important to the illustrious poet, who had embraced the party of Brutus and Cassius, for which offence his new protector procured him the pardon of his sovereign.

Horace made use of his favour with these great men to re-establish his fortunes; and Mecænas gave him a small villa, built on the banks of the Anio. In this retreat, in the neighbourhood of that of Catullus, freed from all his cares and in the enjoyment of a voluptuous repose, he composed his immortal poems, and celebrated the praises of his benefactors.

The prosperity of Tivoli decreased at the death of those illustrious persons who had carried glory and pleasure into this fortunate corner of the earth. Quintillius died the first, and the prince of lyric poets wept over his death. Soon afterwards Virgil, seeing his end approaching, appointed Augustus, Mecænas, and some of his other friends, his heirs, commanding them to commit his divine poem to the flames! Horace, as he seemed to have wished, preceded his protector to the tomb. Augustus became the possessor of the villa of Mecænas

and passed there the remainder of his days. In the temple of Hercules, which was in the neighbourhood of this habitation, he administered justice to his subjects.

The inhabitants of Tivoli deplored the death of a sovereign, whose almost constant presence had been the means of carrying life, and prosperity, and riches into their city. They delighted to recal the memory of this prince by inscriptions on monumental stones; and they raised to Livia, his wife, a statue in the forum of Hercules.

I now laid a plan for disposing of my time during my residence at Tivoli, and I resolved on several excursions, refusing, however, the company of a guide. The Cicerone disenchanted me at Naples, and I dismissed them that I might not be stunned by their impertinent babble, and that I might receive answers only when I put questions. I was just on the point of commencing my first excursion when some large drops of rain fell, which were followed up by a long succession of showers. When it rains here it is in torrents.

The *Tramontana* has chased away the showers, and the dry leaves rustle as it blows. The ground is firm again, and the vapours which obscured the atmosphere have disappeared, and I can now set out on my first excursion. I hastened to the gate of San-Angelo through old houses built on the ruins of the magnificent villa of Manlius Vopiscus. There I beheld the road of the Cascatelles, a delightful route running along the crown of a hill, which extends in the shape of an amphitheatre: I perceived through the olives planted on the declivity, the Anio, which winds along and dashes itself into its deep and flinty bed. On the other side rise immense rocks, and the temple of Vesta; that of the Sibyl, and a portion of the city, crown their summit.

The most remarkable object during my excursion was the grotto of Neptune, which almost resembles the palace of that divinity. Only imagine an immense rock in which the force of the waters has scooped out a number of secret channels through which torrents burst forth to mingle in the gulph, where their murmurs resound; they fill the atmosphere with their spray; and the air is agitated by the rapidity of their motion.

The sound of the falling waters, repeated by the echoes, and varied by the winds, produces a singular and terrible harmony, in the midst of which the human voice, the sound of musical instruments, and even the report of fire-arms can scarcely be distinguished, and which appears to impose silence on the rest of nature, that the voice of the god of tempests may alone be heard.

At the bottom of these precipices scarce any other creatures

are seen but clouds of wild pigeons, which build their nests in the crevices of the rocks. Accustomed to the roaring of the waters they dash through the clouds of spray, sometimes darting into the depths of the grotto, and struggling with the current of air which seem to whirl them along.

On returning to the city I heard confused cries, rising above the voice of the elements. I quickened my steps, and at last distinguished, amongst others, the voice of a woman who rent the air with her cries. I saw the summit of the rocks lined with a crowd of people, running, shouting, and answering each other with every sign of terror and anxiety. I followed to the verge of a precipice hanging over the great cascade, and there beheld the disfigured body of a young man who had gone out in the morning to hunt on the steep banks of the river: not having re-appeared during the day, his friends, anxious for his safety, sought him amongst the moist and slippery rocks of Tivoli, which the hunters frequent, regardless of the danger, and they had now first discovered his body, suspended amongst the bushes which cloath the rocks of the great cascade. The cry of dismay spread through the valley till it reached the mother of the unfortunate victim. Fearful of the truth, she ran in agony to the borders of the precipice, and, hanging over it, she was only prevented by force from throwing herself forwards. In the mean time an intrepid hunter descended by means of ropes to the spot where his unfortunate companion lay—a lifeless form! Whilst they were drawing them up together the friends of the miserable mother endeavoured to remove her from the spot; but the convulsive movements which affected her increased to an alarming degree. They then determined to bring to her the body of her son. A heart-rending scene which I shall never forget ensued. After having bathed the corpse with tears, and loaded it with caresses; after having attempted to warm it in her bosom, she was at last convinced of the reality of her misery, she passionately exclaimed, "He is dead!" and fell senseless by his side.

LETTER VI.

The House of Catullus—Of Horace—English Caricatures—Temple of Tosse—Musical taste of the Italians—Description of the Ruins of the Villa Adriana—Rustics playing al porco—*Return to Rome—Villas of Este and of Mecænas.*

AN ancient tradition says, that on this spot stood the house of Catullus. It is singular that the habitation of a poet like

CASCATELLES.

Catullus should have become the retreat of austerity; but it may be remarked, that we ought generally to seek for the traces of the ancient villas on the scite of the convents. If there existed in the middle ages any vast and magnificent, but half-ruined building, it was converted into a church, and its dependant buildings became the habitations of the ministers of religion. In examining the houses of Pompeii, or in reading the description of an ancient villa, we perceive the most faithful imitation of them in the modern monasteries. The courts, surrounded by porticoes to walk in, and from which branch the chambers without any other communication between them; the basins which adorn them, the terraces or covered galleries, the oratories in the gardens, even the churches with the chapels often built like the halls of baths, all offer striking analogies to the houses of the ancients.

It is difficult to find a situation which agrees better than this with the idea which may be formed of the habitation of Catullus. In digging in this enclosure very beautiful pavements of different coloured marbles have been found, and a column on which was sculptured in bas relief figures of women representing the muses, or the graces: Horace was the neighbour of Catullus. I arrived at the dwelling of the poet by a very picturesque path, shaded by olive and chesnut-trees, laurels, and vines. This is, no doubt, the famous *Tiburni luculum*, where, in the time of Pliny, three immense chesnut-trees were seen, older even than Tiburnus who founded the city. Here also rose his tomb and his temple; for the people of Latium were accustomed to reckon their founders amongst the gods, and to raise altars to them. The house of Horace was not far off. I perceived through the trees a little convent, built of the remains of other structures, in a most picturesque situation. I had no further to go—I stood on the lands of the friend of Mecænas! *(See Plate IV.)*

But all at once I beheld a spectacle which surprised and enchanted me, and even made me forget Horace, his house, and his verses. It was the *Cascatelles!* I had already beheld with a feeling amounting to solemnity this river precipitate itself into its deep and rocky bed; I now beheld it dancing in its course and burning in the rays of the sun, sometimes concealing itself, then re-appearing and bounding to the bottom of the valley, through verdure and through flowers. *(See Plate VI.)*

It is in the morning that these scenes should be visited;—then is the moment of inspiration and musing! The fresh sensations of the mind are not then harassed by the fatigue of the long and laborious day; they have found tranquillity in the arms of sleep, and we hasten to enjoy, in voluptuous delirium,

all the faculties of the imagination. With what delight did I cast myself under the shade of the ancient olive-trees, which I was willing to think were planted by the hands of Horace, or which adorned the immense possessions of Quintilius Varus!

A tradition, common amongst the inhabitants of Tivoli, points out the foundations of the little convent of San-Antonio as the scite of the poet's habitation. Situated on the right bank of the Anio, this villa, like that of Catullus, might be called either *Sabina*, or *Tiburtina*, according to what Suetonius says, who places it in the neighbourhood of the sacred forest of Tibur. Though Horace boasted of his poverty, it was only relative; he possessed a house in Rome, and rents, and stewards, and slaves: he did not consider himself rich, but enjoyed that *aurea mediocritas*—that happy competence equally removed from riches and from poverty, and he did not therefore excite the envy of his opulent neighbours. The steep scite which the house occupies proves that it was not spacious; a garden, sustained by terraces, stretched nearly to the borders of the river, and a wood of chesnut-trees, which still exist, formed a shelter against the burning heat of noon, and formed a walk which might be compared, said the poet, to the delicious groves of Tarentum. In short, this enchanting retreat where all the pleasures of the country and the charms of study might be enjoyed in peace, might well satisfy the wishes of a heart attached to solitude and literature.

From the modest retreat of Horace, I turned to the haughty habitation of Quintilius Varus, situated in front of that of Mecænas, which it seemed desirous of rivaling in magnificence; this villa crowns the hill, at the foot of which runs the Teverone: on the other side, fronting the south, extend the ruins of the palace of Mecænas. The waters, which add to the beauty of the scene, lose themselves amongst the ruins, and again seek the light through the crevices of the walls which they undermine.

Ancient fortifications, with embattled towers, which rival in height the spires of Christian churches, and the edifices of Tivoli, are disposed with a sort of picturesque symmetry on the table summit of a vast acclivity, whose sides, though steep, are covered with verdure. On every little shelf where the industry of man could convey a few baskets full of earth, are seen fruit-trees and vines; even the peaks of the rocks are cloathed with moss and tufts of herbs, the verdure of which is nourished by the humid mists which perpetually surround them. The streams flow from all sides with more or less abundance, and they are converted to useful purposes in turning mills for the manufacture of copper, iron, and other articles. After per-

forming these useful services they escape from the midst of the houses and trees, and embellish the country with the effect of their innumerable falls—producing those delicious *cascatelles* which form the delight of the traveller, and the despair of the landscape-painter. Now they glide from rock to rock, like silver threads; now they separate themselves, and shine like plates of metal—sometimes confined in a narrow bed they are covered with foam of snow-like whiteness: but how can even the first of the *cascatelles*, so abundant and so beautiful, be described at once? Imagine a river springing from many fountains uniting itself in one bed, and dashing headlong in columns of unequal size, which unite as they descend, and, ere they reach the bottom, form a cloud of sparkling spray; the waters then break upon pyramidal rocks resembling in their colours that beautiful mineral malachite: there the vapours, undergoing a metamorphosis, are converted into a liquid state, and, swelling through the rocks, burst forth, and surmounting every obstacle which opposed their course towards a less rugged channel, they gain their level, and, with it, their former transparency and beauty.

It was late when I returned to Tivoli—my dinner was spoiled and my wine was flat; but every thing appeared excellent to me—I had visited the *cascatelles* and the house of Horace!

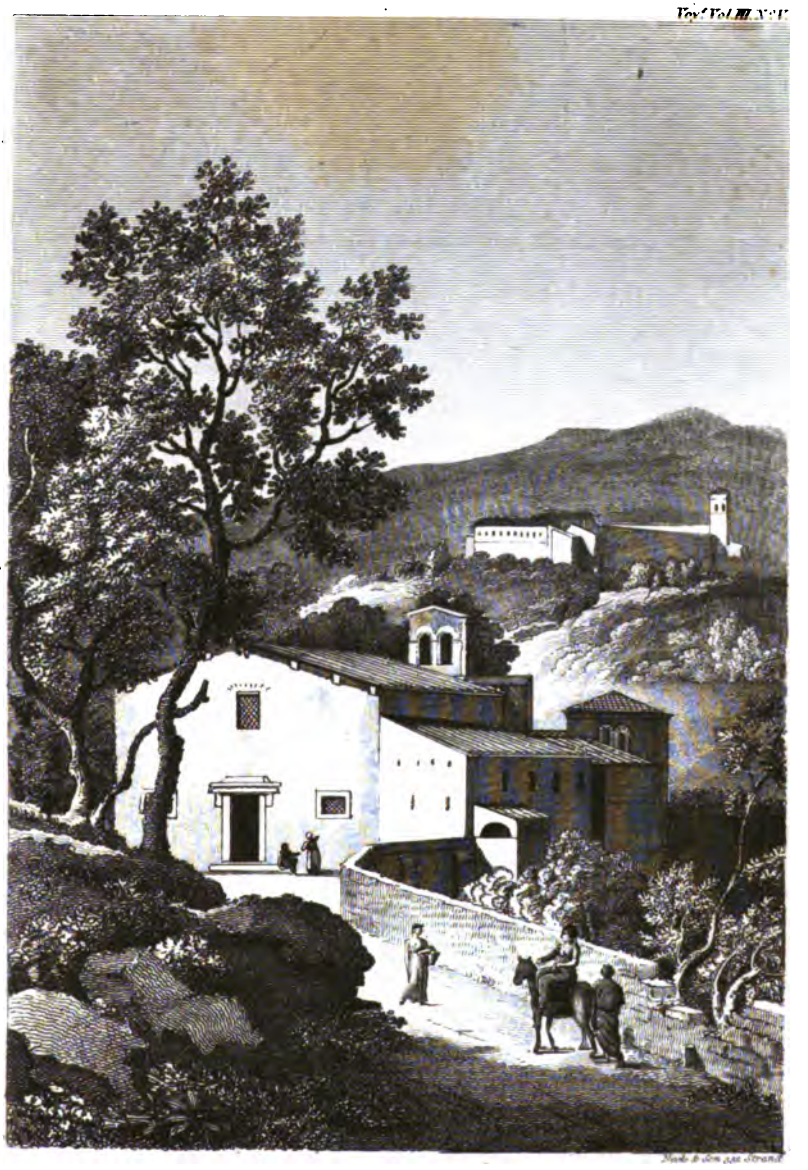
The bad weather has detained me in the house; but fortunately the situation is extremely picturesque, and furnishes me, without going out of doors, with numerous prospects. I also enjoy another source of amusement; the walls of the rooms are covered with verses and sketches, the latter frequently the productions of good artists, who have wasted an hour or two in thus bestowing entertainment on succeeding travellers. The English artists seem to have carried the art of caricaturing to the highest state of perfection: one of them has lately ornamented the whole length of our hosts gallery with a sketch of the *post-asses* of Tivoli; that is to say, he has represented all the incidents of an excursion from hence to the Villa Adriana. I lost much of the merit of this pleasant caricature, from not being acquainted with the persons (of both sexes) that were represented in great variety, and extremely well expressed; but, independent of this, the sketch of the long-eared coursers was most excellent, and their ridiculous positions, and the other laughable incidents which often take place in large parties, afforded me much entertainment.

The following day the heavens grew clear, and at the break of day I set off with one of the sons of my host for my guide: on leaving the city by the *Porto delle Colle* there is a fine river, which I recommend to artists. We left on our right the

temple of *Tosse*, which ivy and climbing plants covered with their foliage, concealing its form, and giving it the appearance of a verdant arbour; an isolated and colossal column marked the station of the house of Mecænas; further on rose some towers; as far as the eye extended there was a beautiful mingling of gardens and houses, and ruins, shadowed with cypress and pine trees; at the bottom the elevated summits of Monticelli, Montalbano, and San-Angelo in Capoccia, which form the limit of the Sabine territory, and of the Campagna of Rome, seem to crown the plain, through which the Anio winds, peaceably reposing, as it were, from the fatigues which it has experienced in the rocky passes of Tivoli.

The temple of *Tosse* is situated in the garden belonging to the canons of the cathedral; its form is circular, and it is in a good state of preservation; in fact, it is not known to what divinity it was consecrated, although popular tradition has dedicated it to the goddess who presided over *coughs*. It is certainly true that the ancients sometimes erected altars to malevolent deities, to propitiate them, and to protect themselves from their influence; Cicero mentions a temple consecrated to Fever; Pliny speaks of the temples of Misfortune and Idleness; perhaps, however, the etymology of this denomination may have arisen in another manner. The designation of families was frequently added to the names of divinities as Juno-*Claudia*, Fortuna-*Flavia*; may not this temple have been dedicated to some Venus-*Tossia*, or Ceres-*Tossia*? Fabretti mentions two monuments of a family of that name.

As we proceeded on our route, we traversed woods which shaded a soft green turf; we forded little brooks, or climbed small hills covered with myrtles, sage, and rosemary. The sun which falls direct on these unsheltered and uncultivated spots, almost burns them, rendering the odours of the plants still more strong, and drinking up their balsamic emanations, which rise like the incense of gratitude to the great Creator. I gave way to the beauty of the scene, and, plunged into contemplative thought, I made no answers but in monosyllables to my young guide; and he, on his side, withdrawing himself, instigated no doubt by the chaunting of the birds, began gaily to sing those beautiful airs which the people of this land so much delight in, and the melodious simplicity of which is truly charming. What is that natural taste which is found only in Italy, where every simple villager, every child that sings is accompanied immediately by the bye-standers with such taste and judgment? In joining their voices the same air is continued, not in the same tones, but with the melody of different parts. Whence does that tact arise, that nice and



SITE OF HORACE'S HOUSE.

delicate perception, which enables them to catch the most harmonious notes, and to reject every false tone? They know not the rules of music; they are ignorant of the lowest principles of composition, yet they form combinations which indicate the finest skill, and seem the effect of a sort of instinct.

Without experiencing the least fatigue from the length of the way, we arrived at the entrance of the ancient mansion of a powerful emperor. No triumphal arch, no succession of porticos were left—a simple and unornamented door-way, formed of two pilasters covered with plaster, was all that remained. As I entered the vast inclosure of the Villa Adriana, I found myself surrounded by heaps of ruins which astonished me by their immensity.

The proud retreat of Adrian, situated about three miles from Tibur, towards the south-west, occupied, in a line of nearly three miles, a chain of hills in the midst of a winding valley, bounded by rocks: it was protected towards the east by high mountains crowned with thick forests; and on the opposite side lay the numerous monuments strewed along the plain of Rome. In the distance the seven hills of the eternal city, covered with obelisks and temples, rose above the horizon, burning with the setting splendours of the sun. A nearer view of the villa discovered the edifices built on the summits of the hills, on their sides or at their base; some built on level ground, some raised on terraces, and some constructed under ground; there were porticos, gymnasiums, theatres, circuses, stadiums, temples, and houses mingled with gardens, bowers, and pieces of water. This vast territory contained such a quantity of monuments, that it bade defiance to the outrages of time and man.

Sallust, Horace, and Seneca, complain with reason of the ruinous magnificence of the villas of their time; Adrian surpassed all his predecessors, and put the world under contribution for embellishments for his Tiburtine Villa. This emperor is said to have had a desire of constructing in this place, imitations of all the most celebrated edifices which he had admired in his travels, as the Lyceum, the Academy, and the Prytaneum of Athens. Nay, it was even said that a representation of the infernal kingdom and the Elysian fields was to be seen here. One cannot doubt the truth of history, when one beholds these monuments. Though explored a hundred times, and presenting no interest but to painters and architects, yet the immense space which is covered, the thickness and solidity of the walls, the precious objects, the remains of which crowd every step, the very considerable number of statues, bas-reliefs, and inscriptions, which have been discovered in this

place, and carried to Rome, to enrich the museums—all add to the idea which we have formed of the powerful magnificence and never-failing resources of the monarch-people.

The principal entrance into the villa looked towards the bridge of Lucano, and the Tiburtine road; a way, the remains of which are still seen, led to it: two piles of masonry, distant from each other 75 feet, mark the entrance—they rise on the border of the road, at the entrance of the modern enclosure. On entering, the most remarkable object which presents itself is a very high wall, which overlooks the Pæcile, a double portico of 700 feet in height, once ornamented in all probability with paintings, like that at Athens, and supported on each side by the wall we have mentioned. This building is so high, that it casts a shade at almost every period of the day. This wall was situated between two squares equally surrounded with porticoes; that on the south still preserves the form of a parallelogram, terminated at its extremities by flattened arches. In the centre of this vast court there rose some low walls, which formerly supported a fountain, if we may credit those who levelled the place, in order to plant it with vines.

It was in the Pæcile, and in a hall which yet exists, that Adrian used to assemble his literary friends, and where he used to amuse himself in listening to, or disputing with them, according to the Athenian custom. The *Bibliotheca*, or Library, was not far from the Pæcile—nothing remains of it but the wall, in which there are 25 niches.

On a neighbouriag hill rises a magnificent theatre; fragments of 48 statues have been discovered here; the rising seats are still distinguishable, and the *proscenium* and some other parts are in good preservation; it is the same with the other ancient theatre, with the exception of those of Pompeii and Herculaneum, which are more complete.

Turning to the south, we see the remains of the porticoes which led to the baths; then we arrive at the Academy and the Temple of Apollo and the Muses, which was ornamented with columns of Parian marble; not far from this, in the place in which the wild-beasts were confined, there were discovered in the pontificate of Alexander VI. the statues of the nine muses, which now adorn the Royal Museum of Paris. The neighbouring ground is covered with the ruins of the buildings which formed the Academy, habitations mingled with gardens and fountains formed by conducting thither the waters of the Marcia and the Anio: from this point extends a portico, which led to that part of the villa called the Lyceum—

a building dedicated to philosophical studies, where a group of Pan and Syrinx was discovered.

After having traversed the foundation of an *exedrum* and of the baths, the traveller arrives at the *Canopus*, one of the most beautiful ornaments of the place; here part of the valley had been shaped so as to contain a vast sheet of water, where imitations of naval combats were represented: at one of the extremities lie the ruins of a temple in the form of a shell, which was dedicated to Neptune, who was called Canopus by the Egyptians. Here also the statue of a sea-horse, one of the attributes of that deity was discovered; and also a considerable quantity of figures of Egyptian divinities, which were conveyed to the Museum of the Vatican, and deposited in the hall called on that account Canopus. In proceeding towards the east the traveller enters another valley, which is supposed by antiquarians to have been fashioned into a model of the delicious bowers of Tempè and the Elysian fields, and in which was the entrance to the infernal regions.

It appears to me that the excavations ornamented with sculptures and paintings, and in which mysteries, so terrifying to the uninitiated, were celebrated, were formed from the quarries, whence the immense piles of materials used in the construction of this villa were drawn; the entrances are through three apertures, which, in the opinion of Pirro Ligorio, mark the avenues of the three-quarters of the world—Asia towards the East, Africa towards the west, and Europe towards the north: long corridors, forming a labyrinth, led to an immense cavern filled with water, where the thrones and tribunals of the infernal deities were seen. The Crypto Porticus was a grotto formed in the rock. (*See Plate IX.*)

Towards the south, and at the extremity of the villa, extends the rest of the Prytaneum; it was composed of vast piles of building, where the emperor lodged the sick soldiers, his ancient companions in arms. Here were the granaries, the cellars, and innumerable other magazines for all sorts of provisions. Both in the environs, and in the centre of the beautiful gardens, rose the monuments of the illustrious persons who died in the villa. Many cinerary urns have been discovered. With the exceptions above mentioned, the villa only presents a mass of ruins. In the time, indeed, of Pirro Ligorio, many other buildings were standing; this was about the year 1550.

I quitted these interesting scenes, and hastened towards Rome. On my return from the villa, I passed a crowd from which loud laughs proceeded, and cries of bravo. I enquired the reason, and found that they were engaged in the game

al porco, or of pigs. Popular amusements generally resemble one another, although they vary according to the country, and the manners and character of the inhabitants. There are some games which, though cruel and sanguinary, are tolerated only on account of the address and courage which they require. It is in the nature of man to prefer games in which some personal danger is mingled. But it is shameful for man to amuse himself with the sufferings of harmless animals, frequently of a timid and peaceable nature, in cold blood; and without danger to himself exciting them to fight and mutilate one another, and then enjoying their agony.

The game which I have just mentioned is of the latter species, though scarcely more ridiculous than cruel; and it is not without risk to those who engage in it. A pig is the subject and the victim of the entertainment. This animal is adorned with ribbands and painted with various colours, and a bell is hung round its neck. The object of the game is to pursue and catch him; and this is very difficult for the performers, since they can neither see nor walk. Each of them in fact, is tied up in a sack of thick sail cloth, which is tied together at the top, so as to protect the person inside from the effect of blows. Two apertures are left for the arms, which are left completely at liberty. Muffled up in this strange manner, the hunters are placed in a ring, at some distance from one another, and are armed with sticks, ready, when the pig is let loose, to commence the attack. As soon as the ringing of the bell betrays the situation of their prey, and warns them of its approach, they all begin to leap forwards, for, as they cannot walk, they are obliged to use this motion. The slightest obstacle, and the least shock, trip them up; much of the sport consists in their endeavours to overthrow one another. The terrified animal, scared by the cries of the crowd, runs awkwardly about, endeavouring to escape from its enemies. It flies from one and meets with another, running against him and knocking him down;—then it makes a new attempt to pierce the crowd of spectators, which drives it back into the circle, beneath the sticks of its pursuers: at the sound of the bell, the weapons again descend, frequently on the shoulders of the other combatants. The animal becomes the property of him who seizes or disables it. The conqueror generally invites his companions to feast on the fruits of his triumph.

In re-entering this city, two objects of great interest, and which form good proofs of the taste both of the ancients and moderns, the villas of Mecænas and Este, *(See plate VIII.)* claim from the traveller a more than ordinary attention. It is necessary to call up every power of the judgment and imagination,

to form an accurate idea of the former. The latter, better preserved, is yet nothing more than the shadow, as it were, of what it was in the time when this family, now extinct, flourished—a family which has gained an immortal name in the verses of Ariosto. The long terraces, the elegant porticoes, the refreshing grottoes, are solitary and silent. The stillness of the gardens is only broken by the rustling of the leaves; and the light murmurs of the waters, which, formerly subjected to the tortures of art, rose in jets, or fell in cascades, upon beds of madrepore, of mother-of-pearl, and of shells. Now, abandoned to the beautiful wildness of nature, they wind through the unequal plain, or amidst the trees, to the beds which they have formed for themselves in the hollows of the valley. The luxury of Nature has replaced the haughty vanity of the former proprietors. Whilst the marbles are sinking in decay, the enormous cypresses which adorn the garden continue to increase, till their lofty heads seem searching in the clouds the bolt which has often blasted their form and their beauty. Time, the great vanquisher, has already begun to leave in these places the traces of his power, which are so cruelly visible in the villa of Mecænas.

Mecænas knew how to make a noble and generous use of life and riches. The Society which he enjoyed, composed of Augustus, of Horace, and of Virgil, and indeed of all the most celebrated men of his time, rendered his life truly pleasing to him. The beauty of the situation of this villa, the variety of vast and splendid edifices, the refined distribution of the interior apartments, and the objects of curiosity which were collected in this place, attracted hither all the luxurious inhabitants of Rome. The grandeur of style observable in these ruins, and their vastness, recal the memory of their former greatness, and excite sentiments of admiration for them, even in their present state of decay.

They were described by Pirro Ligorio, at a time when they existed in a more perfect state. But the many vicissitudes which this edifice, dedicated to delight, has suffered in the lapse of ages, have despoiled it of the most of its beauties. Scarcely a trace remains of the paintings, and the sculptured ornaments have all disappeared. How different now is this habitation from what it was when the minister and favourite of Augustus fled to this retreat, in search of that repose and slumber which so obstinately refused to shed its influence on his eye-lids. Yet the murmurs of the waters, which as they flowed, refreshed the delightful sojourn, and fell from various cascades; musicians placed at a certain distance from the bedchamber, so that the harmonious sounds of instruments and

voices, bore only to the ear murmurs which invited to sleep; all the resources which riches can lavish on their master, could not calm the trouble of his soul and the inquietude of his spirit.

The very appearance of these ruins tells their ancient magnificence. They rose pile above pile in retreating grandeur, and the loftier buildings were reached by means of flights of steps ornamented with grottos, from whence flowed fountains of waters. The peculiar residence of Mecænas, surrounded with innumerable porticoes and gardens, like a high tower, commanded a view of all the town of Tibur and its environs, and could easily be perceived by the inhabitants of Rome: and even at this day, when we see, rising from the green summits of the rocks which impend above the stream, two prodigious ranges of arcades, built in a noble and impressive style of architecture, we are struck with admiration of this edifice, one of the most extraordinary relics of an age fertile in the productions of genius and splendour.

LETTER VII.

St. Peter's—View of the Pontiff—History of Mosaic Painting—Villas of the Italians—their Gardens—the Villa Borghese.

It is impossible to enter the cathedral of St. Peter without experiencing a sentiment of respect which produces awe and silence. This is, in fact, the first and most celebrated temple in Christendom. It is the sanctuary of devotion, the scene of the most solemn ceremonies. As I slowly gazed on the details of this vast edifice, and as my thoughts were employed with equal surprize and admiration on the astonishing objects which environed me, my attention was attracted by a scene, most simple, yet most impressive, the lively memory of which brings it now before my eyes. I saw, slowly advancing in the midst of a crowd which fell prostrate at his feet, a venerable old man. His finely shaped head was covered with white locks, and kindness and calmness were expressed in his countenance. I beheld the floating of his long white robe, and, though devoid of every ornament, I recognized the sovereign Pontiff. The deepest silence reigned around him.—Advancing alone to the middle of the nave, he knelt down—and, prostrate on the marble pavement, he humiliated himself before the sanctuary, confounded and mingled with the other worshippers. I have

since seen him under a magnificent canopy, crowned with the triple tiara, and environed with all the pomp of sovereignty: but to me he appeared far more great when, lonely, bending over a tomb, and plunged in deep meditation, he prayed for the peace and safety of the human race. His humility elevated him in my eyes: he then appeared a worthy successor of St. Peter, a fit pastor for the Christian world—his lowly attitude inspired more respect in my bosom than if I had seen him officiating at the most gorgeous ceremonies.

A picture of another kind, yet no less interesting to me, now engaged my attention—the sublime representation of the transfiguration of Christ. I know not whether it was accident, or the consequence of the ingenious mode in which this Mosaic was placed,—but a sunbeam shed its light on the Glory, while the rest of the composition was in a soft and harmonious demi-tint. The appearance of this inimitable painting, for it must be called so; the sanctity of the place; the religious silence, succeeded by the swell of harmonious voices which rolled along the vaulted roofs; the whole scene ended so truly imposing, left such traces in my mind, that I doubt whether the sublime original* could give rise to similar sensations.

Some observations on the art of Mosaic painting will not be impertinent in this place. This art, which consists in uniting small pieces of various coloured marbles, so as the surface may have the effect of a painting, was discovered by an artist, whose industry Pliny qualifies with the term of *importunum ingenium*. The invention is most probably due to the Persians, from whom it passed to the Assyrians, and thence to the Greeks; it was not practised at Rome till the later years of the republic, when works of this kind were introduced from Persia, Numidia, Phrygia, and Egypt, and raised amongst the Romans a desire of imitation. Accordingly, marbles were collected from various countries, and a school of Greek artists established at Rome. The art was at length gradually naturalized in that city, and was carried to great perfection under the emperor Adrian, who was much attached to it; and the relics of Mosaics, which have been found in our time in the villa of that emperor, do not belie the pompous descriptions which Statius has left us.

The art continued in great esteem during the two first ages of the empire; but under Septimus Severus, with the other arts, it also began to decline. Still, in Italy, they worked in Mosaic under Gallienus, Aurelian, and their successors. The Goths, who sometimes imitated the Romans in their protection of the fine arts, professed some esteem for Mosaic painting;

* This picture had been carried to Paris. The copy is in Mosaic work.

and Theodoric, when he became King of Italy, caused a pavement to be worked at Santa Maria, *in Cosmedin*, at Ravenna. The Goths seem to me to have been unreasonably accused of destroying the monuments of art: that destruction should be attributed to other causes; but a dissertation on this subject would detain me too long.

In the sixth century the working in Mosaic was much practised at Constantinople, and was patronized by Justinian. By the orders of that prince, the dome of St. Sophia was ornamented with paintings of this kind, which were rather distinguished for the selection and richness of the materials, than for the purity of the design. It was at this period that the custom of executing paintings and Mosaics on a gold ground was introduced, a custom continued to our days in the churches of the modern Greeks. From the seventh to the tenth century, the art of Mosaic painting was promoted by various pontiffs; but, at the latter period, this, with the other arts, suffered so much neglect, that the abbot of Monte Cassino, wishing to have some designs executed in it, was compelled to procure artists from Constantinople. From this period, few Mosaics were painted in Italy till the fourteenth century, when Venice became the true school of the art. Andrea Tafi, a Florentine, having been instructed by Apollonius, a Greek, established a school for Mosaic painting in Florence, in which Gaddo Gaddi, Vicino de Pisa, and many others were instructed.

This art was in great request at Rome, under the pontificate of Benedict XII.; and to the talents of Giotto, aided by Simone Memmi, and by Piero Cavallini, we owe the celebrated picture of the bark of St. Peter agitated by the waves. Towards the end of the fifteenth century, Ghirlandajo completed, at Florence, a magnificent Mosaic, composed of cubical pieces of stained glass, which procured him much fame. As design grew more perfect, the works in Mosaic became less stiff in their contour, and the colouring was better understood. Titian perfected the art, when he had the direction of the decoration of St. Mark's, by causing imitations in Mosaic of his own immortal paintings to be executed. Under Clement VIII. it was determined to ornament the church of St. Peter with paintings; and, in consequence of the humidity of the place, Mosaics were preferred; the ablest artists were engaged Cigoli, Passignano, Vanni, &c. It is impossible in this place to give a detailed account of these productions: it may be sufficient to say, that some of the finest works of Domenichino, Guercino, and Poussin, were imitated in the most durable materials. The Transfiguration, after Raffaelle, executed by the orders Clement XII. is one of the most perfect specimens of the modern school of Mosaic painting.

We shall now give a succinct idea of the mechanical part of this art as it is practised at Rome. The fragments of marble, coloured glass, or stones, which are made use of, vary in size. They are square, triangular, or lozenge-shaped; or, rather, they take every angular form which allows of their suiting the purposes of the artist in the contour of design, and at the same time enables him to join them without leaving the least interval. There are various ways of shaping these fragments; and, after they are cut into prisms or cubes, they are disposed in order, according to the different shades of colour. The artist then selects as many of these as he imagines will furnish him with a day's work; and he prepares a ground of plaster, formed of chalk and marble powder mixed with gum-adragant and the white of eggs. The stucco thus prepared is spread very thick on the walls, where it remains fresh and moist, sometimes for three or four days; and it is occasionally moistened with damp linen. The artist chalks on this plaster the outline of his design after his sketch, then with a pair of fine pincers he takes the small squares of glass and inserts them in the stucco, arranging them one after another so as to give the lights and shades and the various tints. In this he follows the design which he has under his eye, taking care to leave no opening between the pieces, and placing them all equal and at the same height. At length, by continuing this process, and polishing the surface with very fine sand and water, the artist completes his labours.

As my object is peculiarly to recommend the application of Mosaic work to splendid and magnificent subjects of decoration, I shall only add, that the moderns appear to have surpassed the ancients in this art, at least in the immense proportion of some of their works. There is no ancient monument of this kind which can be compared in richness to the church of St. Peter, where twelve or fifteen of these large compositions which I have mentioned may be seen. The vast cupola and the lantern are also magnificently ornamented with Mosaics.

There is also another process, derived, no doubt, from the same idea of durability; the origin and history of which are curious and little known. I mean the *terra invetriata* and the *majolica*, which have given rise to the painting on enamel and porcelain, and perhaps also to the staining of glass. But enough at present of the arts.

Rome presents so many interesting objects to the traveller, that an age would be necessary to see and describe them. The Vatican alone would fill volumes. I find myself unable to dwell for a long time together on the same object. Notwithstanding winter, the country offers many charms; and these

are most delightful when, surrounded by hills whose summits are white with snows, we breathe all the sweetness of the spring-tide; and, though the verdure be less fresh than at that beautiful season, we scarce lack anything of the charms of the country.

Yet it was with regret that I turned from the magnificent galleries, even though it was to wander in the laurel shades of the *Villa Medicis*, or under the verdant chesnut trees and pines of the *Borghese* gardens. These delicious spots where Nature and Art have united to produce beauty, are my delight.—There I read, I draw, and I meditate; and, although alone, I am never tired of my occupation.—There I never experience either the wild elevation of joy, nor the dejection of deep sorrow; but that peaceable contentment of soul, arising from the calmness of the passions, and the absence of worldly business, which permits me to give myself up to the sweet and tranquil pleasures which a liberal cultivation of the arts induces.

The name of *Villa*, which the French, by a periphrasis, translate *maison de plaisance*, awakens in the mind ideas of peace, grandeur, prosperity, and pleasure. In fact, these little palaces, built in picturesque situations, can only be inhabited with ease and security in nations where the country is peaceable and the towns flourishing. Thus amongst the ancient Greeks, who were always at war with one another, and perpetually menaced with foreign incursions, the husbandmen were forced to shut themselves up in the cities, seeking within their walls a shelter for their fortunes, their liberty, and their lives, and edifices of this kind were completely unknown. It was the same among the Romans, till the time of Augustus, when that powerful people had repelled the waves of war from their shores. Then the plain of Rome, the borders of Campania, and the margins of the lakes of Lombardy, became covered with those charming habitations which, for a part of the year, afforded a retreat to the illustrious Romans. This luxury was carried to such an excess, that the Ciceros, the Mecænases, and the Plinies, could travel over almost the whole of Italy, from the capital to the confines of Apulia, without, as it were, quitting their own property; for, during the whole route, they rested at their own villas or houses, which supplied them and their suite, frequently very numerous, with every thing which was either necessary or agreeable. In fact, these journeys, where every thing which pride or luxury could require was found, were converted into parties of pleasure.

Amongst the moderns none but sovereigns can travel in this le. One is surprised to think how a simple Roman knight rpassed in this respect some of the greatest monarchs of ntiquity, and even many of the sovereigns of our own day.

The wars, of which Italy became the theatre, during the convulsions of the Lower Empire, soon swept away these delicious villas of which scarce anything but disfigured ruins remained; and it was not till the epoch of the restoration of the arts and of peace that great men began to imitate in the disposition of their villas the example of the ancients. In this the French were very late, and it was not till the age of Louis XIV. that we saw any royal edifices, or castles, worthy of the name.

The villas of the Italians have served as a model for all Europe. Celebrated by poets, and admired by travellers, they well deserve a faithful graphic representation: and yet to this day there is scarcely a single work which gives a tolerable idea of these edifices.

Disposed in the best manner for effect, the builders have taken advantage, with admirable address, of the nature of the situation, and the position in which frequently they have been obliged to build; their gardens, above all, have a fairy-like appearance which is rarely found elsewhere, and which results less from the wildness with which they affect to imitate nature, than from a sort of regularity which harmonises with the decorations and the architectural effect. The gardens of the Tuilleries perhaps convey the best idea of their Italian prototypes.

It may perhaps appear extraordinary, that, in a country which naturally presents such a variety of beautiful walks, the forms of regular gardens should have been adopted; but this surprise will probably cease when we reflect, that all these natural beauties are the property of every peasant who can feast his eyes on the variety of woods, and hills, and brooks, and cottages, and ruins, which form the elements of English gardening. But this prospect, which is so common in Italy, on that very account possesses no attractions for the great and the rich; they esteem it necessary that nature should present to their eyes a new, an imposing, and a singular appearance. Thus they plant in lines, and trail their trees in a thousand different forms; they imprison their streams in narrow channels, force them to spout into the air, and to fall down precipices in symmetric cascades.

In this the modern Italians only follow the example of their ancestors; the art was restored by the Medici, as favourable to the decoration of the brilliant fetes with which they wished to amuse their fellow-citizens; in their sumptuous gardens nature was subjected to the rules of art; the brilliant fictions of the poets were realised, and every sense, flattered and delighted, held the imagination in continued enchantment.

It may be objected, it is true, that all these effects are false and that nature here is entirely factitious; that the long wedge-shaped alleys, the forced fountains, the well-assorted flowers enclosed in regular compartments, and all these objects so symmetrically repeated, only fatigue by their length, and speak little to the mind, and still less to the heart; but, in fact, the only object is to amuse the senses, to excite astonishment and admiration, and to make a royal habitation harmonize with the pomp and splendour of a court; and this is besides the true mode of laying out a public garden, where people walk less for the sake of solitude, than for the purpose of meeting pleasing society, and where it is so frequently the object of every one to shine.

The citizen, to be sure, fatigued with town-pleasures, may convert his little garden to the English model; he may make mountains scarce comparable to American ant-hills; vallies a few feet long; and he may now and then pump a respectable stream which shall flow a full quarter of an hour.

The passionate lovers of the true beauties of nature, will pardon these observations on the contemptible imitations which outrage their model, and will prefer in many situations the monotonous uniformity of our old French gardens, to those which are laid out in what is called the English style; it is true, that very regular plantations are far from pleasing; the Italians have perceived this, and they have stopped at a point when the deformity becomes monstrous. It is a correct remark, that the gardens of Italy present all the variety and picturesque effect of modern gardens, without any of their monotony or puerile simplicity; they are planted regularly round the houses, and, by a skilfully managed progression as they recede, they mingle with the sylvan appearance of the country; they do not, as amongst us, endeavour to make a fine situation of a garden; but they make the garden in a fine situation; art follows nature, and does not strive to create it; even in the least thing, the traces of genius, the refinement of good taste, and the *decorum* of art, are perceptible in this country. Frequently we see architecture, sculpture, and painting, all directed by one mind, often executed by the same hand, concurring to produce a general effect, and by their perfect harmony a most delightful agreement of parts. In fact, these gardens give the best idea of the boasted villas of the ancients, and nothing probably better resembles the habitations of Lucullus, the gardens of Sallust, and the retreats of Cicero and of Pliny, than the *Ville* Albani, Panfili, Aldobrandini, and Borghese; the latter more especially, which is the constant boundary of my walks, well supplies the place

of the villa of Pompey the Great, which was situated in this place, and which that celebrated general bought in the year of Rome 692, under the name of his freedman Demetrius Liberius, with the produce of the riches which he had acquired in his wars with the Armenians, the Parthians, and the Assyrians, and in his triumph over Mithridates.

This vast piece of land, which extended over all Mount Pincius, contained large gardens of unequal ground, ornamented with fountains and other superb buildings: though now of less extent, it contains nearly as many objects of curiosity as formerly. The mode in which they are distributed is full of taste, and might serve for a model.

The inequality of the land is taken advantage of in order to produce the most extraordinary effects, one of which surprises the beholder the more as it is rarely met with; it is a lake suspended, as it were, on the summit of a mountain: the waters are carried there at a great expense, but then they give life to these beautiful gardens. They rush from the top of a rock filling the urns of many sculptured nymphs, and at last, flowing round a temple consecrated to Esculapius, this irregular lake is surrounded by magnificent trees, such as chesnut trees, laurels, weeping-willows, and also with fragrant shrubs, the trembling and dome-shaped foliage of which is reflected in the waters which it darkens.

During those beautiful nights, the calmness and freshness of which are so much prized in Italy, this temple and these cascades are sometimes illuminated in an ingenious and pleasing manner. Elegant boats shoot along the borders of the lake, or linger under the flowery bowers; bands of musicians, distributed here and there, make the scene echo with the sublime notes of Paesiello and of Cimorosa, while select companies wander amid the enchanting arbours, or form themselves into parties for dancing.

These beautiful gardens in every part offer some object of interest; little edifices appropriated to various uses are scattered throughout—here rises a chapel in the middle of a quincunx; there extend the ruins of a Grecian temple surrounded with laurels; farther on there rose a vast Hippodrome, used for equestrian exercises and races. In a retired valley, the arid sides of which are covered with immense pines, an old embattled castle bursts upon the view, and herds of deer may be seen wandering along the sylvan shades; fragments of antiquity, statues, monuments, and bas-reliefs, which have not been fortunate enough to find a place in the palace, nor in the museum which has been recently constructed, are tastefully distributed along the walls, along the paths, and in the arbours.

The Princes of Italy do indeed thus make a noble use of their riches; in other respects they live in a very simple manner, and they seem only to exist for the arts; in labouring for them they effectually extend the glory of their country, and contribute to render it worthy the homage of men of taste of every country.

LETTER VIII.

Journey from Rome to Florence—Remarks on the two cities—The Carnival—The Stanza and Cazina.

My journey was so rapid from Rome to Florence, that I shall not permit myself to describe a country which I travelled over without stopping; yet, in spite of the speed with which I travelled, I could not help remarking the great contrast between the states of the church, and the grand duchy of Tuscany: it appeared to me so striking, that I could scarcely believe it was the effect of prejudice.

When two states are separated by an arm of the sea, by a river or by a chain of mountains, the communication between the inhabitants becomes difficult, and a distinction in manners and character and habits ensues; but here the line of demarcation is in fact only ideal: the nature of the land is indeed the same, but every thing else, even to the physiognomy of the people, is different. The Romans have a taciturn and almost savage air among the lower orders; I frequently remarked figures, which always enveloped in their mantles, and eyeing you with a scrutinizing look, appeared as if they were meditating some act of vengeance, and we might feel uneasy if we were not aware that these people all this time are absolutely thinking of nothing, and only in their own way enjoying their *benedetto far niente*; this, when continued, is undoubtedly a state of ennui, and gives to their features an expression which becomes frightful from its immobility.

The plains of Rome, and here there is no illusion, are badly cultivated; the villages are miserable, and the country, almost

a desert, presents moors and heaths over which the traveller passes with reluctance. The towns, filled with monks rather than with citizens, seem the asylum of sloth. Such is the picture which all this territory, even to its frontier, presents! But on entering the bounds of Tuscany every thing changes, even to the countenances of the inhabitants, which seem full of contentment and benevolence. Their rural cottages, adapted to all the necessities of agriculture, are well built; their fields, skilfully cultivated, bear good crops; for Nature, avaricious only towards the idle, always recompenses industry and labour with treasures, the sources of prosperity and pleasure. I shall pursue no farther a comparison which may be injurious, and, perhaps, unjust, to one of these governments. I content myself with pointing out the difference without seeking for the cause. Perhaps I have overcharged the painting, but careful observation will be found to fortify my opinion.

It is very rare at Rome to find a meeting of a few individuals which is not disturbed by a quarrel, often terminating with the *coltellate*.

At Florence, on the contrary, on occasion of their many ceremonies and public fêtes, frequently the largest crowds assemble peaceably: on the festival of the Assumption, especially, the inhabitants of Florence and its environs assemble early in the morning in the vast and delicious walks of the Casinos, on the borders of the Arno. There all ranks are mingled and confounded by pleasure: the day is passed in joy; the air resounds with songs, and with the sounds of the musical instruments which animate the steps of the dancers; and in the shade of the pines and chesnut-trees small parties seat themselves on the turf to enjoy a rural repast.

The festival frequently extends far into the night, but there is not a single instance of a quarrel attended with bloodshed; and yet there are more than twenty thousand persons collected and enclosed in one place:—this made me love the Tuscans.

Rome and Florence present in their appearance the same contrast which we have remarked between the two states, and they are in many respects opposed to each other.

At Rome, the mingling of modern edifices with the ruins of those of the republic of the Cæsars forms an interesting picture for the artist and the historian: yet this confusion of all the styles of architecture takes away from the modern city, which is grafted as it were on the ancient town, every peculiar and national character. On the contrary, the capital of Tuscany, possessing no antique monuments, presents the appearance of a town constructed at the same epoch and in the same style. That of the fifteenth or sixteenth centuries still predominates,

and if the Florentine costume did not so much resemble our own we might think we were still living in the noble age of the Medici. The ancient monuments of Rome do not produce this illusion: few of them are preserved entire, and those which are, are converted to modern uses, which has despoiled of their enchantment these venerable relics.

The magnificent portal of the Pantheon would present to the mind the temple consecrated by Agrippa, were it not for the modern clocks which shew it is converted into a church. Its interior more especially has preserved nothing of its ancient decoration; and the contrast on entering it is the same which we meet with in buildings the exterior of which displays rustic simplicity, while within we find saloons ornamented with all that luxury can bestow.

The arches and triumphal columns have very little effect, surrounded as they are with miserable houses, or buildings in a modern and frequently extravagant taste: the other remains of antiquity offer nothing but foundations or naked walls. The imagination with difficulty views them in their pristine state. In order effectually to recal the feeling of antiquity, nothing should remind you of the present; and these reveries, produced by the enthusiasm so common to artists, ought to enjoy retirement and solitude. The appearance of the Roman ruins rarely procured me this delight, which I felt in all its plenitude as I traversed the deserted streets of Pompeii.

If in Rome the mixture of antient and modern recollections repels the imagination, which only acts to be deceived, this is by no means the case at Florence. It is true the epoch which is there recalled is neither so ancient nor so interesting,—but the mind recurs with less effort to the age of the Medici than to that of Augustus.

On approaching Florence the eye discovers the same walls, flanked with picturesque towers, which surrounded the city in the fifteenth century, and against which the Pisans and the Siennese so frequently spent their efforts in vain. All the monuments which rise so proudly, those immense domes, the embattled palaces, which resemble fortified castles, the chapels enriched with pious offerings, the handsome streets paved in the ancient style, the flowers which hang in festoons from one palace to another, which crown the walls and the summit of the towers, seeming by their abundance to have given its name to the city, all recal the age when Florence, free, or voluntarily submitting herself to the rule of her illustrious children the Medici, dealt out to the rest of Italy science, politeness, taste, and magnificence.

Let us enter the ancient public square;—let us survey this

palace, loaded with escutcheons of old families;—let us rest under this *logge*, ornamented like the square with the works of Donatello, of Michael Angelo, and of Giovanni di Bologna: but the imagination cannot conjure up the glorious men of that time, who in this place, presided by their magistrates, distributing rewards to merit, decreeing peace or war, and ruling the affairs of the state.

The pleasures of the carnival broke in upon my researches into the monuments of Florence; but it will furnish me with some shades of habits and manners which I should not have been able to catch at any other season. It really seems that one forms a worse judgment (though the assertion may seem paradoxical) of the human character in society when the true sentiments of the mind are dissembled under false colours, than when under the mask of folly they make themselves amends for the habitual restraint in which the rules of society hold them, well assured that they are less likely to be recognised in proportion as they act with the freedom of unassumed nature.

In some of the towns of Italy the period of the carnival is a time of riot and sanguinary quarrels. It is here characterised by a bustling joy and lively pleasure, yet tempered by the politeness and natural suavity of the inhabitants. In these public festivals the population for twenty leagues round are collected without the least trouble or accident. The carnival frequently lasts the whole season, that is, the three winter months. This is the only period of the year when the theatres are open at Rome. But at Florence two of them do not close all the year, those of *Pergola* and *Cocomero*. During the carnival others are opened, in which a variety of pieces are performed. Besides this the squares and the streets are filled with rope-dancers and pantomimic performers of every kind, and winter wears away in a round of amusements in which all partake.

I shall not give a long list of all the particulars which compose the character of this carnival, as it resembles in many respects similar festivals in other cities. I shall only relate what seemed to me peculiar to Florence; the description of one day alone will be sufficient.

The carnival opens with the procession of the *Befana*, in the midst of torches and with the noise of horns and drums mingling with the noisy gaiety of the people. In the midst appears a ludicrous colossal figure representing a woman, or rather a sorceress, cloathed in flowing garments. The movements of the figure are directed by a man who is not seen

himself. As it traverses the streets it turns on every side to terrify the children, which it attacks even in the second story. The enormous phantom called the *Befana* is all the year round the bug-bear of the young Florentines, who, if they behave ill, are threatened with its presence. When they have traversed the city they stop on the bridge and throw the image into the water amid the cries and imprecations of the multitude.

The nurses of Florence also call *Befana*, or *Beffania*, those good or evil fairies which, according to them, enter the houses by the chimney on the night of this festival. And children suspend their cloaths above the hearths that the fairies may fill their pockets with cakes in proportion as they have behaved themselves well or ill.

I shall not endeavour to account for the procession of the *Befana* from the saturnalia, or any other ancient pagan rite: I am rather of opinion with Manni, that it is a relic of the representation of the ancient mysteries, and is intended to commemorate the gifts of the magi: the black and ugly figures represent the magi, and the presents which the children expect to receive commemorate those offered to the Holy Family. Whatever the true explanation may be, as soon as the Befana announces the opening of the carnival every person in good circumstances is never seen abroad but in his *bauto*, or domino, which is a kind of black cloak. This mantle, which crosses in front, conceals all the other garments, and serves equally well for the promenade, for company, for the *stanza*, or for the theatre. The women wear a kind of high black bonnet, shaded with plumes of the same colour: this is equally the head-dress of all the females. Exercise, fresh air, and pleasure animate their complexion and their eyes; and, mingled together in this uniform dress, they appear still more striking. During the days of the festival gaiety is pushed almost to excess, and few persons can preserve a solemn or an indifferent countenance.

The men wear a hat, clasped up in front and ornamented with plumes. Though ordinarily they only wear a small white mask fastened to the loop of their hats, or a pasteboard nose, yet they are considered as disguised, and they pass before their most intimate acquaintance without noticing them, and even without the air of knowing them. They in return preserve an equal distance, and thus both sides enjoy the greatest liberty.

How well would this fashion suit some people in society! They might then pass their superiors without respect, their benefactors without any mark of gratitude, their creditors

without being dunned, and their mistresses without agitation!

Towards noon the fashionables assemble at the *Ufizii*, an arcade under the celebrated gallery. Here witty repartees are exchanged, pleasantries cross one another, and bon mots circulate. Laughter communicates itself like an infection, and joy becomes universal. And, in the midst of the confused murmurs and rapid movements the spirit of intrigue is not idle, but assignations are made for an evening meeting at the *Corso*, in the square of *Santa Croce*, and thence for a visit to the theatre or the ball-room.

The Florentines, like the inhabitants of all southern countries, are great mimics; they can do what they will with their figures and countenances; and frequently, by a mere change of dress, they disguise themselves wonderfully, though their figure is seen. A young man disguised himself and walked for many days in the most frequented streets without a single person of his acquaintance recognising him. He dressed himself as an Abbè, in a little mantle; his hair, which was black, and had been usually combed high on the forehead, was curled, combed back over the head, tied in a knot behind, and powdered. Naturally pale, he rouged himself carefully, and, to conceal the thinness of his cheeks, he put a ball of ivory on each side of his mouth. In this state he gravely met his acquaintance, stopped before them, and boldly eyed them, while they supposed that this grave personage (for the balls of ivory prevented him from laughing) was an absolute stranger.

Sometimes, in addition to this little mask, a strange-shaped nose is added, which forms a strong contrast with the other features. Some masks are made from wax moulded on the human face, and afterwards tinted by portrait-painters so as to represent well-known faces, while the wearer imitates the dress, countenance, gestures, and even tone of voice of the original, in a manner which almost deceives you.

Other masquerades imitate the costume of the ancient statues; thus we saw the Capitoline Juno walking arm in arm with Silenus, and Diana entering with the Apollo Belvidere.

The square of Santa Croce, however, is the great rendezvous of the masks. Its length, and the beauty of the palaces which surround it, fit it for the theatre of the festivals which are given in it, and which were formerly more frequent. Here were tiltings, and tourneys, and races, and lastly games at foot-ball. We have descriptions of many of these festivals; and, amongst others, of a magnificent masquerade given by Cosmo I. in the carnival of 1565: the carnival of 1615 has been engraved by Callot, and many others have exercised the graver of La Bella. The taste for these amusements was so great that during the

reign of Ferdinand II. and in the space of five months, six fêtes of different kinds were given, each more magnificent than the preceding.

The square of Santa Croce is surrounded with a boundary of chains, which leave sufficient space for the passage of carriages before the houses. On certain occasions amphitheatres are raised, round which also carriages can drive. The square was thus laid out in 1738 for the last festival of the *Calcio* or foot-ball, which has been engraved by Gioseppe Zocchi. This print gives a good idea of the masquerades of Florence. Besides the harlequins and punchinellos, which the French have in such numbers, the other characters are very various and well kept up.

All ranks, without exception, are turned into ridicule. A carriage filled with porters has a judge dressed in a long robe and large wig, for a coachman. A physician is mounted on a lean ass, with panniers and cages filled with cats, and carrying a long staff, from which some large dead rats are suspended, while a scroll on the top of it bears the words *Remedi da topi*, 'antidotes against rats:' to these may be added doctors with asses' heads, &c. The spectators themselves form a spectacle; the windows of the houses, and the balconies of the palaces, are all ornamented with rich tapestry, and graced with brilliant company. The people cover the tiles of the houses, and on these aerial theatres engage in games, from which Italian confidence and address take away all danger, and which afford a very diverting appearance.

The spectacle which we ourselves saw was very agreeable. The carriages, which throng the road, give great brilliancy to the scene; they are filled with masks who answer the joy and acclamations of the multitude by throwing them cakes and *confetti*, and by sprinkling showers of perfumed water from little syringes towards the spectators who line the windows and the balconies: some of the carriages contain musicians, and others are in the shape of triumphal cars, ornamented with different symbols.

I shall only mention one of these masquerades, where luxury was united to good taste, and the contrivance appeared to me new and ingenious: the car, drawn by twelve beautiful horses richly caparisoned, represented Olympus ornamented with foliage, and on which stood the principal heathen deities, surrounded by nymphs and rural gods, and a numerous orchestra. Jupiter occupied the summit of the mountain, seated on the extended wings of an eagle, and enveloped with clouds, whilst Apollo and the Muses were singing and reciting some sonnets, copies of which were thrown amongst the crowd, and

in the midst of the deafening noise of the musical instruments Jupiter was perceived to be agitated on his throne of clouds. He shortly leaves the summit of the mountain, rises majestically in the air, and sails along amid the applause of the wondering multitude, on whom he lances his artificial thunder, which, as it falls, changes into serpents; he still ascends, and as the last rays of the sun shine upon him he vanishes from the eyes of the enchanted crowd, who load with prolonged applause the contrivers of a spectacle as splendid as it is ingenious.

The inhabitants of Olympus did not disdain to mingle in the evening with simple mortals, and to appear at a masked ball which was given at the theatre of *la Pergola*; where we had the pleasure of finding ourselves in the company of the muses, who, forgetting the sanctity of their former existence, gave themselves up to pleasure and joy. Here we beheld the sage Lucina transformed into the youngest of the graces, Venus here quitted the mask of Minerva, though still as wise as before, while Juno tempered the majesty of heaven's queen with sweetness and affability.

The assembly of the *Stanze* was one of the most agreeable for select company; though none but masks were admitted, the door-keeper suffered none to pass but whom he knew: the sagacity of this man was wonderful—though you disguised your voice, and altered your walk, the door-keeper instinctively apprised, as it were, of the approach of an intruder, suffered you to proceed no further. This tact, this nice discrimination, though I believe it is perfectly mechanical, and common to many individuals in Italy, was one of the things which particularly excited my attention; this rare faculty, the mark of a more perfect organization, explains the facility with which the Italians execute all their undertakings—a facility which astonishes other nations, amongst whom such works are only the result of time, study, and reflexion.

The denomination of *stanze* or saloons, is applied to an establishment formed by the middle ranks of the city, in opposition to the *cazina* of the nobility; the latter, indeed, only comprises a small number of the community, and the nobles frequently abandon it for the *stanze* of the citizens, where more freedom and gaiety reign than in their own circle, over which, it is said, the pretensions of etiquette throw a coldness and constraint; the founders of the *stanze* bear all the expense, and admit such persons as are presented to them; here, for conversation, there are various rooms, which are filled with good company; here are news-rooms, billiard-rooms, ball-rooms, and also a garden; in short, nothing is wanting to render the place agreeable; the evening flies in a

circle of varied and decent amusements; the building communicates with one of the theatres, so you may walk thither under the arcade and hear a song, return and eat an ice, join in conversation, or figure in a dance.

This establishment, where manners are respected, and where fashion reigns, supplies the place of our Athenæums, and other places of public amusement; every stranger of respectability is received with distinction: thus means are discovered, both instructive and amusing, of employing the long evenings of winter.

LETTER IX.

The Palazzo Pitti—The Gallery of Florence.

THE celebrated gallery of Florence is commonly the first object which attracts the attention of strangers, and this is too frequently all they see of the city: it seems that all their interest is concentrated in this museum; but ere they have well examined it, the colossal idea of Rome crosses their minds, and they hasten thither as the object of their desire, observing few of the objects of curiosity on their route.

I have paid considerable attention, during my stay here, to the subject of Tuscan architecture, and to the exterior character of the principal monuments of Florence; in this study I was much favoured by the beauty of the season which is here called winter, and which from the softness of the temperature would be esteemed summer in other countries; in fact, till February the weather has been constantly serene, and the cold so little perceptible, that I have not omitted my usual custom of sketching in the open air; sometimes, indeed, the heat of the sun has been so great, that I have been compelled to shelter myself beneath the foliage of the ever-green trees, which give a false yet pleasing appearance of spring to the landscape.

I have been very much delighted with the delicious gardens of Boboli, which are situated on the hill commanding the Palazzo Pitti, the usual residence of the Grand Dukes.

The palace is connected with the gardens by means of a large sort of amphitheatre, in the middle of which rises an obelisk of Egyptian granite; this amphitheatre is composed of white marble, and the steps are supported by balustrades, and surmounted by niches containing statues and vases, which are finely relieved by the dark back-ground of ever-green

verdure. The gardens, planted under the directions of Tribolo, and of the ingenious Buontalenti, are ornamented with monuments of architecture and sculpture, distributed by Vasari and Giovanni di Bologna. The distribution of the gardens into various terraces, which are gained by flights of steps, offers a fine contrast of lines, and different points of views of great richness.

As yet we have had neither ice nor snow, and I have not yet felt melancholy at the sight of those sombre clouds, which shade the face of heaven for so considerable a period of the year in the north of France; we have yet no need of fires, and in the house in which I live, as indeed in all the others in the city, the kitchen chimney is the only one. It is only within these few years, that one or two others have been added in the Duke's palace, less from necessity than from curiosity. If at any time they feel cold they use a brazier of copper, sometimes of silver, in which they burn charcoal prepared from the wood of the olive tree, the fumes from which are not considered prejudicial. This brazier is called *veggio*, and they sometimes carry it with them when they walk abroad, though at most the cold is not two degrees below the freezing point.

At last the bad season has commenced, and it has terminated, as is frequently the case, with heavy showers, which have lasted without intermission for three weeks.

We do not see here as in the other towns of Italy, porticoes or covered galleries along the houses; but the inconvenience of sudden showers is guarded against by providing in various quarters of the town open *logge*: you may also prevent yourself being wet if you walk close to the houses, as you are protected by the projecting roofs, which are thus constructed to protect the front of the building from showers, and to ward off the rays of the sun. The streets, however, have one great advantage, being paved with large and well joined flags, so that the rain runs easily off them, and they are dry again in half an hour.

I have employed all the time the rainy season continued, in an examination of the celebrated gallery of Florence; as I surveyed it my admiration scarce knew any bounds, and I felt penetrated with veneration and gratitude towards the family of the Medici, who first set the example of such a noble employment of power and riches.

The arts always follow the fortune of empires: born at the same time, they experience the same vicissitudes, and their progress is equally regulated by circumstances. Flourishing in the bosom of peace, their flowers have sometimes been

blasted by political storms, or have withered under the influence of bad taste or of court corruption. They only bear their true fruit in a time of public prosperity, and under the protection of a wise and pacific government. What has chiefly contributed to expand the taste, and to promote the study of the arts, has been the establishment of museums, where the great works of ancient and modern times are collected. The Gallery of Florence, without doubt the most celebrated of all, merits a particular description; and, at the same time, I shall endeavour to give a sketch of its origin, of the vicissitudes which it has experienced, and of the successive additions which have been made to it.

The ancients, like the moderns, were much attached to the collecting of curiosities, and the remains of antiquity. Both in Greece and Rome they ornamented in this manner their porticoes, their temples, their schools, their libraries, and even their baths. But this attachment to objects of art was unknown to other nations, which possessed neither knowledge, taste, nor riches; and it was extinguished even in Italy during the long ages of barbarism.

It was the Medici, in the fifteenth century, when their family possessed no other influence but that of virtue and opulence, who awakened the genius, and afforded protection to the arts of peace. And, after they filled the throne of Tuscany, they contributed all in their power to the regeneration of Letters and Arts, and had the glory of giving their name to this memorable epoch. Cosmo the Elder, named by a decree, and still more by the voice of public gratitude, the Father of his Country, extended his paternal care to scholars and artists.

The sons of Cosmo, educated in the midst of a polished court, imbibed there a taste for study, and transmitted it to their descendants, and even to their people.

Giovanni de Medici encouraged these pursuits by his example, but a premature death carried him off. Piero de Medici, the second son of Cosmo, though under adverse circumstances, threw some lustre on the arts, and encouraged them by his liberality.

But it was Lorenzo, called the Magnificent, who opened, in his garden near the church of St. Mark, that famous school which had such a powerful effect on the re-establishment of the arts. He filled this place with a variety of specimens of both ancient and modern art; so that the *logge*, the alleys, and the halls, were ornamented with statues, paintings, designs, cartoons, and models,—the productions of the ablest masters, as Donatello, Brunelleschi, Masaccio, Paulo Ucello, Fra Gio Angelico, Filippo Lippi, &c. This school was open to all the young painters, sculptors, and architects.

At the same periods the museums *Estense* and *Gonzaga* were established. Nevertheless, the Medicean collection was still the most useful and complete. After the death of Lorenzo, his son, Leo X. extended great encouragement to literature and the arts; but the property of his brother Piero became the prey of his ungrateful fellow citizens. I shall not detail the disgrace and flight of the latter.—He left behind him the greatest part of his property.—His palace was sacked, and three thousand medals of gold and silver, without mentioning those of brass, which were probably equally curious—the vases of agate—the beautiful cameos—and a crowd of other curiosities, were stolen and dispersed.

Notwithstanding this misfortune, a servant of the Medici, who remained faithful to his trust, preserved, at the peril of his life, the precious objects which had been confided to his care. This man was the father of the celebrated Baccio Bandinello. But, at length, forced to fly, he buried the cameos, the antique figures of bronze, and the other riches; and this proof of fidelity did not remain without recompense when his patrons returned.

After the assassination of Alessandro de Medici by Lorenzo, one of the same family, the houses both of the victim and murderer were pillaged. They contained a great number of Greek and Latin MSS., statues of marble and bronze, and other valuable articles. The animosity of the people was such, that these palaces were completely razed; and the open spot, on which they formerly stood, was called the Traitors' Street.

Cosmo I. Grand Duke of Tuscany, collected the scattered relics of this once precious collection, and rapidly augmented it by commanding a strict search to be made throughout his territories for the monuments of antiquity, and at the same time increasing it by the acquisition of many private cabinets.

The success of these researches was considerable. At Arezzo, the celebrated inscription of Appius Claudius was discovered; and a little time afterwards, the Chimera, of bronze, a most singular and curious object. In the ruins of a temple, a Pallas of bronze was found, of beautiful workmanship. Cosmo was rejoiced at these discoveries, and with the fruits of them ornamented his cabinet in the Palazzo Vecchio; but, having purchased the Palazzo Pitti, he made it the place of his abode, and transferred thither this collection, to which he made incessant additions.

At this time many individuals, desirous of gaining the good graces of the sovereign, or induced by a disinterested love of the arts, and desirous of contributing to their progress, enriched

the Museum of Florence with many valuable articles, ancient and modern.

It was this prince who first conceived the idea of the Gallery which now contains the Museum Florentinum, and which has been carried to such a degree of magnificence by his successors. This vast edifice owes its origin to a design of uniting the ancient palace of the Republic to the Palazzo Pitti. Vasari executed this beautiful and useful work. The corridor, which passes over a bridge and through a part of the city, leading from the old palace to the habitation of the sovereign, was built in 1564, in the space of five months.

But this gallery became insufficient to contain all the objects of art which increased so rapidly. The Grand Duke Francis continued the labours of his predecessor; and, on the scite of some of the neighbouring houses, he added to the gallery some magnificent halls. The ceiling of one of these halls was covered with mother-of-pearl. And yet this cabinet is more ornamented by the beautiful objects it contains.

The Grand Duke Francis considerably augmented the collection of medals, and added all the antiques he could procure.

In 1552 he received twenty-six marble statues, which had been in the Vatican; but which that scrupulous pontiff, Pius V. dismissed, from a principle of religion; but not wishing them to be transferred into ecclesiastical hands, he had refused them to Ferdinando de Medici, on account of his being a cardinal. Amongst these statues were the seven muses, without the least traces of any part of the figures having been restored.

The Cardinal Ferdinando, the brother of the Grand Duke, had got possession at Rome of the villa and gardens of the Medici. Here a second Museum was established, which was fated one day to increase the richness of that of Florence. It is sufficient to mention the Venus de Medici, and the statues of Niobe and her children, to appreciate the value of this collection. In 1569 the two brothers divided between them the collection of the bishop of Pavia, consisting of fifty-nine statues.

Cosmo II. who had bad health, did not contribute much to the embellishment of this gallery. But, in the long reign of his successor Ferdinando II. many additions were made to it. The Cardinal Leopold, the brother of Ferdinando, formed a rich and numerous collection of pictures and sketches, which, to their beauty, added the merit of antiquity. They extended as far back as the restoration of the arts and the time of the Greek painters. The cardinal also possessed a collection of medals, cameos, &c. Cosmo III. added many pictures to the museum.

The Genius of the house of Medici, ere totally extinguished, seemed to wish to establish its rights to the gratitude of men

by some durable monument. Giovanni Gastone, the last scion of this illustrious family, commenced the magnificent description of this gallery, which is known by the name of the Museum Florentinum.

The new sovereigns of Tuscany, princes of the house of Lorraine, contributed to the embellishment and completion of this admirable collection. In the year 1762, however, it was on the point of being totally destroyed by a fire, which burst out with great violence. It lasted many hours, extending its ravages into the western corridor, and consuming a considerable part of the building. The fire arose in a chimney which had been imprudently constructed over the *logge de Lanzi;* and it was fortunate that the fire commenced at this extremity, where there were fewer valuable articles than on the other side; but it was extinguished with the loss of only a few of these precious objects.

Under the government of the Archduke Pietro Leopoldo, the legislator and reformer of Tuscany, the Gallery of Florence assumed a new appearance. The great fault of the gallery was a want of classification. Under his directions, many more halls were built, and a new flight of steps to ascend to them; and he added to the museum the most precious ornaments of the other palaces. He likewise sent to Rome for the statues from the Villa Medicis, and more especially for those of Niobe and her children. By his exertions every class of objects had their distinct place, they were found without trouble, and classed so as to satisfy all tastes. He was rigorous in his selection, and admitted nothing that was not worthy of being preserved. The prince himself watched over the execution of his projects, and animated the workmen by his presence. One knows not which most to admire,—the grandeur of the enterprize, or the celerity of the execution. In 1780, in the space of one year, new buildings were added, and divided into halls; while, by this means, the communication was rendered more easy, and they were ornamented with stuccoes, gilding, paintings, and marbles; the tapestry and other drapery was renewed; the statues and pictures were placed in other situations, cleaned, or restored; whilst every thing was ranged according to the system of a library, where every volume has its own separate and distinct place. And this metamorphosis was executed in so rapid a manner, that travellers, ere they had completed the tour of Italy, as they repassed through Florence, thought they beheld a new gallery, and were full of admiration at a change which almost appeared magical.

LETTER X.

Festival of May—Arrive at Fiesole—Its History—Its Antiquities.

THE traces of winter have disappeared in the space of a few days, and as if by the power of magic the balmy breath of Favonius has dissipated the frost, and changed all at once the aspect of the country; vegetation shews itself, the sap begins to rise in the trees, and the ground is covered with spontaneous verdure.

It is now time for me to quit the city, and commence my picturesque excursions—it becomes my pleasure, my care, and my duty, to assist in the awakening of nature.

I passed the gate of Santa-croce, and the mills and fall of the Arno, and I wandered slowly along the shady banks of the river. What a fresh and beautiful situation! Through the bowers of fruit-bearing trees and the boughs of lilacs, I perceived the waters sparkling against the banks, or rolling peaceably amongst the flexible branches of the osiers, which bent over the current. Farther on, on a hill covered with vines, rose some elegant *casinos*, which broke the blue line of the rocks of Fiesole, crowned with their Tuscan walls, remarkable for the lofty tower which serves as a belfry for the cathedral; nearer me the fields, divided by rows of reeds, presented an appearance of varied cultivation; I could not perceive any one at work, and I met none but villagers clothed in their gayest habits, who seemed more intent on their pleasures than their rustic labours.

At last I arrived at a farm-house; a young tree had just been planted before the door; knots of ribbands and little fillets of tinsel, were fluttering in the air, suspended from the branches, and sparkling through the leaves; every bough bore some ornament, and a crown of flowers shaded the window of the house. The air was echoing with the strains of a serenade, when the casement which served as a door opened, and three beautiful girls, fresh as the season, and neatly dressed, laughingly made their appearance to greet their lovers.

This pastoral scene reminded me that it was May-day, *Calendi-maggio*, a festal day in the spring of life, and at the name of which the heart throbs, even amid the coldness of age. In the gaiety and liveliness of this rustic sport the

youth of both sexes form a chain-dance around the May-pole; they pursue each other with rapid and well-timed steps, whilst their relatives prepare a feast in some shady spot.

As soon as they saw me the master of the house advanced, and with an unembarrassed air invited me to partake of their rural repast. I hesitated; my host's youngest daughter observed me, and separating herself from the group of dancers, she gave me her hand. It was impossible to resist the simplicity of this action; I yielded; she led me towards her companions, and the chain, in which I now formed a link, was recommenced with double joy and vivacity.

At the *Calendi-maggio,* rustic improvisators, dressed in a fantastic style, recite tales and legends for the amusement of their audience—I heard the history of *Ferragosto;* the songs, which are composed on this occasion, are called *Maggeolate;* and the tree, whose branches, adorned as I have mentioned, overshadow the windows of the young maidens, is called *maio.* The festival, which is only preserved in the country, has given place in town, to concerts, dances, and entertainments, which last several days. There are numberless *maggiolate,* composed by a crowd of authors, and even by Lorenzo the Magnificent.

As I proceeded I perceived before me the city of Fiesole, situated on the table-land of the mountain, and between the two swellings of the hills; I saw its public square, its ancient cathedral, the more modern buildings of the archiepiscopal palace and the Academy; lower down a road, the windings of which follow the bend of the hill, leads along the rocks which supported the ancient Etruscan fortress, where we now behold the church, the convent, and the vast garden of the monks of the order of St. Francis.

On the side opposite the plain of Florence the gazer's eye rests on the deep but elevated pass, through which the boiling waters of the Mugnone forces its way through a channel of rock and marble; the rapid declivity causes no apprehension of danger, for its force spends itself on its own steep banks: evergreen woods clothe these mountains, which join the chain of the Apennine Alps, which display in the distance their summits capped with snow.

The most interesting prospects is that which includes the principal remains of Fiesole. This view appeared to me so beautiful, that, wishing to give my entertainers a proof of my gratitude for their kindness, I resolved to adorn the room with paintings in distemper, of which this view formed the most conspicuous part. There may seem a little vanity in mentioning this fact in my letters, but I possessed so few occasions of

exercising my pencil on a large scale, that this was really an epoch in my pictorial career.

On the hills of Fiesole I beheld the beautiful skies of Italy in all their purity, and there I experienced the plenitude of those sweet and vivid emotions, which the artist enjoys when youth and inspiration, and the desire of fame are his.

Mention is made, by the ancient authors, of Fiesole, but its ruins afford no means of judging of what it formerly was.—temples, palaces, theatres are all swept away; even the tombs are violated; the inscriptions, the monuments of art, have been all destroyed or carried away, and even the traces of its former glory are eclipsed.

The origin of Fiesole is involved in the inextricable mazes of ancient fable; but its walls display, notwithstanding so many assaults, a style of building of the most remote antiquity, and seem to prove the prodigious force of the men who constructed them; the walls are not composed of ordinary and evenly wrought stones, but of immense masses of rock, irregularly shaped, and artfully placed one upon another: in short, the solidity of these erections, and the elevated scite which they occupy, seem like the work of the elder race of mankind terrified at the tremendous catastrophe of the deluge. Aqueducts, erected probably at the same period, carried to Fiesole the waters of Mount Reggi, several miles distant; and, although they were broken down in the time of Cæsar, as Villani tells us, yet their remains dispersed along the country, resemble real rocks in magnitude, and may be confounded with them from their rude and savage appearance. Fiesole was one of the twelve cities of Etruria; the ancients praised the serenity of its atmosphere, and the salubrity of its waters and baths, which were reported to be a cure for many maladies. This city had the glory of resisting, though unsuccessfully, and of fatiguing the armies of Rome, on which occasion they gave proofs of the greatest courage. We perceive in the writings of Livy and the other Roman authors how formidable the inhabitants of Fiesole and the rest of Etruria were esteemed; all the forces of Rome were employed at various times to subdue them, and several dictators were created for the purpose of allaying the fear which this people inspired. The inhabitants of Fiesole distinguished themselves on several occasions, amongst them, one of the most remarkable was when, on the discovery of Catiline's conspiracy by Cicero, the seditious citizen, compelled to seek safety in flight, escaped from Rome accompanied by his fellow conspirators; they fled to Fiesole, the only city which by its formidable situation, and the courage of its inhabitants, was capable of

resisting the Roman arms. Catiline indeed did not hesitate to hazard an engagement with the consul Caius Antonius, the result of which was a doubtful victory, although the brave citizens of Fiesole were few in number and almost without arms. The fortune of Rome at length triumphed, when the leaders of the Etrurian army, mortally wounded, fell upon the mangled heaps of their soldiers' bodies. The victory was, however, almost as dear to the conquerors as to the conquered, and at Rome smiles struggled with tears when the news of the battle arrived there.

In the year 405, Fiesole, assisted by Florence, opposed the attacks of Radagaisius king of the Goths, and Rome was delivered from the yoke of that people, under the weight of which Italy had so often groaned. It was on this occasion that the Florentines consecrated a temple to St. Reparata, as a contemporary historian relates. Saint Ambrose had promised frequently to visit his beloved Florentines, and, during the time that Radagaisius was besieging Florence, the holy Prelate, who had died a little time previously, appeared in a dream to one of the inhabitants, and promised them deliverance on the morrow. This man communicated to his fellow citizens his vision, which inspired them with great courage. Accordingly Stilicon, the imperial general, made his appearance with his army, and a division arising amongst the Goths, their defeat was rendered still more certain. As this victory took place on the birth-day of the Virgin Martyr, St. Reparata, the Florentines raised a temple in her honour, which was ornamented with the trophies borne from their enemies.

Desirous of enriching this church with some relics of the Virgin Saint whose body was deposited with the monks of Jeano, a little town in the Terra di Lavouro, they applied in 1352 to the king of Naples, who ordered the monks to deliver up an arm of their Patroness. Grieved at a command which obliged them to do so great an outrage to the remains of the martyr, the good monks sent in its stead a piece of wood so exquisitely carved, and so well imitating nature, that the fraud was not discovered until several years afterwards by a jeweller who had been directed to make a rich reliquary to contain the precious and holy limb.

The subjection of Fiesole was the means of Florence receiving amongst her citizens some very noble and distinguished families. It may be sufficient to mention the Pazzi, the Strozzi, the Guadagni, and the Adimari. The destruction of that city also furnished Florence with innumerable columns and other materials for the erection of beautiful edifices; and from the same place she carried away many statues and sculp

tured marbles to adorn her temples and her palaces. It is very probable that the four columns which support the arched roof of the gallery of the Baptistry, are the remains of some monument in Fiesole, and even at this day, they find in the soil of its environs, very rich materials.

Fiesole was one of the first cities after Rome that embraced Christianity. She has produced a great number of philosophers and literary men besides several celebrated artists both in sculpture and painting. The city of Fiesole may say with pride " here rose my high towers and my impregnable walls—there lay the baths of Catiline—yonder were the temples of Jupiter Fulminans, and of Mars—in that place stood the college of Augurs and the palace of the ancient kings," and even yet the relics of those indestructable walls, the steep rocks, and the precipices which seem to be the vast tomb in which the ancient city is buried, inspire sensations of awe and veneration. On the ruins of the temple of Jupiter there now rises a church where the All-powerful God is worshipped. and the college of Augurs is replaced by an Academy, where they no longer teach the superstitious art of reading the future, but the truth and holiness of the Christian doctrine. The bathing waters, formerly so celebrated, still run amidst the most delightful villas and gardens of Tuscany. These beautiful retreats no longer re-echo the sound of the warlike trumpet, but the sweet accents of joy; and Fiesole has exchanged the splendour of military renown for the more durable glory of peace and the arts.

The most remarkable antiquities of Fiesole are the colossal fragments of the old Etruscan walls, of which a few vestiges only remain, particularly near the monastery of Saint Jerome, which was converted into a villa by the Counts Bardi, and also the aqueduct, the ruins of which may be seen near the convent of La Doccia. The vast subterraneous chambers near the cathedral, and which are called the *Buche delle Fate*, the fairies hiding-places, are worthy of the attention of the traveller.

LETTER XI.

Description of the Country about Fiesole—Oratory of John of Bologna—The Convent of La Doccia—Monte Senario—The House of Politiano—The Villa Salviati—The Retreat of the Decameron—Topaja.

IN the midst of pleasant and select society, solely occupied in games and diversified pleasures incessantly renewed, and which seemed to borrow something of the vivacity of the air which we breathed on these heights, I yet felt a desire of solitude. There we find enjoyment, less expansive perhaps, but more deep, and in which a slight tinge of melancholy is mingled, which is not without its charms.

Thus lonely, and with a book which served me as the text, and so to speak, as the vehicle of my thoughts, I slowly traversed the perfumed hills of Fiesole, under the shade of woods of pine and sycamore. I frequently passed the hours of declining day, in contemplating at a distance the plain of Florence, with its palaces, its high towers, and its domes, coloured by the vivid light of a sun, cloudless and ardent even in its setting. The complete absence of every vapour permitted me to see distant objects with such clearness, that I could trace every detail, and I almost conceived that I must hear the confused murmur of voices and the noise of mechanical occupations amongst the inhabitants of the capital. This prospect was rendered still more interesting by contrasting it with the peaceable shades by which I was sheltered. I placed a just value on the tumultuous pleasure of the town, when I compared them with the silent freshness of the country. This addressed itself eloquently to my heart, and immersed me in that sweet meditation which is the fruit of a tranquil spirit, of a feeling of happiness, and health, and calm joy, or rather of the pleasure one experiences in youth when the passions are slumbering and our being is in perfect harmony with every thing around us.

The day faded, and I heard nothing but the light murmur of the winds of night, as they swept through the foliage mingled with the rippling of a fountain, and the expressive chirping of birds, which, flying here and there, answered one another, and seemed in haste to take advantage of the remains

of day-light, to search for their food and a secure retreat for the night.

I quitted this place with regret, resolving, in gratitude for the sensations which I had there experienced, to visit it again, and to enrich my port-folio with several fine views which I had remarked there.

Guided by the twilight, and shortly afterwards by the beams of the moon, which seemed to rise most majestically amid a crowd of stars, which appeared far more brilliant and numerous than in our climate, I followed a path which I supposed would lead me into the road to Fiesole; when suddenly I distinguished the sounds of rustic music, amongst which I heard the notes of the bagpipe, the guitar, and the *zampogna*. Attracted by the charm of this melody, than which, when well executed by the rustic performers in the deph of a wood, and amid the solitude of night, nothing can be more agreeable, I beheld all at once a light shining through the trees. This led me to the place where the rural concert was, and, guided by its light, I arrived at a fountain, or rather a chapel, for beneath an arch, supported by columns, I saw a painting of the Virgin and the Infant Jesus, surrounded by cherubims and prostrate angels. An abundant stream fell from a sculptured lion's head which frowned under the painting, and flowed into the reservoirs which were placed at the sides of the edifice. A lamp, suspended from the centre of the arch, rendered the scene still more interesting. A whole family were imploring the Divine grace for the recovery of an infant which its mother held in her arms, covering it with tears and kisses; the other members of the family were praying with fervour, or chanting hymns which they accompanied with their instruments.

If the reader can imagine the mingling of voices and music, most simple and harmonious, with the sound of the dancing waters flowing over the stones and along the green turf—the light of the moon through the foliage—the clear lustre of the lamp which gilded the figure of the virgin in the niche, and shone in the reflexion of the crystal and moving waters, shedding at the same time a light over the actors of this pious scene—if he can imagine this scene more impressive as it was unexpected, and so sweetly harmonizing with those serious sensations which filled my heart—he will even then have only a weak idea of the impression which I experienced.

At my approach, the good people rose from their prayers, but I begged that I might mingle my intercessions with theirs. The hymn was recommenced, and the voices of the young girls, joined to those of musicians of every age, made one of the most delicious concerts I ever enjoyed.

The route of these villagers lay along the road to Fiesole. As I accompanied them they related to me a crowd of miracles, which they attributed to the virtues of those waters, and above all, to the intercessions of the Madonna to whom they are consecrated. It is pleasing to behold the gifts of nature associated with the name of their Author—this is to attribute blessings to their true source, and to awaken those consoling ideas of mercy and protection, which nourish faith and inspire gratitude towards the Deity.

The chapel of this fountain, which I frequently revisited, is one of the finest monuments of the kind. It presents a mixture of antique and modern taste, which to me is very delightful. It was ornamented, according to tradition, by John of Bologna, who possessed a mansion in this neighbourhood. He employed some fine materials, procured from an ancient edifice, and he has arranged them with great taste.

I had promised to visit the convent of La Doccia, and I had an opportunity, while I was employed in sketching in this picturesque spot, of becoming acquainted with its inhabitants, who did not belie the good opinion which I had at first conceived of them.

Pious, without affectation, one might perceive from their manners, from their physiognomy, which was rather amiable than austere, from the neatness and propriety of their garments, from the flowers which shaded the windows of their cells, or which, placed in crystal vases, ornamented their church, in short, from all the details of their domestic management which was excellent and well understood, one might perceive that these monks did not neglect any of those innocent pleasures which their situation allowed. Indeed they appeared perfectly happy; and doubtless they would not have exchanged their pleasant and peaceable life for the grandeur and pomp which the world bestows upon its votaries.

The church, though small, possesses some objects worthy of attention, such as the pictures of the great altar, and of one of the chapels, which are from the pencil of Niccodemo Ferrucci, a pupil of Passignano.

In front of the church runs a terrace, planted with large cypress tress, which form, as it were, the peristyle of the edifice. It is also surrounded with beautiful gardens. The building, upon which these grounds are now supported, formerly served as aqueducts, or perhaps as baths, and the streams which yet wander through them give freshness to a vegetation which is extremely vigorous. The lines which the different stages of these ruins present, form combinations of figures of which the effect is pleasing and picturesque.

At some distance from Fiesole there is another monastery, of a very different character from that which I have just described; it is that of *Monte Senario.*

Isolated in the mountains, and removed from every other habitation, it occupies the centre of a wood of fir-trees, which surround it on all sides and hide it from the view of those who climb the steep side of the mountain. The pilgrims who travel towards this sanctuary would easily lose their way over the heaths and in the underwood were it not that little oratories, which serve as stations and land-marks, had been erected at short distances to point out the way. This place would serve extremely well as the retreat of hermits who have completely renounced the world, and who, relieved from their earthly bonds, seem to have no other aim, by the isolated and skiey spot which they have chosen, than to approach that Heaven which they hope one time to enter, through sufferings and privations of every kind, and the renunciation of all the sweets of life.

The monks of La Doccia, on the contrary, seek Heaven by a more practicable way. They do not resemble these austere religionists, but rather those persons, who, disgusted with the noisy pleasures of society, retire into an agreeable solitude to enjoy the innocent delights of a country life. In quitting the world they do not become misanthropists, and they still hold communication with their fellow-men, when they administer to them succour and consolation.

The origin of the convent of Monte Senario was as follows:—Towards the middle of the thirteenth century Brother Giovanni di Vicenza, a monk of the order of Preachers, and at this time an eloquent and celebrated missionary, arrived at Bologna, where he was soon surrounded by a multitude of the inhabitants of the neighbouring towns aud villages. He converted and reconciled many; he repressed the luxury of the women, and he produced many other admirable effects by the preaching of the word of God. This same Fra. Giovanni preached a general peace in Italy; and the princes, magistrates, and people, to the amount it is said of four hundred thousand persons, entered into that engagement. Every one was ready to embrace it, but, unfortunately, these good intentions lasted only a few days. The zealous missionary, proud of the ascendancy which he had acquired over his fellow-countrymen, now wished to become their master, and to gain the sovereignty. His triumph did not last long: he was cast into prison with his partizans, and soon afterwards exiled; too late repenting that he had not confined himself within the bounds of his

sacred ministry, and convinced of the instability of all human things.

Nevertheless, the seeds which he had scattered fructified in the timorous minds of his disciples. Many persons, of various conditions in life, adopted the monastic vow; and in 1233 seven noble Florentines retired into the heart of the forest which surrounded Monte Senario, and constructed, in the summit of the mountain, cells, in which they might pass the lives of anchorites. They called themselves the servants of the Virgin Mary; and they soon were followed by others who were zealous in imitating their example. Another Florentine, Filippo Benizi, was a vigorous propagator of this new order. At this day there may be seen within the walls of the convent the seven grottoes of the founders, and also that of Benizi, who was canonized and became the patron of the society.

There are some good paintings in the church. On the roof Gabbiani, the best scholar of Dandini, a painter of the school of Cortona, has represented the Virgin bestowing their habit on the founders of the order. This hermitage is most remarkable as having been the retreat of many men of merit.

A contemplative life, which exalts the imagination and fixes it constantly on one predominant object, or idea, which it continually nourishes and examines, as it were, in every point of view—this concentrated existence, directing its attention towards only one study as its aim and end, gives birth to talent, and carries it to its highest perfection. We might mention the names of a crowd of celebrated people who have been educated in the shade of the cloister, and whose happy dispositions might never have been developed amid the tumult of the world, and in an active life which might only have stunned and distracted them. It is not, therefore, astonishing that the hermitage of Monte Senario, the situation of which adapts it so well for reflexion, and where the distraction of the world is so well avoided, should have produced many literary men and artists. Amongst the latter may be mentioned Mascagni, who in this monastery assumed the name of Arsenio; and J. B. Stephaneschi, who took the cowl in 1605.

My frequent walks in the neighbourhood of Fiesole had not, as was my custom, any determined aim; I wandered at hazard, and this mode of seeing and observing procured me much unexpected pleasure, and many an agreeable surprise; it furnished me with contrasts which might have escaped me in a more methodical route. The numerous villas which I passed particularly attracted my attention, from a double motive of interest—the historical facts which they recalled, and the picturesque situations which they occupied. The environs of

Fiesole indeed, so well known for the beauty of their prospects, have been the retreat of numbers of celebrated men, who, in the tranquillity of that place, have given themselves up to study and reflexion. Amongst these may be mentioned the celebrated Politian, who in one of his letters addressed to Marcilio Ficino has described the situation of his villa at Fiesole, and which reminds us of the modest but commodious habitation of Horace. Thither he frequently retired to correct and complete his writings, and from thence he addressed, in 1478, to Pandolfi Collenuccio, the Racconti Amatorii of Plutarch.

This house, which is not far from Fiesole, in a place refreshed by a fountain which flows underneath the thick shade, and which the poet distinguished by the name of *lucens fonticulus*, appears to be the same as the oratory which is called *Fonte lucente*, and which was erected at the end of the seventeenth century in memory of a miraculous crucifix. In this place Ant. Pellori, in 1733 painted his picture of the Resurrection. There also may be seen there a picture on wood, bearing the date of 1398, which was brought from another chapel which has been demolished.

From this spot the traveller beholds the whole course of the Mugnone; an ancient bridge terminates the view on one side; and on the other extremity of the pass where Radagaisius was enclosed and destroyed, with all his men, there is another Roman edifice, which has gained the appellation of Cicero's Tower.

This quadrangular building, which is very lofty, and composed of stone and bricks, resembles a fortification destined to defend the pass of the mountain, rather than the house of an individual. It is a curious fact, that there are iron rings fixed in this tower, at a certain height from the ground, similar to those which, in sea-ports, are used to moor ships and boats to. It is conjectured that this must have been their use: but then the level of the river must have formerly been much higher than at present; or else this valley must have been a lake, the waters of which, breaking a passage through the rocks of Fiesole, have flowed into the low grounds. Indeed, the boundaries within which the Mugnone flows appear almost to have the shape of an oval crater. The borders of the circumference are very clearly marked out, except on the side of Fiesole, where there is a very deep cut, by which the torrent escapes.

It is the opinion of some naturalists, that the neighbouring valley of Mugello was the mouth of a volcano, and that it also contained a lake; and that the plain of Florence, as I have just mentioned, formed another immense lake, which extended to the mountains of Lucca and Pisa.

The Mugnone presented many more variations in its course; for, after passing the bridge at Badia, and turning round the hills of Fiesole at *Cure*, the villa *Bilotti*, and the monastery of St. Benedict, it flowed through the *Via Ceia*, as far as the *Via Frusa*, perhaps so called from the rapid current of the waters as they passed; then, still seeking the lower grounds, it turned towards the city, passing by *Pinti*, by *Caffeggio*, and by the street called *San Gallo*; till, falling by the street *de Gori*, it arrived at the point of its junction with the Arno, a little beneath the bridge *della Carraja*. Tradition strengthens this idea, and the ancient maps of Florence confirm it; and, moreover, the sand and gravel which in our days have been dug up in these various spots, amount to a demonstration. But let us return to the villas which adorn its borders.

Dino Dazzi, a Florentine poet, possessed a house in the neighbourhood of San Dominico, as well as Ugolino Verini. Scipio Ammirato the Elder dates the dedication of his Commentaries on the wars of Don Juan of Austria, with the Turks, from his little villa of Fiesole, the 1st of March, 1581; and the traveller still perceives with pleasure this inscription traced on the stone-work of the architrave:

SCIPIO ADMIRATUS REIP. FLOR. SCRIPTOR.

On the banks of the Mugnone, there is a cluster of houses which has received the name of the *Cure*. Dante retired thither to enjoy the tranquillity of its solitude. When this illustrious poet was driven into exile, his house was confiscated.

It was not far from hence, and in the villa Salviati, which is built upon an eminence, at a place called *La Lastra*, that the faction of the Bianchi, to the number of sixteen hundred gentlemen, and nine thousand foot soldiers, assembled in 1304, during the night of the 19th of July. From thence they marched upon Florence, and even penetrated into the city. But, seized with a panic terror, they fled precipitately out of the gates, and, dispersing, abandoned their enterprise. It has been thought that Dante was a party to this rash enterprise, in the hope of returning to his country; and, indeed, it was not long after this event, that he abandoned Tuscany and retired to Padua.

Petracco, the father of Petrarch, and the friend of Dante, was also connected with the party of the Bianchi. Exiled from Florence at the same time, and by the same sentence, they participated in the dangers of this nocturnal attempt. Returning immediately to Arezzo, whither he had retreated with his wife, Eletta Caccigiani, Petracco found, that on this night, which had been attended with so much peril to himself, his wife had presented him with a son, whose birth had endangered his mother's life. This son was the celebrated Petrarch,

The Villa Salviati gives a good idea of those strong castles which, in the fourteenth century, formed the retreat of the revolting nobles, whose followers tyrannized over the neighbouring country. One of these castles, called Monte Acinico, which was built by some cardinal in the Nugello, and in which he received the honour of a visit from the pontiff Gregory X., became so formidable a station, that the Florentines were compelled in 1306 to besiege and raze it.

A very melancholy circumstance, which happened in 1349—the assassination of Christiano and Mainardo, two of the intimate friends of Petrarch, by the exiles of Florence, gave occasion to that illustrious poet to write to the governor of Florence a very vehement letter, which seemed to carry all the indignation of its author into the breasts of the Florentine magistrates. They sent troops into the Mugello, and, in consequence, many of their strong-holds were destroyed; and, as a modern historian of Italian literature has observed, Tuscany owed her tranquillity to the eloquent appeal of one of her banished citizens, and one to whom the goods of his family had not yet been restored.

By degrees the sombre and formidable appearance of these fortresses has vanished. Porticoes, inclosed with light iron gates, have succeeded to the draw-bridges; and the walls of the terraces are covered with vases of marble or bronze, which contain the rarest plants, while the details of ancient architecture have been converted into more elegant or convenient forms. Frequently, as is the case with the Villa Salviati, the ancient mansion only serves as a habitation for the steward and the *famiglia*, or domestics, and porticoes or passages paved with Mosaic or small stones, unite the ancient building to a new edifice, constructed in a more elegant style, and in a more accessible situation, embellished with all the brilliant additions which fashion, however variable, renders necessary; and which were unknown to the austere and gothic feudatories who formerly possessed such domains.

On the banks of the Mugnone also is situated the majestic villa which is called *Tre Visi*, and which appears to have been the retreat of the company for whose entertainment Boccacio composed his Decameron during the plague of 1348.

Indeed Boccacio himself, without pointing out the place otherwise than by the word *il contado*, says in his work "On Wednesday, at break of day, the ladies and their cavaliers, leaving Florence with their suites, commenced their route, and after proceeding two miles, arrived at the place which had been prepared for their reception, and which was sufficiently remote from the highway. It was a palace with a spacious

and handsome court, surrounded by *logge*, and by halls and other well arranged apartments furnished with pictures. This edifice occupied the summit of a hill, which was covered with a variety of shrubs and trees of the finest foliage, and surrounded by meadows and beautiful gardens abounding with springs of the freshest water.

At the commencement of the third day, Boccacio speaks of the cellars of this palace; and he mentions the limpid waters which oozed through every part, and more especially a very abundant fountain that floved through the meadow, and, falling to the lower grounds, turned two mills.

In another part, he says, that from this spot there is a view of Fiesole; in short every circumstance confirms the idea that this is the villa in question. It is two miles from Florence, and near it there rises a spring, the water of which turns two mills. The idea is also confirmed, from the traditionary evidence of the residents in the neighbourhood.

Near the royal mansions of Castello and La Petraja, there is a *villetta* called Topaja, which is supposed to have been built by Cosmo I., whose arms are placed on the left angle of the house, with this motto, "*Exaltabo te, Domine, et exultabo!*" In thy exaltation will I exult, O Lord!

This Prince, who was much attached to the celebrated historian Benedetto Varchi, and who had already loaded him with benefits, wishing in 1558 to give him a new proof of his affection, presented him with this house, to enable him with greater facility to complete the history of Florence, which he had commenced. The author accepted the favour with gratitude, and retired to this spot, where he passed nearly the whole year, with the exception of some short intervals, during which he visited Pisa, where he commonly resided with the Grand Duke, and read him his history. With these interviews Cosmo was much delighted and only interrupted the author occasionally with a cry of admiration, "*Miracoli, Varchi, Miracoli!*" Varchi took advantage of one of these moments of satisfaction to ask permission to change the vulgar name of Topaja, which was very displeasing to him, for that of *Cosmiano*, but the Grand Duke insisted on his adopting the appellation of *Varchiano*. The polite struggle which ensued prevented any innovation—the ancient name prevailed—and the house still bears it, being always called Topaja (a nest of rats).

Besides his history, Varchi in this place wrote several other works, and particularly his *Ercolano*, one of his most agreeable productions. At the head of this work he gives a description of his house. He speaks of the walk in the green field before his door; of his herb-garden, in which he seems to

have taken much delight; and of dining tête-a-tête in the little terrace, whence, amid a thousand other beautiful objects, Fiesole and Florence were discovered.

He did not live a solitary life here. His friends visited him daily, and sometimes remained whole weeks with him. At last he became so habituated to their company, that he could not live without society. Indeed there was not one man of letters, or of any consideration, who did not visit him, so agreeable was he, and so much honoured and esteemed. The year of the death of this celebrated historian is not well known, as many authors disagree as to the fact; his epitaph at Florence however bears the date of 1571.

La Topaja having been restored to its former owners, the Grand Duke Cosmo III. ornamented it with a great number of pictures of rare foreign fruits, and the most singular productions of the earth, with descriptions of them written underneath. This collection, which was made by a prince who was an amateur in these sort of things, was afterwards divided between the Villa Real di Castello and other places.

The villas of Castello and Petraja, of which a description will be given, are very celebrated for the excellence of their wines. The plants are procured from Spain, from the Canaries, from France, and from the most celebrated Islands of the Archipelago. Redi found in this excellent Muscatel an inspiration which burst out in a dithyrambic, where he sings—

Ma lodato
Celebrato
Coronato
Sia l'erve, che nella vigna
Di Petraja e di Castello
Pianto primo il muscadello.

Come, let us raise
A song in his praise
And crown him with bays;
For he is an hero, an excellent fellow,
Whose hand in the vineyard that glows at Castello
First planted the stock of the true muscadello.

But of all the delicious places which the voluptuous Romans of the Augustan age did not disdain, none is more celebrated and less frequented than the palace of Pratolino, a beautiful spot buried in the heart of a wood, and which I only discovered by chance. Friendship detained me here some time, and I quitted it at last with that pleasing regret which forms in our after-life such an agreeable theme of recollection

LETTER XII.

Gathering Cherries—Visit to Pratolino—Story of Francesco de Medici, and Bianca Capello.

SETTING out alone, to enjoy the pleasures of the chace, the eager pursuit of my prey had gradually drawn me to a considerable distance from Fiesole, and I completely lost my way in the intricacies of the mountains. The day was wearing away, and the heat became overpowering. Uncertain as to what path I should pursue, I looked in vain for a human countenance to succour me in my wanderings, and at last, sinking with fatigue, half-famished and overwhelmed, I directed my steps to a wood, where I calculated at least on finding a shelter from the sun. It was an orchard of cherry-trees, and to increase my happiness, I perceived a peasant who had climbed into one of the trees, and was gathering the fruit, which he threw into a large basket, supported on the head of a young girl of ten or twelve years of age.

This group appeared to me very beautiful, but just at this time the cherries possessed the greatest attraction for me; upon my offering to buy some of the fruit the owner answered me quickly, that he did not sell them retail, but in baskets full. "Cannot you, at least," said I, "permit me to select a few for my refreshment?" at the same time shewing him a piece of silver. "Hold your hat," he answered, "and you shall have the best." He filled it in spite of me, although I told him I had more than enough, and that the rest would be all wasted. "I must give you the worth of your silver," said he, still showering them down. The conscience of this man was inexorable, and the fruit being very abundant and cheap, I should have been overloaded if I had allowed him.

After making a delicious repast, for the young girl offered me a piece of a thin light cake which she had kneaded herself, I began to think of returning to Fiesole, and inquired the way of my friend. "You are far enough off," said the villager, "and you had better go to Pratolino, which is in the neighbourhood; the agent will show you all sorts of hospitality in the name of our dear Archduke." Delighted with the accident which had conducted me to a place I had so great a desire to visit, I followed his advice, and my conductor

continued to talk in the florid language of Tuscany. "Do you see that mountain shaded by the great chesnut trees, and in the midst of that green spot, the burning windows of that old edifice? Go along this side, leave the house on your left, and you will see a pathway where the fountain throws up its sparkling waters, and rolls away along the green-sward; then follow the windings of the stream, and it will serve you as a guide through the leafy darkness; when you come to the meadow you may take your time, for you will soon reach the gardens of Pratolino; you will have no longer need to follow the banks of the stream, for you will see on a hill-side the house of the agent. A pleasant walk to you," said he, "good bye—may the woods afford you a pleasant shelter—may the winds refresh you, and the benediction of a poor man procure you peaceful slumbers." The young girl seconded the good wishes of her father by a gentle sigh, and a graceful courtsey.

I gaily resumed my way, well refreshed and well directed, yet not without frequently turning my head to look back at the beautiful Italian, who called out, "Don't lose sight of the ruins, the fountain by the side, and the stream that murmurs over the turf." These sweet words, repeated by the echo, died in murmurs on my ear, till I could no longer perceive the fair villager or her father, whom the foliage of the wood hid from my view, nor even the clump of cherry-trees to which I owed so much.

At the entrance of the wood I met a man who offered to conduct me to the factory, whither he was going himself; the kindness and politeness of the inhabitants of these regions assured me of a pleasant reception at Pratolino. I met with marvel after marvel; for, after pursuing a very uneven path, through which my conductor guided me, forewarning me against making false steps over the more unequal parts, I was absolutely overwhelmed with astonishment, when on arriving at my destination I found that the guide to whom I had entrusted myself, was blind! He was, indeed, a man of great intelligence; the acuteness of some of his faculties had been carried to such perfection, that he manufactured a number of very delicate mechanical instruments, and, in fact, became clock-maker to all the neighbourhood.

The little adventures of the day gained me a very gracious reception from the agent and his agreeable family; they compelled me to partake of the supper to which they were just sitting down, and we deferred till to-morrow exploring the retreat of Bianca Capello, the enchanting habitation of a new Armida.

Erected in the sixteenth century under the directions of one of the Medici, the *Villa real di Pratolino* united all the grandeur, beauty, riches, and ingenuity, which that remarkable age could furnish; and although now only the shade of what it was, it still preserves so many charms, and recalls such memories, that a description of it cannot but possess considerable interest.

In 1569, Francesco, the son of Cosmo de Medici, wishing to possess an agreeable retreat in the country bought a vast tract of land, situated six miles from Florence, on the shelving side of Monte Morello; it was a savage, rough spot, covered with wood, and irrigated with numerous streams; the air was fresh and healthy, and although this valley was but a few miles from the capital of Tuscany it was uninhabited. It appeared consecrated to mystery and silence, yet it was destined to become the secret asylum of beauty, of that Bianca Capello, whose singular history presents a striking example of the vicissitudes of fortune, and of the terrible changes which wait on the votaries of love and ambition.

Francesco de Medici, like the generality of Princes, had married from motives of policy; his wife was a Princess of the House of Austria, more virtuous than amiable, and better fitted to inspire respect than love. The young Prince only beheld in this union a golden chain, the weight of which he attempted to alleviate, by giving himself up to his taste for the fine arts, but from which he was too well disposed to disembarrass himself.

In the mean while, Bianca, the daughter of Bartolomeo Capello, a noble Venetian, arrived at Florence, already known by her beauty, her weakness, and her misfortunes; she had fled from her own country, and now sought protection from the Prince of Tuscany. A young man of no fortune, but accomplished and beautiful as herself, had carried her off from the bosom of her family: the Capellos denounced him to the Council of Ten, and he was condemned to die. This fair and unfortunate pair found an asylum in the Court of Florence, where the adventures of the beautiful Venetian awakened the curiosity and compassion of Prince Francesco: the latter feeling was nearly allied to love, and the husband of Bianca having been assassinated by his enemies, the passion of the Prince became unbounded; it would indeed have been difficult to break the charm, for Bianca, to her natural attraction, joined artifices which could not fail to ensure her a triumph; in turn she played off all the vivacity of her wit, her attractions, her graces, and even her caprices, to amuse the melancholy humour of her lover: in this manner she became necessary

to him, making him forget his domestic grievances, and neglect his affairs—love had tied the knot, habit confirmed it, and each day drew it still closer.

To enjoy less disturbance Francesco had resolved to retire with his mistress to the solitude of Pratolino. He entrusted to an ingenious artist, of the name of Buontalenti, the duty of embellishing the scene of his retirement. A magnificent palace and superb gardens appeared, changing this savage spot into the most enchanting residence. Here was assembled a brilliant court of which Bianca became the sovereign. The Grand Duke's love knew no bounds; every thing was lavished on the object of his attachment. She was the aim of all pleasures, the idol of all homage. The great nobility of the state, the ministers, the courtiers, were all of them at her feet, and she alone dispensed places and favours, while the Grand Duchess could scarcely obtain those common marks of respect which were due to her rank. The chagrin which she experienced from the constantly increasing triumphs of her rival, and the weakness of her health, were too much for her to resist, and she died in giving birth to a dead child. The Grand Duke shed many sincere tears; he reproached himself as the cause of this calamitous accident, and he fled at last from his palace suffering all the agonies of remorse. He wandered about for some time in the most solitary places of Tuscany, avoiding sedulously the presence of his seducer. He was weak, however, and his resolutions were soon forgotten; retirement, public opinion, nothing could withhold him, and he again delivered himself up to the undisturbed indulgence of his passion.

Bianca, during the life of her husband, had made the Grand Duke swear on a consecrated image that she should be his princess, should they both become free. Weak promise! Yet the madness which had dictated it still continued. The daughter of the Capellos usurped the place of Jane of Austria. The marriage, which was solemnized secretly, was not made public until after the appointed time of mourning had expired. The new sovereign princess was then adopted by the republic of Venice, and declared a true and peculiar daughter of St. Mark; and as she did not appear to be inferior to two other daughters of the saint, one of whom had been married to the king of Hungary, and the other to the king of Cyprus, the republic decreed to her the royal crown. This ceremony, at which a deputation of Venetian senators assisted, was one of the most brilliant which had ever been seen. Balls, carousals, tournays, *vellegiature*, or rural parties, bull-fights, and encounters of wild beasts followed one another without cessation.

The Grand Duke, fatigued with the affairs of government retired again to Pratolino, where he was reposing in the bosom of pleasure, when his son died, the only fruit of his former marriage, and the heir of the family of Medici. He might perhaps have found consolation beneath this infliction, had he had any expectation of a family by Bianca, but of this he now despaired, and, not having adopted the son which she had borne him before their marriage, he fell into a state of melancholy.

Inclosed in his retreat, far from the palace, which only recalled the memory of his son, and from the city, the inhabitants of which he had alienated from his authority, invisible to his people, and rarely seeing even his minister, he had no other consolation than the company of the Grand Duchess. Solitude, luxury, and the want of occupation, inflamed his passions and placed him completely in the power of this woman, to whom all the calamities which Tuscany at this period suffered were attributed. Hatred, however, was changed into pity, when the calamity was known which terminated at once her existence and that of her husband.

The circumstances of this affair do not appear to have occurred in the common course of things: the causes and the details of it are alike unknown, and they have been differently explained. Those who love the marvellous have collected a thousand fables more or less absurd on the subject; others have alleged poison as the instrument; but the problem still remains to be solved.

Whatever the real facts may have been, it is known that the Cardinal de Medici had always been the enemy of Bianca Capello, and that he never pardoned his brother for forming this degrading alliance. Some pretend to say that the Grand Duchess, who had resolved to avenge herself, seized the opportunity of the Cardinal's visiting her in the absence of her husband. She prepared for her brother-in-law some pastry, which she knew was very agreeable to his palate; in this a subtle poison had been mingled: the Grand Duke, returning from the chace, and hungry from exercise, unluckily found this poisoned meat and ate a large quantity of it. Bianca hearing the intelligence, and desperate at the idea of having poisoned her husband, resolved to share his fate, and the poison in both instances taking effect at the same moment, they both expired in inexpressible tortures, without the Cardinal permitting any one, as it is said, to afford them succour, which circumstance has made him pass as the author of this calamity.

One of the historians of the Medici, Galuzzi, has endeavoured to prove the incorrectness of this account. He confesses,

however, that the Cardinal de Medici, who under the name of Ferdinand succeeded his brother, persecuted Bianca even after her life had expiated her crime, and sought even to extinguish the remembrance of her. In fact, he ordered the body of this unfortunate creature to be conveyed to the common cemetery, where she was confounded with all the ignoble dead; and soon afterwards he ordered the arms of the Capellos to be obliterated from all the public edifices where they had been quartered with those of the Medici, and he substituted in their place the bearings of Jane of Austria.

Don Antonio, whom Francesco had recognised as his natural son, had resolved, if possible, to establish a right to the crown; but the Cardinal Ferdinand gave him to understand that unless he contented himself with his station and quality of prince, he would declare him to be the son of a locksmith, who, as he asserted, was his real father. Don Antonio, who had much good sense, acceded to the determination of the Grand Duke, and was made a Knight of Malta, Grand Prior of Pisa, and Lord of Capestrano. He lived in the royal edifice in the gardens of the Medici, where Lorenzo the Magnificent had established his school of Arts. This prince, in imitation of Francesco, devoted himself to the studies of the occult sciences. He also established a printing-press at that place.

The morals of Francesco had a great influence over those of the age. His weakness towards Bianca was productive of great evils. Every body and every thing in the state had been rendered subservient to the caprices of this woman. She made offices venal, justice arbitrary, and ministers servile, and the prince himself became a passive instrument in her hands which she wielded at will. The court of Florence, the richest and most polished one in Europe, was a model to the princes who sought to imitate the Grand Duke in his taste for magnificence and pleasure. Gallantry became a fashion which spread abroad the most scandalous consequences, divisions in families, and private animosities. But of all its evil effects the most deadly was that relaxation of morals which is even now tolerated, which gained ground and influence insensibly, and which has served succeeding ages as a model and an excuse.

On the other hand, the taste of this prince for the arts, and the encouragement which he lavished on artists, instead of giving genius an impelling motion, seemed only to extinguish or to enervate it. It almost makes one think that the arts are the children of Luxury, who, like Saturn, ends by devouring his offspring.

The reign of Francesco de Medici, though favourable to the fortunes of artists, prevented them from making any

nearer approaches towards perfection. This honorable career became the path of ambition, and the productions of art became the furniture of the auctioneer's sale-room. Taste indeed was becoming more general. Festivals and spectacles became, as it were, essential to the happiness of every rank. The liveliest emulation reigned in every class of society, and on all sides arose the most gorgeous monuments. This species of luxury was in the highest vogue amongst the rich and powerful princes of Italy. Francesco, however, piqued himself on surpassing all the others. He boasted particularly of his architectural talents, and he used to display to his inquisitive guests the palace of Pratolino as the work of his own invention.

But the glory of the Medicean age was about to set for ever. The splendid light which had illuminated Europe began now to fade in the dearth of aliment. The dispersion of the school of Raffaele, and above all, the death of Michael Angelo, had left a void which it was impossible to supply. Nevertheless the arts still flourished in appearance; there was no want of ready and amiable talent; luxury, gallantry, pleasure, still inspired the hand of the artist—the master-age was past

LETTER XIII.

Description of the Palace and Gardens of Pratolino.

AMONGST the numerous and magnificent palaces of the sovereigns of Tuscany, that of Pratolino is acknowledged to be most worthy of the traveller's attention. The hand of nature had prepared the elements, that of the artist had only to reduce them to shape and symmetry. The forests which covered the ground, needed only the axe in certain parts, or to be formed in others into avenues. The thick tufts of trees, when pierced by winding path-ways, were transformed into retired asylums and inextricable labyrinths. On all sides fountains sparkled up which did not demand the human hand to guide them. Their waters were either collected in vast basins, or flowed through channels open to the air, or forcing their way through canals from which they sprung in jets, they then fell in cascades, carrying along into every part their freshness and the gentle murmur of their motion.

These woods composed of firs, laurels, and other ever-green trees, seemed the asylum of perpetual spring. To provide for the pleasures of the chace and angling, the park was stocked

with wild animals, and the waters were filled with fish of every species. The gardens were under the management of experienced gardeners, who transplanted thither the rarest trees and flowers, and brought to perfection the fruits of all nations. In short this retreat called to mind the delicious abodes which the voluptuous emperors of Rome retired to, in pursuance of the counsels of Epicurus, to lay down the purple and to crown themselves with the roses of pleasure.

The presiding idea of him who constructed the palace, seems to have been to form an abode of mystery. In fact, travellers pass by the route of Bologna, only a short distance from Pratolino, without the least suspicion that the forest which they behold, contains a royal mansion—not a single avenue announces it. A single, narrow, unequal way leads to a square in the centre of the park where the house is situated, in such a manner as not to be seen until you arrive before it. This vast court is surrounded by a railing supported and united by pilasters of the rustic Tuscan order. On the left side, in front of the palace, and beyond the trellis-work, there is a large tract of ground covered with trees, at the extremity of which, the colossal statue of the Apennines rises in majesty.

There is an air of grandeur in the general disposal of the palace and the objects which surround it, but the plan of the building, and its exterior decorations, are not conformable. The architecture has been praised on account of the numerous apartments being lighted without the aid of interior courts: In the building is contained a handsome theatre. Several organs, distributed in different apartments, and played by means of water, produce the effect of a great number of different instruments, and give the hearer a good idea of the style of music of the sixteenth century. We shall give a more detailed account of the grottos, which have frequently served as models for things of this kind.

A person must have resided in Italy, or in some other torrid climate, to be able to appreciate the delight which the shade, the murmurs, and the flowing of waters can procure. There the rich find the means of cheating nature, and provide retreats into which they may retire from the fervors of summer. The aphorism of Rousseau, which at first appears like a paradox, is founded in the strictest truth, that cold is best preserved in hot countries. There the houses are constructed on a plan adapted to the climate. The walls are very thick, the windows few and narrow. Every advantage is taken of a current of air when it can be procured; living waters distribute in each apartment a reviving freshness by their moist evaporations, and as a last combination of all that is cool,

they imitate nature in the formation of artificial grottos, which abound with all the advantages which such places afford. —They cover them with stalactites, shells, and marine productions; and they thither lead numerous springs, which murmur or leap through those subterraneous abodes. But, in spite of all they can do, they only obtain at last, with great cost, a feeble imitation of the marvels which Nature has produced without effort.

The grottos of Pratolino are situated in that part which is exposed to the south. They occupy the level ground beneath the terrace which surrounds the castle, and serves it as a base. You descend by a double staircase, in the form of a horse-shoe, to an esplanade in front of the grottos, which forms a second terrace lower than the first. On the side of the gardens it is cut off precipitately, on account of the declivity of the ground, but the lateral extremities are on a level with the grass plot.

The distribution of the grottos, although they are unequal in size and grandeur, is remarkable for the advantages which have been taken of the situation in which they have been constructed. They are all of them vaulted, and rest on beautiful columns of marble. One certainly cannot too much admire the brilliancy of the interior decoration, which is nearly the same through them all. The walls and the vaulted roofs are ornamented with stalactites, madrepores, marine plants, corals, shells, and mother-of-pearl; and all those objects are mingled with paintings in Mosaic. Everywhere one sees statues of marble or of bronze, which cast streams of water into basins of marble or of gilded lead. These waters, by secret passages, flow beneath the pavement, and escape into the gardens, where they are again applied to a thousand different purposes.

Amongst the statues, many are to be attributed to celebrated artists, and are no less remarkable for their composition than their execution. The most beautiful have been transported to Florence; yet, notwithstanding, there are several left worthy of observation.

The Grotto of the Deluge is the first the stranger arrives at: it is so called from the quantity of water which flows in it, not only from the ceiling, but from the walls, and even from the pavement. When you enter it, you are completely in the power of the fountain players, who can inundate you without the possibility of your avoiding it, for the fountains bar the passage, and even reach you on the esplanade; the pavement of which, constructed like that of the grotto—of small round stones of various colours, and arranged in compartments, so as imitate Mosaic work, is pierced by innumerable holes, through which a multitude of little spouts of water issue.

It may be added, that we may not have again to return to this subject, that every sort of surprise, and all arts of deceit, are used to entrap the curious.—Sometimes the commodious seats which invite them to repose themselves break with their weight, and duck them in an unexpected bath:—sometimes a ladder is placed as if it led to some curious object, but scarcely have you placed your foot on the first step, when a catch goes off, and unmasks a fountain, which rushes direct into your face:—sometimes, when you are least expecting it, a marine monster, or some other strange figure, rises,—rolls its eyes on you, opens its mouth, and covers you with a flood of water.

In a colder climate this sort of amusement would prove somewhat inconvenient. It is, however, foreseen; no one is exposed to it against his will, and you may avoid it by proper precautions.

The Grotto of the Samaritan is one of the most curious, from the numerous mechanical inventions of Buontalenti, which force the water into action. There is a sort of theatre, in which several complicated movements successively take place. The cave represents a hamlet composed of huts intermingled with trees.—The door of a house opens, and a beautiful village girl comes out, carrying a vase, and approaches one of the fountains to draw water.—Her movements are very natural, and her body possesses a kind of suppleness and grace. She arrives at the fountain, fills her vase with water, places it again on her head, and returns towards the cottage; not, however, without frequently turning round her head to gaze at a shepherd seated near, who seems to admire her, and who attempts to prevail on her to stay and listen to his music. On the sides of the theatre, a blacksmith opens his shop, and is seen busily employed with his workmen in the labours of the forge:—a miller, also, carries sacks of grain to a mill, the mechanism of which is most complete.—In the distance is heard the sound of horns and the barking of dogs, and we are entertained with the representation of a hunt: many wild animals run across the bottom of the stage, pursued by a pack of hounds and hunters.—In the foreground, birds, perched in the branches, pour forth their song; and swans and ducks are seen sporting in the waters.

A theatre placed opposite to the former represents the attack and taking of a fortress. There are also several other mechanical inventions, all very ingenious, and astonishing, when we consider the period at which they were executed.

The grotto *della Stuffa*, or of the Bath, is small, but ornamented very carefully with madrepores and corals, from which

an exceedingly fine rain escapes, or rather a tepid mist, which sinks into the basin of the bath. This basin occupies the centre of the grotto: it is of red marble, and is supplied at will with cold or warm water, from two satyrs of bronze. From the grottos you descend into the gardens by two magnificent flights of steps.

In the construction of these grottos it seems as if all the resources of the most inventive art had been exhausted to obviate the attacks of heat; though one would almost think it impossible to preserve the humidity and freshness of this artificial atmosphere. Nevertheless, they have here contrived, under the influence of a fiery sky, to create a new temperature, of the most equal mildness; comparable indeed with that of the gardens of Armida, the delusions of which were probably intended to be here realized; unless, as we have already insinuated, Tasso himself has copied the gardens of Pratolino.

On leaving the grotto which we have just described, you enter a magnificent avenue of fir trees and tufted laurels, which, extending along an insensible declivity for about nine hundred feet, is mingled at its extremity with the masses of wood which cover the neighbouring mountains.

The grotto of Cupid, the fountain of Esculapius, the urns, the tombs, and the statues, which people these woods with recollections, attest the respect of the Medici for the precious monuments of art and antiquity—here rises Mount Parnassus, with the statues of Apollo and the Muses; Pegasus is bounding from the summit of the mountain, whence also a limpid stream starts, the sound of which is mingled with the notes of a musical instrument, which is played by water—there rise fountains, ornamented with groups of statues, representing fabulous personages, or scenes from common life.

That temple of such architectural elegance is consecrated to love and the graces! This rude grotto, covered with moss, forms a shelter from the storm—to such a cave Dido and Æneas retreated. A ray of light piercing the rocky cieling, enables us to distinguish the verses of Virgil carved on the marble.

In the midst of a retired spot, a stream flows through the scented shrubs, giving increase to the waters of several little lakes, which are completely surrounded with large forest trees; a light skiff conveys you to an islet covered with the thickest foliage, where a seat of turf covered with daisies is the only ornament of the thicket—retired from the gaze of the world, shut out from every interruption, here you can meditate at leisure, invited to contemplation rather than disturbed by the murmur of the leaves, and of the waters. From out

the myrtles and the rose bushes rises a column, on which are engraved some verses consecrating the stillness of this retreat to the divinity of mystery.

Such are the gardens of Pratolino, such is the vast enclosure fenced in by a curtain of impenetrable forests, where Francesco de Medici forgot fame and honour in the lap of pleasure. The seductive Bianca Capello was the queen of these solitudes; frequently armed with the symbols of Diana, and surrounded like her with her nymphs, she traversed the woods to the sounds of horns and warlike music; more frequently, however, in the diviner habit of the queen of love, she wandered through these paths with her lover, consecrating the places which witnessed their delights, with monuments, alas! more durable than their happiness.

Having now given some account of the palace and gardens of Pratolino, I shall proceed to say something of that extraordinary work the Colossus of the Apennines. In front of the castle I have said there lies an open space of ground about 300 feet in length, and 100 in breadth; this piece of ground is bordered on each side by lofty fir trees and beeches, the trunks of which are hidden by tufts of laurels, in which are placed niches for statues; the middle of it is covered with turf, and farther on a piece of water extends itself in the shape of a half-circle, behind which rises the colossal statue of the Apennines.

Rising from an elevated and apparently irregular base, to which you arrive by two flights of steps which follow the semicircular bend of the basin, this statue at first appears to be a pyramidal rock, on which the hand of man has rudely attempted to execute the project which the statuary intended to work on Mount Athos, and which Alexander had the proud wisdom to reject; but on a second view we recognize the genius of a pupil, and worthy rival of the great Michael Angelo.

John of Bologna, inspired by the writings of the ancients, executed in this work, the idea which they formed, and have transmitted to us of their Jupiter Pluvialis, a name much more applicable to this figure than that of the Colossus of the Apennines, which has been attributed to it one knows not why. The style is grand, and the character of the head is perfectly suited to the subject; his bushy temples brave the storm, and seem covered with a hoar frost; his hair descends like icicles upon his large shoulders, and the locks of his beard resemble stalactites. In order to add to the extraordinary effect of this Colossus, a sort of crown is placed on his head formed of small *jets d'eau* which fall upon his shoulders,

and rolling over the whole figure make it sparkle in the rays of the sun.

The position is good, setting and bending forward, the God rests one hand on a rock, whilst the other presses the head of a marine monster, which spouts a large volume of water; although by this position much of his height is lost, his head still overtops the trees, and standing off from the blue heavens almost seems to touch the clouds; it would be difficult to imagine a more picturesque and perfect composition in all its proportions; when you gaze on it you perceive no enormous disparity with the objects around, so well does it harmonize with all that surrounds it, and you only conceive an idea of its real magnitude, by comparing it with the groups of passengers, which, when seen at a certain distance, resemble pigmies: if we suppose this giant standing up, it would not be too much to say, that he would be an hundred feet in height.

In the interior of the body there are several apartments, and in the head there is a beautiful chamber, to which the eye-balls serve as windows; the extremities are constructed of a coarse laying of stones; the trunk is formed of bricks covered with mortar or cement, which has acquired the hardness of marble, but which when fresh must have been easily worked, and capable of taking the requisite impressions.

It is said that many of the pupils of John of Bologna who were employed on this work, when they came to execute figures of ordinary dimensions, found that in their giant labours they had lost their exactness of eye and skill of hand.

The untenanted Pratolino is now a melancholy spectacle; the vast apartments, the long galleries, formerly ornamented with pictures or rich hangings, now only display the nakedness of uncovered walls; the mosaic pavements are covered with dust, and the wind sobs through the broken casements. This beautiful place, now almost forgotten, attracts only the traveller, whose affection for the arts prompts him to search for them in the midst of the ruins, which the hand of time and the negligence of man have accumulated.

In the gardens, the walks, formerly so level and covered with the finest gravel, are now broken into gutters, or choaked up sometimes with briars, and sometimes by the enormous branches of some pine which has been struck with lightning; every thing has broken from out the bounds in which they were anciently confined; the walls are crumbling away; and in the midst of the disjointed statues, parasitic plants spring up, and fasten their clasping fingers, covering them with a sombre verdure. The virgin vine climbing

round the columns, mingles its light garlands with the arabesque ornaments which run along the friezes, and which are themselves only an imitation of this natural and rustic decoration.

A few marble statues are still standing, but they are all mutilated, or if any of them are still perfect, they owe their preservation to the thorny shrubs which surround their base. Mosses and lichens however are destroying what even man appears to have been forced to respect. Every where art slowly yielding to nature has nothing to oppose to her but her own massiness and *vis inertiæ*.

LETTER XIV.

Campo-Santo—Description of the Pictures—Convents of the Apennines—The Hermit—Conclusion.

THE distance between Florence and Pisa is traversed with such facility and pleasure, that it is more like taking a walk than a journey. There is no country which abounds with more beautiful prospects, or where cultivation is better understood, or which is inhabited by a race whose exterior announces more ease, sweetness, and urbanity. The fields are like gardens, and the rivers resemble canals bordered with picturesque edifices, connected together with garlands of foliage, flowers, and fruits. There is no exaggeration in this picture. The banks of the Arno are planted with fruit trees, round which the vines cling, and their branches intertwining with one another, form garlands of the most picturesque beauty.

I enjoyed with great zest my visit to the celebrated *Campo-Santo*, where the artist can form an exact idea of the revival of painting, since he finds there specimens of the earliest modern painters, not dispersed and confounded with other works, which must necessarily throw them into the shade, but united and following one another in regular progression. By this means he can judge of the *affiliation* of picturesque ideas, and of their successive developement, till he arrives at the works of the great artists of the sixteenth century, who carried painting to the highest pitch of perfection.

The Campo-Santo is a most magnificent building; the inside is coated with black marble, and the outside is covered with

lead: the interior of the building is most rich in architecture, sculpture, and painting. It was intended to be used as a place of sepulture for the principal inhabitants of Pisa, and to perpetuate, by inscriptions and other funeral monuments, the memory of those persons who had distinguished themselves in science or the arts.

The shape of the edifice at first view appears to be a right angle, but it is in fact slightly rhomboidal, that is to say, the corners are not exact right angles. The pavement of the cloister is formed into different compartments of various coloured marbles, and these compartments display monumental stones, on which are engraved the names and the arms of the ancient families of Pisa, to the number of more than six hundred. Under the arcade there are placed some ancient Sarcophagi, supported on brackets; they amount in number to about six hundred, and they all of them have covers or lids; most of them are of Parian marble; they are ornamented with mythological or similar subjects, and, from the inscriptions which yet remain on them, they are of Etruscan or else of Grecian or Roman origin. Notwithstanding this, most of the Sarcophagi contain the ashes of noble Pisans.

Before the erection of the Campo-Santo these tombs were ranged around the walls of the cathedral. Being afterwards, about the year 1297, placed outside of the cloister, where they were exposed to total destruction, they were collected under the arcades by Ferdinand de Medici, who gave a proof of his love for the arts, by causing them to be deposited in the place which they now occupy. Nevertheless, whether it was owing to the ignorance of those who were entrusted to convey them, or whether the dilapidated state, in which some of the sculptures were, made them look upon them as unworthy of their attention, certainly a great quantity, and those too of the most valuable kind, were neglected. They are all of the best age of sculpture, and have served as models to the early Pisan artists, whom we may call the restorers of sculpture.

Independently of these Sarcophagi, there are other antique monuments dispersed here and there on the walls, as well as a variety of modern tombs erected at different periods. We will finish what we have to say of these curiosities before we describe the singular paintings which cover the walls of this immense edifice.

Near a miliary column, on the ancient Via Emilia, there is an antique bas-relief, which has been long supposed to have been wrought in commemoration of a cage of iron, in which an enormous serpent was enclosed in 1109 by the skill of a man called Nino Orlandi, and carried in triumph through the

streets of Pisa. It is said the marble was sculptured and placed on this spot in memory of this strange achievement, which has been mentioned by many historians. I rather think that there is very little credit due either to the tradition or to the inscription, which was only made in 1777; for one view of the monument plainly shews that the bas-relief bears no traces of a cage or a serpent, while the marble indicates an age still more remote than the fact in question. This marble is in fact only a fragment of an antique sarcophagus.

Amongst the ancient tombs there is one bearing the following inscription:—

D. M. T. ÆLIUS. AUG. LIB. LUCIFER. FIBUS. (*vivus*) *SIBI. POSUIT.*

In fact, amongst the ancients there are many examples of people who, not having any great confidence in their heirs, have raised their own tombs in their life-time, in order to be sure that their names would reach posterity. The Campo-Santo presents a modern instance of this singular precaution. It is the tomb of Filippo Decio, a lawyer of Milan, and a professor in the university of Pisa. We shall only quote the last words of the inscription, which are curious:—

——*hoc sepulcrum sibi fabricari curavit, ne posteris suis crederet.*

Amongst other modern tombs that of Matteo Corte, a philosopher and physician of Pavia, is curious: it was built in 1544 by order of the Grand Duke Cosmo. The statue reposing on the cenotaph is from nature; the drapery is fine; the head rests upon the right hand, the fingers of which are lost in the curls of his long beard; his left hand holds a closed book. The skilful sculptor seems almost to have given a new and eternal life to his model.

It is well known that Tuscany had the honour of mainly contributing to the revival of the arts in modern times. The Pisans distinguished themselves by the effectual encouragement which at this period they afforded, and the Campo-Santo became the theatre in which, successively, the most celebrated pictures of the fourteenth and fifteenth century were displayed. Here you see passing in review, as it were, Giotto, Simon de Sienna, Buffalmacco, Piero Laurati, the Brothers Orcagna, Spinello d'Arezzo, Taddeo Bartoli, and lastly, Benozzo Gozzoli, who surpassed them all, and who, in concert with his cotemporary Masaccio, gave existence to that new style, which, superseding that of Giotto, spread itself abroad throughout Europe, and more especially in Flanders, and served as a model for the great masters of the following age.

It is very curious to see, in the pictures of Campo-Santo, painting rising through various stages to perfection. As we trace it, we see it casting off its early rude clothing, assuming a form of simplicity, and then of elegance, then attaining beauty and natural graces, till it at last reaches that sublime and ideal beauty, beyond which all is exaggeration—the rock on which art founders when the boundaries of reason are once passed.

The first paintings, which you see on the left, are descriptive of the life of St. Ranieri, the protector of Pisa. There are six in number, and in two lines; the three higher ones are attributed to Simon Memmi di Sienna, and those below to Antonio called Veneziano, from his having painted many pictures at Venice: he was however born at Florence, where he learned the art of painting under Angelo Gaddi. Simon Memmi was the pupil of Giotto, according to Vasari, but according to the conjectures in the *Lettere Senesi*, he appears rather to have been a pupil of Francesco Jacopo di Turrita. He commenced about the year 1300, and painted till 1344. You remark in his pictures more grace and less hardness than in those of his cotemporaries. He was particularly celebrated for his skill in portrait-painting; and Pandolfo Malatesta sent for him to Avignon to take the portrait of Petrarch. The poet begged him to trace for him the features of his beloved Laura, and he recompensed him with two sonnets in his praise, which will form a more lasting monument than any of his paintings.

Dante had already immortalized Giotto in those well known verses—

Cedette Cimabue nella pittura
Tener lo campo, ed ora Giotto il grido
Siche la fama di colui oscura.

Giovanni Villani, the historian, calls him the most celebrated master of his day, and Angelo Politiano commences the sepulcral inscription which was raised by the command of Lorenzo de Medici, with these words:—

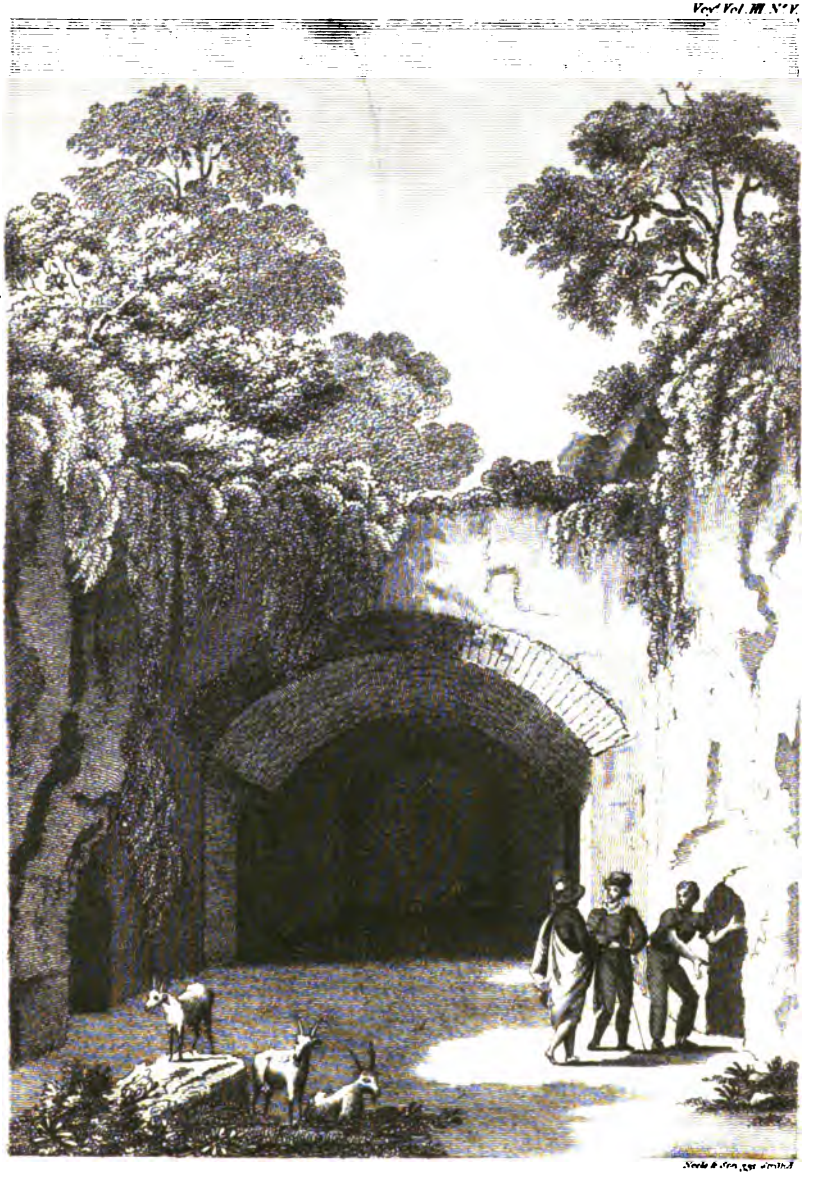
Illa ego sum per quem pictura extincta revixit.

Giotto has also contributed to the embellishment of the Campo-Santo. The paintings which represent the history of Job added so greatly to his reputation that Benedict XI. sent for him to Rome, and entrusted him with the execution of several pictures, of which only some very slight remains are now to be found.

On the same side are seen some paintings of Spinello Aretino, which are not very excellent; and as you return on the western side are some of Ghirlandajo, and a few of more mo-

dern date, executed in the places of those which have been destroyed.

We now arrive at the northern part of the cloister, where in the first compartments we see the history of the creation, painted by Buonamico Buffalmacco, a pupil of Andrea Taff. The first of these pictures occupies the whole height of the cloister, and presents a gigantic figure of the eternal Father, embracing and sustaining the whole celestial system, such as it was conceived to be at this period. Then follow the principal facts in Genesis to the Flood. The pictures of this artist are remarkable for their simplicity, and even grace, and for the justice of movement and expression which they display, though they have a dryness of contour and a stiffness of form, which betray the infancy of art. In representing Noah's Ark he has given the exact forms of various mechanical instruments. The costume of his figures is extremely simple and picturesque, with the exception of the shoes, which are long and pointed beyond measure. His perspective is very bad. The paintings which follow are the work of an artist who was a man of genius, Benozzo Gozzoli, much admired in the fifteenth century, and by the greatest painters of the following age, to whom his works served as models; but who was despised as soon as he was surpassed. All eyes and all hopes were turned to that elevated station where sat Michael Angelo and Raffaele. Nothing else was studied but their works, and no account was taken of those who had pointed out the way. In the pictures of this artist those seeds of talent are discernible which grew to brilliant maturity in the works of Raffaele. Divinity is represented in a becoming manner, while the simple grace and angelic beauty of his virgins and heavenly ministers, the noble and severe character of his patriarchs, and in one word the whole variety of his phisiognomies are all exceedingly appropriate and true to nature. In design he is easy, though not without force. The proportions of his figures are elegant, their postures are noble and graceful, and their movements are just and expressive. His draperies are large, and adjusted with taste. His colouring often possesses vigour and brightness, and his tints are skilfully managed. Gozzoli may be considered the precursor of Raffaele. The pictures of this artist at Campo-Santo are twenty-three in number, occupying in two rows a space of three hundred and twenty-four feet, with the exception of five pictures by other artists. It is scarcely possible to believe, although tradition and historical evidence agree upon the fact, that these pictures commenced in 1434, were completed in the space of two years, a most terrible enterprize, fit, as Vasari says, to frighten a whole legion



Neele & Son, 352 Strand

CRYPTO-PORTICUS.

of painters, when one takes into account the time absolutely necessary for subsisting the bodily powers only, still more above the capacity of one man, whatever might be his active facility. We can only account for the fact, by supposing that Benozzo was assisted by his pupils.

Many of these pictures are almost entirely destroyed. Some of them have been retouched, and the rapid approaches of the destruction which threatens those in the best state of preservation are visible. They are daily falling in portions from the walls. An ingenious engraver, who has been employed in preserving these specimens of art to after times, has had the chagrin of frequently seeing fragments of figures crumbling before his eyes, which he was just about to copy. It has been remarked with surprise, that under the stucco, which is pretty thick, and on the wall which is exposed by the falling of the mortar, the painters appear to have traced the outline of their composition in a red tint, and that this sketch, very wonderfully, has a perfect correspondence with the contours of the painting executed on the stucco, although the plaister must have completely concealed the first labour!

The pictures of Rondinosi, a Pisan artist, painted about 1666, follow those of Gozzoli. As we gaze on them we involuntarily repeat the verse of Dante:—

Non favellar di lor ma guarda e passa.

The chapel at the bottom of the Campo-Santo, which is surmounted by a cupola, was erected by the Archbishop Carlo-Antonio del Pozzo, and was consecrated in 1593.

Over the altar is seen a picture by Aurelio Lomi, painted in 1595, which represents St. Jerome with a pair of spectacles on his nose. This anacronism is common with several painters, ignorant that spectacles were not invented till the twelfth century.

Andrea Orgagna, or Orcagna, was a sculptor, a painter, and a poet, and a great admirer of Dante. His picture of the Last Judgment, though filled with a prodigious number of figures, is yet very simple in the distribution of the various groups, and very clear in the exposition of the subject. Scarcely was this picture finished, when Orcagna was recalled to Florence to execute some work of sculpture. He entrusted to his brother Bernardo the continuation of the subject, perhaps after his own sketches:—the subject was Hell, *alla Dantesca*, or in the manner of Dante.

The prince of Italian poetry made such an impression on the spirit of his cotemporaries by his poem, that the painters knew not how to represent Paradise or Hell, except in the shape which the great poet had given them. Giotto painted,

about 1306, these subjects in the church *dell' Arena* at Padua; and it is said that Dante, then in that city, used to watch him at work and suggest ideas to him. The same imitations appear to run through all the paintings of this period, both Italian and German. The picture in the Campo-Santo is evidently painted after the Hell of Dante. The painter however has exaggerated the ideas of the poet, and there is no extravagance which he has not permitted himself to use in expressing the torments which the infernal ministers inflict on the damned —*Tutti son pien di spirti maladetti, e di serpenti di diversa mena.* But I have no room for further description.

The travellers who generally visit Italy, and whose principal aim is the examination of the monuments of antiquity, or of those objects of art which adorn the principal cities of this country, have neither leisure nor desire to wander out of the well-beaten track in order to visit places which are not well known, or which they fear would not repay their trouble. Of this number are the convents dispersed amongst the Apennines, which are scarcely known even to the pilgrims, naturalists, and landscape-painters. To the latter the rugged situation of the convent of Vallombrosa presents the finest contrasts with the pleasant scites of the rest of Tuscany.

The mountains of the Apennines, though less lofty than the Alps, are yet covered with snow the greatest part of the year; and the forests which shade these summits are the asylum of perpetual freshness. One cannot therefore traverse them with pleasure unless during the summer. It was at the end of that season, and in the hope of finding some new food for study, that I undertook this little journey with a skilful French artist. We were furnished with letters of recommendation to the superior of the convent of Vallombrosa, and with the necessary permission to prolong our stay after the usual time allotted to ordinary travellers or pilgrims. We were also particularly acquainted with one of the monks, a zealous friend of the arts and artists.

On leaving Florence we followed the banks of the Arno, pursuing the course of the stream for several leagues. This road, which winds through the fruitful Val d'Arno, is sheltered with poplars and aspin trees, around whose trunks the vines cling, throwing their arms from one tree to another, and tying them together with garlands loaded with fruit. The casinos and farm-houses, built on the side of the mountain, display specimens of elegant architecture, and embellish the country. The Florentines resort to these pleasant retreats to enjoy all the delights of the finest part of the season, to inhale the freshness of the dells revived by a

thousand springs, and to breathe the scented air which pours from the orange and lemon-trees. This part of the country is well peopled, and we met troops of peasants who were bending their steps towards the churches and oratories, which are scattered in great numbers throughout this territory.

The festival days which one sees here almost transport one to Fairy Land. The sumptuary laws of Leopold have only been acted upon in the towns; and to behold the elegance of the villagers one would really think that luxury had fled into the country. Every young girl on her marriage brings as her dowry three complete habits of silk of various colours. Their little petticoats of rose-coloured or azure silk display a beautiful foot and an ancle bound with a knot of ribbands; the sleeves of their corsets are tied up with many little bows of roses, and their hair, separated into tresses, flows under a yellow or black straw bonnet, bordered with ribbands, and ornamented with a bouquet of flowers.

In proportion as we approached nearer to the mountains the casinos and the farm-houses became more thinly scattered. We left the beasts that carried our luggage at a little village which lay at the foot of the rocks, which seemed in a manner to form the base of the chain of Apennines, and which horses could not ascend without great difficulty. By this means we gained a greater power of leisurely observing the picturesque features of these mountains. A steep path-way which followed the windings of the ground led us to the first summit, where we found a forest of chesnut-trees.

It was not until we had surmounted many of the crests of the mountains that we discovered the immense forest of firs, by which the convent is environed, and which forms a dark green curtain in which the summits of this part of the Apennines are hidden. Up to this moment we have experienced, in its full power, the ardour of an Italian sun. Our guide advised us to stop when we reached the chain of woods, whose frigid and dangerous influence we now began to feel. In fact, when you enter these venerable and almost interminable forests, a sudden cold pierces you, and you almost imagine yourself transported to the solitary and humid vallies of Switzerland. The firs seem all equally old, and planted in a regular quincunx shape. The multitude of trunks shuts out all light from around you; the foliage growing thicker as it ascends forms above your head a vaulted roof, impenetrable to the rays of the sun. There are no traces of vegetation on the ground, which is covered with a collection of withered leaves and branches, so deep that the successive accumulation forms a bed

which does not retain even the print of the passenger's foot.

Indeed all things perish under the shadow of the fir trees, which may be classed with those parasitic plants which absorb the juices of the earth, to the destruction of all neighbouring vegetables. This quality, however, causes neither expense to the cultivator of the land, nor injury to the proprietor; since it is the means of destroying many noxious plants, for the sake of that nourishment which supported them. Attached to the soil of its birth, this tree flourishes in the place where its predecessor perished; unlike most trees, which, having absorbed the richness of the earth, leave nothing to their successors but an impoverished soil, incapable of affording them nourishment.

When the monastery first breaks upon the sight, it forms an imposing contrast to the wild and savage forms which surround it, and presents, in the length of its edifices, almost the appearance of a city. A square tower, rising above the other buildings, and furnished with a clock, the sounds of which alone break the solemn stillness of the air, was the only thing which bore signs of the monastery being inhabited; for as yet we had not encountered a single mortal since our entrance into the forest. We were only disturbed by the noise of the wind, which beat against the branches; and I do not believe we saw, amid the depths of these shades, any other living creatures than the troops of squirrels which lived on the fruits of the fir trees. On arriving before the monastery, the grass plots, the immense courts, were all deserted and solitary; and it was not until we had rung for a considerable time at an iron grating, that we were attended to, and at last introduced into the hall which is set apart for the reception of strangers.

The monks were at church; but the Father P———, who waited on us, received us with great attention, and led us to some very pleasant cells, where nothing that could be useful or agreeable to the tired and rejoicing traveller was forgotten.

He wakened us on the following morning, and reminded us that it was proper we should return thanks to Heaven for the happy termination of our journey.—These good monks, of whom very few have ever been absent from their convent for years, consider a walk of eighteen miles a very long journey; and, although they seem totally to have renounced the world, they yet eagerly questioned us respecting what was passing there.

Father P——— did the honours of the convent in a most pleasing manner; he was our *Cicerone*, and our guide in all our picturesque excursions. I cannot describe in detail the various edifices which compose this immense building. The

walls which surround the monastery are sufficiently lofty to protect it from any sudden surprise; but the monks have nothing to dread from the inhabitants of the country, to whom they have proved themselves the kindest benefactors.

We have been shown all their treasures of rich relics and other ancient works; and, amongst other pictures of the fourteenth century, we have discovered two fine heads of Masaccio. The cabinet of natural history contains a collection of petrifactions of different kinds, amongst which are some fossil bones and teeth of the elephant, found in Val-d'Arno and the Val-di-Nievole.

In the neighbourhood of the convent there is a hermitage called Paradisino, situated, like the nest of an eagle, on the summit of an isolated rock. The objects by which it is surrounded, and, above all, the mountains which environ it, are of so gigantic a character, that the building itself seems only like a small ruin detached from an immense mass. A headlong torrent rushes down the steep sides of the rock, threatening it with destruction.—To reach Paradisino you pass over a bridge thrown across the torrent, and at the extremity of which you find a chapel. A large avenue of firs, planted on the steep declivity, shade a paved road, which is passable even by carriages; soon afterwards, however, you arrive at a pathway constructed with much labour and art, which follows the sinuosities of the land, and winds in a spiral shape round the rock. The path is sometimes only separated from the precipice which yawns beneath it by a barrier formed of the interlaced branches of young trees; and, notwithstanding this safeguard, the bellowing of the cascade, and the rapidity and shock of its waters, from which a thin humid vapour rises, astound the ears of the passenger, and fill his heart with a sentiment very like terror.

When you arrive on the terrace of Paradisino, you imagine yourself transported to another world, and your charmed eye stretches over the wide prospect.—The opening of the valley serves as a frame for the most picturesque beauties of all kinds. The foreground is filled with hanging rocks, through which dash fierce torrents; some fallen trees offer a temporary obstruction, but the waters soon loose themselves in the deep obscurity of the forests, which stretch to the borders of the valley where the towers of the abbey burst upon the view.

On the other side the aspect of the country is changed.—It is less wild, and, although mountainous throughout, there are more signs of cultivation.—It is traversed by streams bordered with rural edifices and intermingled with wood. Further on, stretches a vast plain, and a rich tract of country, watered by a majestic river, on the banks of which rise the temples, the

palaces, and the towers of Florence; and the landscape is closed with the mountains of Lucca and the sea of Tuscany.

Evening is the time for enjoying this sublime prospect. At the moment when the sun approaches the horizon, the sea seems all on fire; an inflamed vapour marks out the different ranges of mountains; while the deep vallies are already in dimness, adding by their sombre verdure to the effect of the picture.

As soon as we arrived at the gate of Paradisino, we rung the bell; and the hermit, opening the gate of that part of the building which he inhabited, admitted us.—He lighted a fire by which we might dry ourselves, and offered us some of his humble provisions, which hunger, excited by violent exercise, rendered extremely palatable to us.

This man, though now very old, appeared still endowed with prodigious force and energy.—His white bristly hair, his immense beard, his aquiline nose, his fiery eye, sparkling under a thick eye-brow; in short, his whole physiognomy, gave him more the appearance of a satyr than an anchorite.

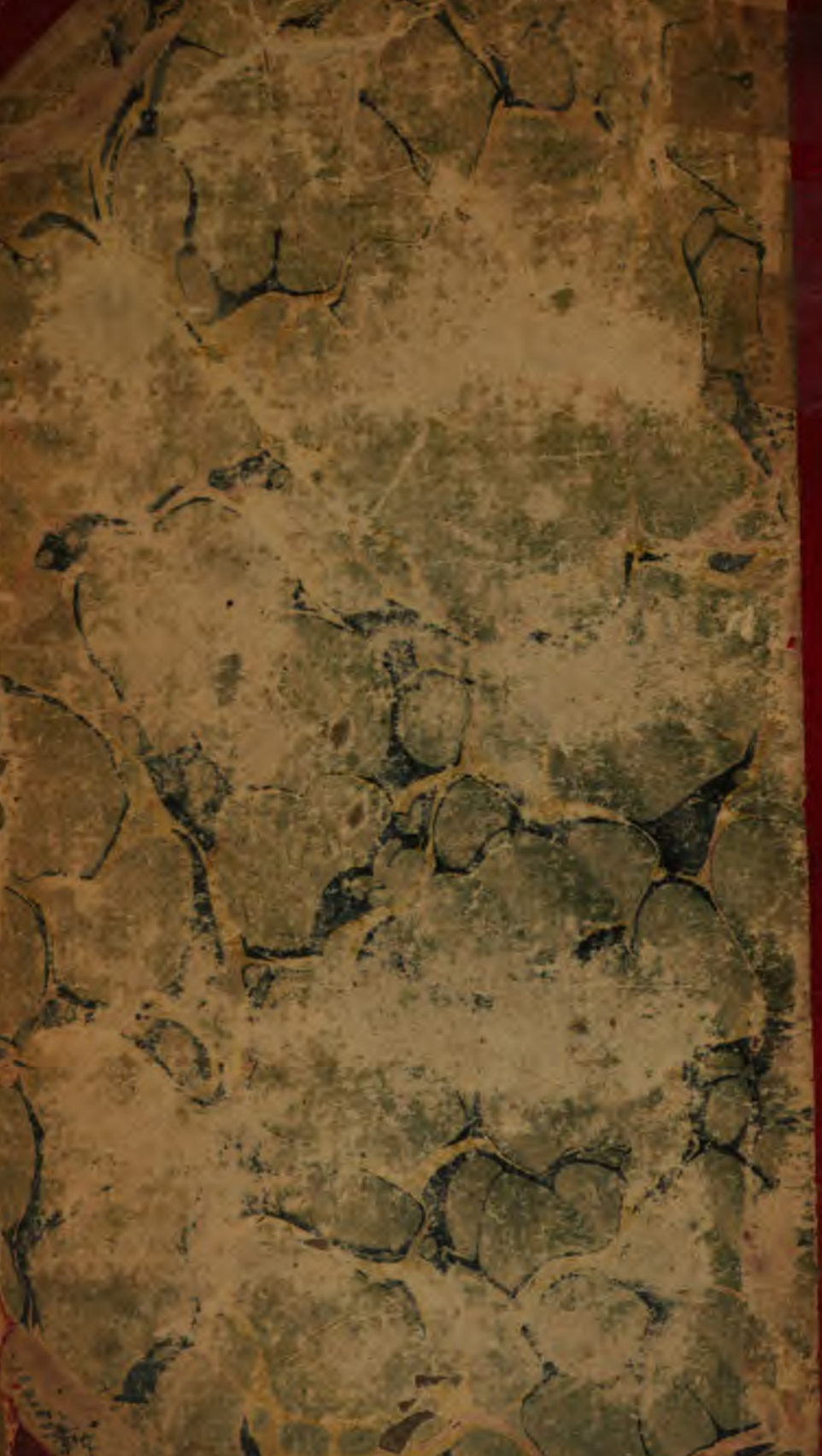
It was not without trouble that we could prevail on him to suffer his portrait to be taken; at length, however, he consented, and seated in his usual position, with his body a little bent, and his hands crossed on his beads, his countenance assumed that expression of calmness and reflexion which becomes a repentant sinner. The conversation soon afterwards falling on the wars which desolated the north of Italy, the face of the hermit was touched with a character of fierceness, and his features were changed to those of an animated warrior; by degrees his eyes began to sparkle, and almost to strike fire, and we soon recognized under the hermit's cowl, the outlaw at whose name Italy had formerly trembled. "Why," cried he, fiercely, "why have I renounced the world, whilst my country is menaced with invasion? At the voice of Fornacciaio many a brave fellow would rush forward to shake off the yoke." He accompanied these words with some very strong imprecations, then all at once casting himself on his knees, he besought pardon of God for this burst of earthly passion, and lay for a long time prostrate on the ground.

We endeavoured to restore him to calmness, and telling him how his words had excited our curiosity, he consented out of pure humility to relate to us the history of his crimes and of his repentance.

The name of Francesco Fornacciaio is well known throughout all Italy, and more especially in Lombardy, where it is still the terror of the children—the latter country was the theatre of the many bold and open robberies of this man, who was the Captain of a disciplined troop of banditti: he took

possession of a castle, which he converted into his retreat there, after overrunning the country with his band, he returned to divide the fruits of successful violence.

The situation of the castle, fortified by nature, protected them for a long time from the terrors of justice, and it was at last found necessary to besiege it with cannon and regular troops, to dislodge the robbers, of whom a great number were surprised. Fornacciaio escaped almost alone, but a price was immediately set on his head; he wandered about a long time oppressed with fear and remorse, until at last he voluntarily surrendered himself into the hands of justice, and experiencing the clemency of the Pontiff, in consideration of his repentance he was absolved from his crimes: from this moment he took the resolution of devoting himself to the life of a hermit, and entreated permission to bury himself in the solitudes of the Apennines.

For many years he lived an austere penitent in a damp grotto; at length he was with difficulty prevailed upon to transfer his habitation to the hermitage of Vallombrosa, his perseverance in this course being esteemed a proof of his harmlessness.

One of the most singular circumstances in the life of this man was related to us by the Prior of the convent; Fornacciaio had passed it over in silence and humility.—Being in the neighbourhood of Sinigaglia, the Governor of the Castle, who wished to gratify his private revenge, cast his eyes on this man, as a person whose intrepidity and hardy enterprize rendered him well adapted for his purpose. He sent for him to hear his proposal, on the execution of which he promised him a pardon, and an oblivion of all his crimes, and moreover a safe conduct. Fornacciaio, without hesitation, accepted the safe conduct and waited on his employer; at his approach the gates opened, but they shut on him as he entered; he betrayed no fear, however, but was presented to the Governor, who took him aside, and made him acquainted with the murderous designs, which were to be the price of the pardon. Fornacciaio answered with indignation, "Do you take me for a vile assassin? Know that I have never killed any one, but in fair combat face to face, and I would not though it should save my head, commit in cold blood so cowardly and guilty a deed." The Governor then threatened to arrest him, but the robber reminding him of his promise of safe conduct, and drawing two pistols from underneath his mantle, swore that if he called for assistance he would take his life, and then sell his own as dearly as possible. The Governor, trembling gave him permission to retire, but Fornacciaio obliged him to unfasten